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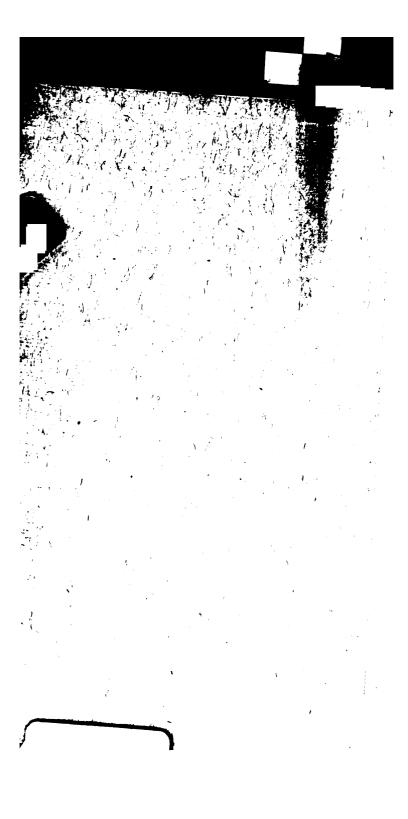
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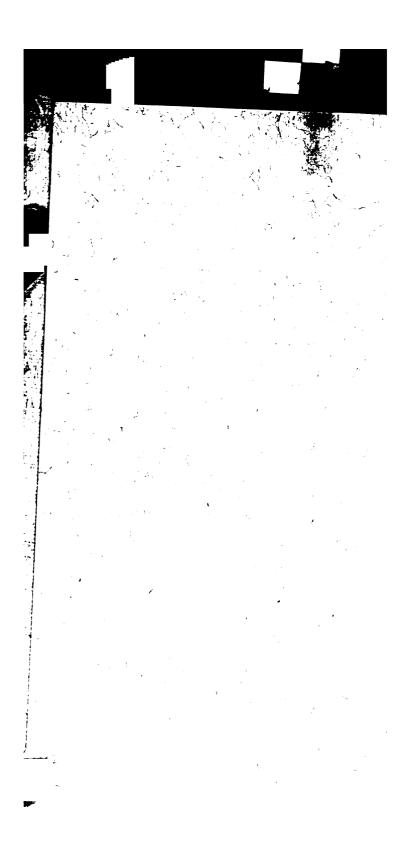
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YESTERDAY IN IRELAND.

MY THE

AUTHOR OF "TO-DAY IN IRELAND."

CORRAMAHON.

THE NORTHERNS OF 1798.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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CORRAMAHON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

While the open and party enemies of the O'Mahons were thus defeated in their hostility against the family and its possessions, a more insidious foe was in its bosom, planning almost as fatal a blow. That Major Willomer had long since won the heart of Rachel we have seen, and that, had not an unworthy but headstrong feeling of vanity forbidden, he had almost given his own in exchange. He was villain enough, nevertheless, to make the feelings, the generous feelings that he really experienced, subservient to the base intentions that he meditated. He allowed his passion to vent itself in all its waruth, his feelings to develope and avow themselves. His treachery lurked behind them, and lay hidden even from himself in irresolution, in alternate hardenings and misgivings of mind, in the possibility of acting the man of honour, but in the foreseen likelihood, that the villain would be the chosen part.

Had poor Rachel been far more versed in prudence and in the world, she could scarcely have discerned the guile that was so interwoven with all the symptoms of sincerity. Even did a suspicion cross her mind, she would no doubt have repelled it with resentment, as an impossibility, an indignity, such as never could happen to her, or occur to him. She confided, but not with over-weakness. Various as were the guiles, warm the eloquence, and insinuating the converse of Willomer, he never durst hazard the object of se much toil, of so much feeling, and so much more dissimulation,—the possession of the girl's affections, in any rash attempts,

that might alarm or insult her.

He was fain, therefore, to recur to the plan which he had proposed in his letter to his friend Morley, namely, a false

marriage, that commonplace, and one would think at the same time, improbable stratagem, did not every account we have of the period, whether real or ficticious, bear witness Certainly, the deed or the trick is rendered to its frequency. more feasible and probable by the number of fugitives and starving clergy that were then wandering about, of all sects, of the outlawed Papists, of the ousted non-jurors, (though these by this time had nearly passed away,) and, more numerous than all, of the vagabonds that assumed the garb and profession in order the better to turn a penny or to beg

onc.

The English gallant proposed a private marriage to Rachel, as the only one that could take place between them; and their arguments were many, that proved what he urged to be just, to be correct. If Rachel shrunk from it, 'twas not in suspicion; but to deceive her father, and in his present state, struck her as a crime to be abhorred. the Major too powerfully urged, that what was crime in the deceit had already been committed; that she loved without her father's knowledge, had confessed it, vowed it without consulting him. Was it worth cavilling or drawing back for what remained? To defer it as little pleased her, for Willomer was now called off from Ireland, perhaps to foreign climes. Her pride too would have wedded in the face of day, and of the world; but this was impossible. Would her uncle consent, if her father was past even considering the

Willomer succeeded in persuading Rachel,—a preliminary point most necessary, that her father was by no means in the perilous state she had been led to imagine; that his lethargy was but a passing disease, produced by the over-excitement of late events, and that thus in leaving him for a few hours, it being arranged that the marriage should take place in Carlow, she would not be guilty of neglect, far less of im-

piety, as she warmly urged.

After a world of hesitation, misgivings, and tears, it was Rachel O'Mahon consented to accomat length decided. pany Willomer to Catherlogh; to become his bride there, stipulating that she might be brought back immediately to watch over her father. The appointed morning arrived,the bridal morn; but Rachel awoke, not with the halfjoyous, half-timid feelings of a bride. Joy was extinct, much as she sacrificed to it; and a weight of sadness pressed

upon her, instead of the light fears that might have fluttered round her. Poor Shulah made every expostulation, every resistance, that could be made to such a determination; but the young mistress had communicated to the old woman her own persuasions, her own conviction, that her happiness lay with Willomer, and could never be attained but with him. Rachel could be eloquent too, and she talked over Shulah, who sat in her chamber on the floor; listening to her, and gazing on her, as on an angel, while the girl unfolded to her her thoughts and determinations. In these too there was so much reason, sense, and womanhood, as well as feeling, that Shulah thought such a creature was able to judge for herself, and protect herself.

"And the dear master, honey, och, mavrone, if any thing should happen him, and you away! But I'll not mention it to make you look so painful. And so you're goin' from me, ma vourneen; only shure, you're coming back, oh, wirra, wirra!" and the old woman wrung her hands in

company with her despair.

Rachel, before she departed, stepped to the side of her father's couch, intending to bid him a mute adieu: but the old man woke at the instant from lethargy as well as from natural slumber, and greeting his daughter, pressed her to his breast, as if after a long separation.

"And how do you feel yourself, father?" said she.

"Better, better,—oh! far better. I shall get on my legs again. I have been dreaming of my brother Roger, and that he came home again upon Saint Gris, with a world of fine tidings: and methought old Murrough O'Mahon was alive again, and smiled upon him as he rode in at the gate of the bawn."

"Oh, then it 's Murrough's own ghost's self, that's the forerunner of good things, and myself is glad; for Missy here is a-goin to Catherlogh, upon some business to upset the lawyer folk; and God speed her! and luck 'ill be hers, now that ould Murrough has been here wid his grin."

Ignatius begged of his daughter not to leave him for that day, when he had just recovered the use of his waking faculties; but she pleaded peremptory business, adding that now he was recovering, their happy days would be always passed together, and, moreover, promised that in a few hours she would return: and this last satisfied the

Aireach altogether. He embraced his daughter again: the still lingered, and at length said,—

"Your blessing, father."

"Nay, you treant," replied Ignatius, playfully, "I'll punish you for running away from me. Thou shalt have no blessing till you fly back to me, and I see you again."

Rachel departed with Willomer. It was a bleak and sombre day; the sun did not come to second the propitious apparition of her ancestor Murrough, with his smile: but the endearing attentions of her lover were sunshine enough, no doubt, to light the bride on her way to Carlow.

The first thing that came to strike her with unpleasantness, was the necessity of avoiding the frequented streets,
and the public gaze. She was obliged to dismount from
her horse, and thread through alleys and passages to gain
the quarters of Willomer. She was mortified and pained
during her walk, and her heart sunk with a first, but a full
consciousness of her imprudence, as she crossed the
threshold.

In the apartment was Morley, and a matronly sort of domestic, intended, no doubt, to inspire Rachel with confidence; but the girl, unaccustomed from infancy to aught save home, and the dear "familiar faces," burst into a flood of tears upon finding herself almost alone, and among strangers. It was too late, however, now to retreat. Rachel had the courage to rally, and she did so; but all ebbed away on the appearance of the ecclesiastic, who was to unite her to Willomer.

One might suppose him to be a hideous figure, squalid, dark, of oblique or insidious look; on the contrary, however, the parson was a demure, fair, florid-complexioned figure, six feet high, and he looked seven in his clerical habiliments. A glance was exchanged 'twixt Morley and Willomer on his appearance; Willomer wondering how his friend could have chosen such a giant, and Morley's look in reply might have been construed,

"—— it, man—I chose the most quiet, comely fellow in my troop, who could read with a good grace, was discreet, and willing to earn a guinea."

Rachel's fears had been excited; nervousness called forth; even suspicion began to intrude, the more especially as she perceived that Willomer was by no means master of himself. The imperturbable Willomer trem-

bled, he whom nothing moved. She caught his nervousness, and made gestures to show her dislike of the ecclesiastic. Willomer gently asked the cause of her dislike, and she replied how little such a personage answered her idea of one. He urged how difficult it must be to procure any person in orders, considering the penalties; but she seemed inexorable. The parties came to a stand-still, and then ensued a by-discussion between Willomer and Morley, which showed their perplexity and pais. The mook parson increased it by his excuses and advice, delivered in a broad provincial English accent, which sounded with more than the uncouthness of a foreign idiom to Rachel O'Mahon.

He was at length very near to blasting the hopeful scheme, either by his spite or his ignorance. "If young mistress would loik a Popieh parson, there's one below in

the guard-house."

The word guard-house, coming from the mouth of an ecclesiastic, and betraying his acquaintance with one, called up the blood and fears of Willomer. Rackel's attention, however, was too much attracted by the principal suggestion, and she begged that the popish parson, as they called him, might be procured.

"'Tis idle to propose it to him," said Willomer; "'tis death by the law for them to perform such a ceremony between a Catholic and Protestant. You would not expose any one to such a fate for the mere sake of an idle scruple. Besides, my own honour, and your love, Rachel O'Mahon, are here called in question. Do you doubt me?"

"No," cried Rachel, bursting forth, after a painful pause, into an agony of tears, "I doubt not. The thought

would kill me."

"Let this gentleman then proceed," said Morley, and he gave orders to the gownsman whom he had employed

to proceed with the service.

He obeyed. The sacred ceremony was in mockery gone through; and the daughter of O'Mahon fell, deceived and betrayed, under the machinations of the English officer. That day, that evening passed. Rachel recollected her promise to her father; but a lover and a husband, as she thought, overruled. It was not till the next morn that she set forth on her return.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE effect of his son's, his only son's untimely death upon the worthy character of the Knight of Palestine, was not such as in the country he inhabited, was naturally to be expected. After the first press of grief, thoughts of vengeance certainly rose in his mind, but they were against the Rapparee, whose lawless and savage bands were no doubt those, he thought, who resisted at the Well. That vengeance, however, once taken upon Ulick O'More, his mind recovered its good and fair state of feeling. He did not superadd his son's death to the mighty list of ills, which the Protestant had suffered from the Catholic, nor feel himself bound to swear, like the savage, a deadly feud on that account against all the members of the sect. Sir Christopher's indeed was that kind of spirit, which might have hated the Catholics if triumphant, but oppressed and degraded as they were, commiseration for them was his uppermost sentiment.

Lady Burton had gone to dissipate a host of chagrins and disappointments with some of her noble and distant friends. She had in truth been compelled to abandon the supremacy she had held at home, in the failure of all her schemes connected with Garret and Corramahon. The disgrace, which had hence ensued, had imposed silence upon her. It was to dissipate more, therefore, than sorrow for her son, that she had betaken herself to the consolations of distant friends.

The kindness of Sir Christopher's natural disposition being thus left undisturbed to itself, and seconded in its sentiments by those of his daughter Anastasia, began to exert itself in favour of the menaced O'Mahons. Where many threatened, and with one hostile voice, it was chivalrous to come forward. And if the knight reaped a reward for his generosity in the consciousness and noble feelings that it must have excited, he paid dearly for it also in the immediate loss of all popularity and consideration with his own class of life. He was the black sheep, the false one, the traitor, the Heaven knows what—Judas was but a type

of him—and hell's perdition was drank to him in many a jovial toast. The Knight was confirmed not the less in his charitable intentions by those symptoms of hate. His despatch to the Lord Lieutenant went, advising lenience, and Anastasia's narrative of circumstances accompanied it. The opinion of the first proprietor of the district, the descendant too of a Protestant Adventurer, had all its due weight with the Duke of Shrewsbury, and, as has been told, produced its effect.

The Knight received tidings from the Castle in answer to his despatch on the very morning that Rachel betook herself to Catherlogh with Willomer, the same morning on which, as Shulah afterward noted, the spirit of Murrough had signified the coming of such to the Aireach in his dream. No sooner had it arrived than Sir Christopher determined himself to be the bearer of the news to Corramahon. It would be a fit excuse for a visit, so unaccustomed on his part, which, if undertaken with the mere purpose of making professions of friendship, with whatever sincerity, might still remain suspected to Ignatius O'Mahon, might stir up his somewhat savage prejudices and capricious temper, and produce ill blood in lieu of the consolation intended. Anastasia accompanied her father delighted, and both rode forth to Corramahon.

On arriving there, Sir Christopher asked first to see Major Willomer, Anastasia to see Rachel. Shulah was not forthcoming, but a dragoon replied that the Major and young Mistress O'Mahen had ridden together to Catherlogh. As they alighted, each, Anastasia especially, forming sinister conclusions, Shulah was heard hobbling to the door, muttering,

"It's horses hoofs! it must be them, good speed to 'em!

They 've come in time."

The old woman fully expecting the return of Willomer and Rachel, flung up her hands in disappointment, as she beheld Sir Christopher and his daughter.

"How is Mr. O'Mahon? Can we see him?" asked the

Knight.

"Th' Aireach you mane! then it 's poorly enough he is:' and scarcely minding the visiters, the old woman peered forth to mark if any other step or sound approached. "Orra wirra, ma chree, Rachel-O'Mahon! and you never to quit the Corrah till this day. And he so well the morn, all as

one as up and hearty; and ould Murrough acome,—who'd ha' thought it! And now the death-fit to come on him, and not a priest this side of Glendalough, barring he be on gibbet or in jail,—'my curse and the curse of the unshriven dying be on ye Williamites, for the same!"

"Good God!" said Anastasia, "is not Rachel near to

tend her father?"

Shulah shook her head. "I will go up myself," said Miss Burton. The old woman was too bewildered either to invite or oppose this assistance, and Sir Christopher and his daughter were soon by the bedside of Ignatius. His articulated moans were for his daughter, his Rachel, his child. He stared wildly with delight, as Anastasia approached his bed; but he soon perceived his mistake and relapsed into his sufferings, his faintly uttered, but deeply felt regrets.

"Cheer up, my old friend," said the Knight; "I have glorious news for you. The old lands are safe, and will be an O'Mahon's, as long as an O'Mahon lives to hold them."

"A blessing await thee for this, Knight of Palestine, when thou shalt be like me, and death approaching. To be tended by ye, and my children far away! That they should both fail me—there has been a spell on them, a curse, the curse of poor Ireland."

"Rachel is blameless," interrupted Anastasia; "she will

be here anon, and wo will be hers to find you thus."

"No, she has forsaken me; I could not bless her, when she asked. 'Twas that she thought upon some ill. God! it strikes—I know it, but will not believe it. I am between life and death. Your tidings have revived me of the old lands. But my daughter, if she be foolish, or be false—that officer—."

The cry of Shulah was heard at the instant, exclaiming; "He's coming! he 's coming!" and expecting to learn who had come, the tenants of the sick chamber remained in suspense. In a moment Father Patricius rushed into the room breathless, covered with mud from his speed, in rags too, unshorn. Ever since O'More's discomfiture he had lurked in wild and thicket, where he had remained unmolested until the day before, when he was surprised and taken to Catherlogh. He had been confined in the guard-house of Deloraine's regiment for the time, and from thence he had seen Rachel O'Mahon pass with Willomer to the quarters of the latter. It was in vain that he exclaimed or begand for libera-

tion, until an order suddenly came to let him loose. sent by Morley, at the moment that Rachel demanded that the priest mentioned to her as being in the guard-house should be sent for. When liberated, poor Patricius sought in vain for some friend of the O'Mahons in Carlow, who might interfere. He himself was of course denied access to the barracks; and all that remained for him was to bring the tidings to Corramahon with all speed, of how, and where he had seen the daughter of his patron.

As he rushed into the sick room, Patricius poured forth his news-it was in vain to attempt to stop him by pointing towards the couch of Ignatius—he told where he had seen Rachel, under whose protection, and moreover, all that he suspected. Ignatius groaned, and agitated his

feeble arm.

"It is enough! I foresaw it, though too late. her rest, Patricius. If her own heart did not reclaim her, force will not. If the consciousness of her ancient blood and ancient creed did not prevent her from seeking a lover in an English foe, her father's word were now as idle as it has been.

"Nay," said the Knight, "we must mitigate prejudice, and forgive, where to be vengeful avails nothing. Rachel O'Mahon is the wedded wife of an honourable man. bears the Queen's commission, and for no trivial rank. see here nothing, O'Mahon, but what should smooth your

pillow."

"Awell! she hath at least sent you in time, Patricius, mine old guide and friend. I crave of you the last offices of your ministry. This Williamite magistrate is kind, and will over-

look the treason."

"I have received a regular permit from the Castle," said the Knight, "for Father Patricius by name, to exercise his ministry within this county, or retire to France, which he He must have a friend at court. But we leave you; though, I trust, your rites are needless at this moment, good Father.

. Sir Christopher Burton on retiring, mounted his horse and rode instantly to Carlow. He proceeded to Willomer's quarters, but neither that officer nor his companion were to be found. Pursuit or interruption had been foreseen by him, and he had removed elsewhere with his bride, to avoid the occurrence. Anastasia remained at Corramahon, kindly supplying the place of Rachel by the couch-side of Ignatius, and excusing the absent girl from the watchful and melancholy reflections of her parent, with a sweetness that seemed not in her nature. Even Father Patricius was struck, and marvelled at the kind-heartedness of the Williamite girl: "It is her Irish birth," soliloquized he, "that has humanized the harsh Saxon blood."

It was the morn after this sad scene that Rachel with Willomer returned to Corramahon. Her heart, as may be imagined, was full of fears and misgivings, of which the uppermost certainly were fears of her father, and of how he had passed the day. His displeasure, she knew, she could get over, and excuses were ready to account for her absence, as it was as yet resolved that the marriage was not to be ac-She broyed up her spirits, however. knowledged. mer had heard that morning, that the O'Mahon process was quashed, and every danger and accusation hanging over the family removed, and this alone was sufficient to dissipate a world of gloom.

Upon entering the court of Corramahan, every hope was dashed, every spark of joy extinct. The appearance of the house sufficed to acquaint her with the dreadful tidings. Shulah was on the threshold in tears. She endeavoured to retain Rachel in vain. She rushed to her father's chamber. Her eye caught, and found but his extended remains. She sunk senseless, and when she awoke to wretched.consciousness again, Willomer and Shulah, and Anastasia sur-

rounded ber.

"You here, my friend!" cried she to the latter; "you took my place by the side of my dying father. Blessings be on you for the act! but not mine. I have none to give -I got none." And straight the poor reason of the distressed girl began to wander, conning over, in wild and fantastic grief, all the circumstances of her neglect, her misfortune, and her guilt. Every effort was made to sooth, to quiet her; but the venting her remorse was its only remedy, and exhaustion alone restored her to tranquillity.

In this sad state of things at Corramahon, Sir Christopher Burton acted the friend, the director. Willomer would not, durst not. The management of a truly Irish funeral and its preparatives is such a ghastly and horrid office, that most would shrink from it; from that of such a funeral as the Aireach's at least. The peasantry, and more than the peasantry, flocked in crowds to the mansion, to grieve, to ejaculate, but above all, to be fed. Whiskey, of the purest, was at each mourner's command, and a noisier or more tumultuous, or indeed a gayer scene, than the sawn and kitchen of Corramahon presented for four-and-twenty hours, was certainly never witnessed in the same precincts since the decease of the last Aireach.

Rachel was removed almost perforce to Palestine; and Willomer ordered the troops he commanded back to Carlow, and the orgies of the wake drew to a close. Roger O'Mahon, in the meantime, was making all speed from the metropolis to bring his reviving news to Ignatius. During his journey, and it occupied several days, though a few hours at present would suffice, he often pleased himself by anticipating the joy he should create. He imagined his brother staring from his lethargic couch, and brightening up with all the health, happiness, and gayety of his old convivial hours.

No incident or mishap retarded the journey of the Chef. He arrived in Carlow, and did not tarry there even an instant to ask concerning a home, that he was about to visit immediately. He urged on his horse, reached the gate of Palestine, and regarded it with far different feelings from those which the first view of it, on his return from abroad, had excited. Then the Burtons were but the hereditary Now the knight was one of those enemies of his race. beings whom he most respected, most admired. But it was upon Anastasia chiefly that his reflection turned. He recalled his first meeting with her, their subsequent friendship, her strength of character, that might allow caprice to appear, but weakness never. The feelings she entertained towards him, he at one moment thought manifest, the next, doubtful; and then he fancied the whole thing a dream, or an absurdity. But what was his doubt attributable to !- To his own hesitation, his backwardness, his irresolution, caused certainly not by mere timidity, but by pride and honourable As he thought upon the accomplishments of motives. Miss Burton, the perfection and ease of her manners, and even the discipline of her mind, produced by education, he reverted to his niece, Rachel; and the comparison caused him pain. "But can I blaffle the girl," thought he, "for eing flighty, ignorant, uninformed?—She hath, at least, a ure and warm heart for treasure, and pride for its guard." Vol. II.—2

Again the train of his ideas seized the ruling object, and he recurred to Anastasia; winding up, nevertheless, with ejaculating,—

"The jade!—she recommends for me five or six years of

expatriation. I may live to thank her."

This was uttered gayly, and just as the Chef had attained an eminence upon the road, which afforded a view over the woods of Palestine, to the high and heathy waste that extended beyond. At the same moment a cry, and in that direction, struck upon his ear: it was the full sound of a host of voices, chiefly female, raising that never-to-be mistaken howl of an Irish funeral. The doleful quavering cry came from the heath, distinct, but unenlivened, breaking the stillness of the scene with a sound more solemn.

The truth flashed upon the mind of Roger O'Mahon. That was the path from Corramahon, not indeed to the burying-place of the O'Mahons, which was a ruined abbey, of old endowed and supported by themselves; but to the cemetry of the Protestant church of the parish, where alone the law, cruel from caprice, and without reason, allowed the bones of the Catholic, were he chief or peasant, to be laid in earth.

Instead of continuing his course towards Corramahon, Roger spurred his horse over the sence that skirted the road. in order to make for the distant heath by the shortest line. He struck through the woods of Palestine, and crossed the wide country towards the fatal procession. He had torn through many a brake, and floundered through many a bog, when his horse sunk under him. He abandoned the brute, and pressed on on foot, gained at length the open heath, and perceived the funeral procession of some Irish magnate of the soil,—who it was, he could not mistake,—so numerous was the concourse of followers, so many-tongued the cry of the keeners. Roger's quick step easily gained upon the slow pace of the mourners, and his conjectures found them-Instead of the joy that he had hoped to exselves verified. cite in the breast of Ignatius, he was compelled to assume the station of a brother, next his bier.

We will not dwell upon the sad after act of mortality. Roger returned alone to Corramahon, refusing all Sir Christopher's solicitations, that he should prefer Palestine, where his niece still was, to the now solitary house of the O'Mahons. Roger retired thither, not indeed to poignant grief.

after the first indulgence of feeling, but to that serious mood, which is the sorrow of the manly.

It had been reported that Garret O'Mahon was lost in the river Suir, endeavouring to cross it in a small boat by night; for the poor youth did deem "each bush an officer," and fancied that all the vigilance of Government had been directed to prevent his escape. The report was afterward confirmed. The outlawry of his nephew had, however, placed Roger O'Mahon as much in possession of the family estate, as did his death: and this was but added to the misfortunes

that had fallen upon the race.

Rachel remained; and to her her uncle determined to devote all the affection and care, from which other objects had been withdrawn. It is surprising with what imperceptibility, with what art one might almost say, grief subsides. into hope, and blends with it as the dark blue of the night's sky melts into the flush of the dawn. We sit down to brood and wander thence into a reverie in which hope despite of us is found to mingle. Thus the seeming sad are always castle-builders. Roger O'Mahon, however, determined to shut himself up in his deserted mansion, to pay the tribute of sadness to his lost brother, and to look mournfully over the past, soon found his thoughts revert to the living, and his views to the future. . He was not egotistical, so that he himself was not the centre of his dream. Rachel was, the lovely, innocent Rachel-and for her the uncle promised and planned a world of happiness. She should no longer live retired, excluded from society, unskilled in its arts or its accomplishments. She should see the world. His six years' threatened expatriation would serve this plan, by introducing Rachel to the first school of manners and society in Europe, She should go abroad, and return the the French Court. queen of the region, no longer to be eclipsed, at least by the daughters of another and a rival race.

Such was the tenor of Roger O'Mahon's thoughts after about a week of seclusion. "I will ride over to Palestine to-morrow and see Rachel," said he. "It is unkind of me thus to desert her." And his mind thereon assumed a lighter feeling, a gayer tone, that rendered absolute solitude

for the first time irksome.

It is by no means, as wise moralists have said, in sorrow that we need friend or consolation. Grief may be indeed diverted by the expressing of it, the telling of it; but this is

weight of grief that truly pressed feeling enough to be in high dud. He had not once spoke, or consult the household as she would; but winto Roger's presence, and prepare upon the floor, O'Mahon shrunk a course, and interrupted it by rising, impatience. 'The Chef had no cravidicine of the idle, called gossip; a to take it, and in huge doses, Shult supply, the poor woman was sadly tance of Roger to either speak or lie

Ursula, like her country, was place unexpected summons of her master the sip with him, almost sufficed to allay obeyed, and took her aboriginal seatchim, gathered the embers of the negle some sods of turf behind them, and knees with her long, bony arms, state Chef.

"I have been thinking, Shulah, to

long enough."
"You've taken that from between

actial thought o' me."

"That we should talk over what

what is to be forgotten."

"It's the truth you're spakin, av longed to learn the Aireach's -1-

"No, Shulah; but if the law forces me, what am I to

"Ah! them Williamites, and they only let you loose

among us to whip ye away again."

"But it shall not be for a long time; and I will take Rachel with me, that she may see and know company fit for her."

"Troth then, Roger O'Mahon, you're a young man yit; and now that Master Garret, rest his soul, has followed the ould master,—the blessing of the samts about him!—you'd better marry a wife and settle at home, and lave an O'Mahon after you, as O'Mahons there were afore ye from all eternity, instead of crossing the seas, an' maybe to the tune of never come back."

This was counsel that struck the *Chef's* ear as neither foolish nor unwelcome; and the thought occurred, that all Rachel's defects of education and breeding might happily be mended at home. But then the Duke of Shrewsbury's con-

dition came to mar the project.

"That the fair Auchinlech should give the advice is not wonderful; but I scarcely expected it from Sir Christopher, or from his daughter. I will indulge in no more dreams, however. My last one was cruelly interrupted. It is impossible, Shulah," continued he aloud; "I am an exiled man for some years. I must to France, and will not trust Rachel to other keeping than my own."

"It's may be, she'd be trusting herself to some other body's keeping. The woman's in the eye, and in the step,

and in the form of her."

"The more need hath she of care. Your may be, Shulah, is a must not, and a cannot be. Whom would she match with her, that she can know? Black Ulick?"

"No in troth, not black Ulick neither; and there are worse

nor black Ulick?"

"Who then?"

"Hout tout! how is I to know! Haven't these Burtons housefuls of lordleens, and squireens, and saudgers? Sure there's Major Willomer, the troop-horse officer, as sweet-tongued as you plase, and as pretty a man as you need see."

"He, the ruffian!—black Ulick's bride were a princess,

compared with his."

"Musha! more the pity, and more the shame."

"Speak at once, woman, what
"Whisht wid your big voice,
we'd all do,—went off with her je
Roger O'Mahon was thundersts

Roger O'Mahon was thunderstrat the moment the greatest blow of conduct seemed to have seized up family: and some fatal pit must be into, as one of the devoted. "Unh he, "to what have you reared offs the fallen, of the unfortunate, should both of virtue and of pride; here be The race has degenerated, and peri

the fallen, of the unfortunate, should both of virtue and of pride; here be The race has degenerated, and peri. And how degenerated? In forced ig in sluggishness. 'Tis the fruit of o influence of which not all the memorable blood can counteract. Shoved separated even from his fellows, the C to herd with the peasants; he grovels, so. So our race has perished, like a

buried, that rusts and rots piecemeal.'
Shulah here could contain her como longer. They were pretty much Knight of Palestine to the dying Is was married, and though to a Williams.

"" He is of a base soul." said Rose.

"He is of a base soul," said Roger to Ursula, "and that touches me mor creed. Besides, I honor-"

and thinks his dignity commands him to be profound, to be master of dissimulation. An intrigue and a duel are both necessary to his character, and the more black the deceit in one, or the murder in the other, the higher doth he hold his head. Your politician quotes Machiavel; your moralist, Rochefoucault; your puppy, the selfish adage, that winds up the gay scene of the last licentious comedy. So vilany's in vogue. And this Willomer may be a ruffian, merely in obedience to fashion. But is he the less one? Nay, but he may have heart, and be reclaimed, as we see in play, or in romance. Bah! I am sick of my race, my coun-

try, and myself!"

Such were O'Mahon's reflections. Look at it as he would, he could not at all forgive Willomer his deceit, his underhand wooing, his stealing into a family; nor yet Rachel her want of pride, her equal secrecy and dissimulation. Besides, the Chef had, from other causes and reasons, many of which were now removed, though their effect remained, taken a deep and insuperable dislike to the English officer; and the feeling was mutual, Willomer's deepening into hatred. Their dispositions jarred in every thing; there was the con-Willomer remembered trary of congeniality between them. the pains he had taken, stooping even thereto, to win the friendship of O'Mahon. The failure hurt him; and the look with which Roger had greeted him, after witnessing his duplicity towards Garret in the drawing-room of Palestine, could never be effaced from the Major's memory.

The next morning Roger O'Mahon did ride over to Palestine. He was welcomed cordially by the Knight and by Miss Mournful topics were avoided; hopes of the two proprietors being good neighbours, and living in amity despite of old feuds and differing creeds were repeated, and all such subjects were touched upon, ere Roger ventured to ask for Rachel, or indeed the Knight or Anastasia to allude On inquiry, it was found she was out of doors.

"With her gallant husband, no doubt," said the Chef,

with a calm that bordered upon irony.

"To be sure, to be sure!" broke forth the Knight, now that the ice had been broken, and that O'Mahon was evidently aware of the circumstances; "lively sixteen manages these matters in a trice, while sage thirty keeps pondering gravely upon the chances, till they and years slip away together.

Sir Christopher spoke at random; yet the Chef cot help staring at him, to find out if an observation that so home was not meant for him. Even Anastasia cold but the Knight unobservant went on with his gay and lesson, touching old heads being never found on ? shoulders, and truisms of the same tendency. he said, "even Aastasia, you see, will not interrupt the Deloraine's regiment is ordered in a day or two for the of England, and he will be obliged to leave his bride ! him."

"I must break upon this interview," said the Chef. is sometime since I have seen Rachel, and, in truth, I the to see her under other circumstances, but-"

"That is a dear, good but with its accompanying gesture

said Anastasia; "we will have no scolding."

"But where is she to tarry, and under whose protection since her husband is ordered away?"

"She shall find a home at Palestine," said the Knight "but is Corramahon to be tenantless? are we to lose you?

"Oh! I hope not," joined in Miss Burton, with politeness "Do you not know," said the Chef, "that it has been deemed good for me to expatriate myself for some years, it order, I suppose, that I may gather more sense to enable me to live in this dangerous country."

"Nay, when not an O'Mahon is left but yourself."

"The counsel has been given, the decree passed," replied Roger.

"And can you murmur at the prospect of revisiting la

belle France, Chef O'Mahon?" asked Anastasia.

"Um!—I murmur at least at the compulsion, and more

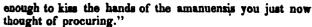
especially at one of its causes."

take cause and compulsion—what words ye bandy! I say we must not lose you, Roger O'Mahon; I have not a friend or crony left, man; not a squire will condescend to hunt with my hounds, or swill the claret of a papist's friend. So, if you desert me, I die of the spleen. I myself will write to the Duke of Shrewsbury, or, since I am no great scribe, I will get my amanuensis here-"

"Now, do put on your hat, father. Rachel would be so

amazed not to see her uncle immediately,"

"I shall thank you sincerely, Sir Christopher; for I shrink from leaving the kingdom like a felon. Nay, I shall be grateful



This posed Sir Christopher, troubled his daughter's colour and self-possession; and the *Chef*, in consequence, went

forth alone to seek his niece.

He was not long in finding Willomer and her, pacing leisurely together one of the green alleys of the wood. Rachel saw in him at least her father's representative, her uncle; she sprung forward, in tears, and would have fallen at her uncle's feet, had he not caught her to his bosom. That was forgiveness; and it brought with it a peculiar feeling of happiness, that Rachel, amidst much other bliss, had wanted, and was conscious that she wanted. Her heart was too full then for speech; so that, no sooner was she released from her uncle's forgiving embrace, than she tripped towards the mansion, leaving Willomer and Roger O'Mahon to such explications, as between new relatives might be requisite.

The former immediately saw that the trial, the decisive moment was come. He had hitherto acknowledged Rachel as his wife, pressed by circumstances, and unable to extricate himself from them. A hundred times he meditated completing by a real marriage the mock one, that he had caused to be performed; and the same combat as before ensued between his affections and his selfishness, his fear of remorse and his dread of ridicule. Even the happiness, that he had paid so dearly for, was poisoned by irresolution. Now the time admitted of none further. Sir Christopher Burton and his daughter he might deceive respecting his connexion with Rachel, without being guilty of more than impropriety; but to pass the same deceit upon O'Mahon, would be considered cowardice. He was the natural protector of the girl, her natural avenger, were she ill-used. Sooner or later this avenger was to be faced. It was the necessary consequence of intrigue, the very thing indeed that gave the circumstance éclat. In the present case Willomer, however, did not so view it. It was too grave, himself too much moved and interested; the creature ruined, if he would have her so, too prized, too lovely, too noble, not to give that tragic colour to his crime, of which, in his day, licentious witlings had almost divested it.

Distracted by these thoughts, Willomer's was a distant and not a brotherly greeting to O'Mahon.

"We are relatives, I find, Major Willomer," said the

latter, "and, therefore, I say it at once, friends. Yet permit me to regret, that you did not communicate to the family the honour you intended it."

"And have the door shut in my Williamite face. Honestly, would it not have been so?" The tone of Willomer responded with as little cordiality, as his salute, to the cordial address of O'Mahon. The latter was nettled.

"I am certain that no incivility would have been offered

to Major Willomer."

"He would merely have been treated with cool contempt."

"Has Major Willomer gone the way to avoid such feelings on our parts?

"Certainly, until he was past their causing him any

trouble."

This will not do, thought the Chef to himself, pausing and keeping in his spleen. Yet I have cause and reason for complaint; he can have none, surely; yet he braves it like a bully. "Come," continued he then aloud, "let us forget the past, its piques and unpleasantnesses. For Rachel's sake, let us be friends. You are ordered abroad, and the first thing I must beg of you, is, that as your marriage was necessarily secret, it may now again be performed more publicly, and more to the satisfaction of the world around."

Willomer knew not well what answer to make to this appeal and demand; and after some hesitation, answered by coldly saying, "He saw no necessity for going over the parson's trash again. For himself, he had enough

of it."

O'Mahon stared at the speech. Willomer, of course, as a beau and wit of the day, affected the freethinker, and

quizzed the parson.

"I will not even quarrel with your incredulity, Sir, deeply as I regret it," said O'Mahon; "but you will surely suffer half an hour's inconvenience to gratify us, nay, to establish your own honour." Willomer remained silent, though words of import trembled on his lips.

"In the matter of fortune, Sir," continued O'Mahon, "you have shown yourself eminently disinterested, and shall not have reason to repent it. The dowry of the daughter

of O'Mahon-"

"We will speak of that hereafter, if indeed 'twill be at all necessary."

"It is, it must be necessary," rejoined Roger. "Rachel

O'Mahon shall be the wife of no one, but on terms of honourable equality."

"Spare me those musts, Chef O'Mahon. You speak en

maitre."

"'Tis excessively strange; you would quarrel with me; you excite it, you lead it. For what purpose?"

"You mistake, Chef. And indeed—I may say it—it is

all-all a mistake."

O'Mahon looked at Willomer, who had stepped some paces from him. He was pale, his countenance distorted with emotion, and evidently of no noble kind. He tried to assume a smile, but could not. The attempt was ghastly. Roger's cheek flushed in contrast, as the villain, even ere he uttered a word, stood confessed.

"Explain yourself," said the former. "Rachel O'Mahon

is your wife."

"No faster than love can knit us, Sir. 'Fore Gad, you

must have the truth!"

O'Mahon's sword was at the instant in his hand, and the insolent speaker did not stand defenceless. The Chef rushed upon him with the deep resentment of an injured man. He lost at once the coolness of the soldier, that the English officer kept, the latter shaking off the craven feelings of guilt, as he boldly avowed it. The swords of the combatants clashed together in brief but bitter struggle; and in the midst of it the sword of O'Mahon, stricken from his hand, fell between Willomer's feet upon the sward.

"Your life is in my power," Willomer did not say, but

his triumphant attitude spoke it.

"Take it, 'tis worthless!" was the distracted gesture of O'Mahon.

The victorious seducer merely smiled, and sheathing his weapon, retired.

CHAPTER XX.

Some fifteen days subsequent to this explanation and quarrel between Major Willomer and Roger O'Mahon, a young stranger arrived at Catherlogh, and puzzled not a little the Boniface of the inn, where he momentarily alighted. He had already a military air, though young, and his habiliments evidently foreign, were garnitured with fur, to a degree unknown in the clime of Ireland. This was all that curiosity could draw any inference from. Without making any delay at the inn, he departed on foot; and whither he was going, or whence he came, was for an hour the wonder of the idle street.

The road he chose was that which led both to Palestine and Corramahon, and his speed evinced the feelings with which he approached the house, the well-known scenes, and the friends that looked upon his childhood. It was no other than Amyas Burton. Never had youth, sick at heart, disgusted with tranquil life, and rushing to forget distraction in the bustle of the world, fallen upon a more unlucky moment for his purposes: it was a period of almost uninterrupted The war with France was over: the struggle in Spain between the houses of Bourbon and Austria, which had offered employment to so many restless British of either party, had subsided too; and in casting his regards over the map of Europe, and inquiring at the same time of those informed of its state, he scarcely found a nook that offered to him the hot atmosphere of war, in which he wished to seek

From the journals, however, he discovered that his Czarish Majesty, as they called Peter the Great, was in league with Prussia, making attacks and invasions on the territory of the unfortunate Charles the Twelfth, then a fugitive in Turkey; and that both in Pomerania and in Finland blows could yet be exchanged by any one who was epicure enough to seek them there, and disinterested enough to join either party.

Amyas Burton was conscious of his timidity, of a certain softness of character, and bashfulness of demeanour, which as he turned his last steps from Corramahon he reflected on as a want of manhood and as a crime; to it he attributed the loss of the little hold which he had had of Rachel O'Mahon's affections, and in this he was not altogether mistaken. change his nature, and to be avenged of this weakness by eradicating it, was his resolve; and war alone offered itself as the school where such discipline could be procured or gone through. Mad as the idea was, Amyas set forth upon it. Chef O'Mahon having done his utmost to dissuade, concluded by doing every thing to further the youth's purpose, which, considering his state of dependence at Palestine, he thought praiseworthy. The Knight too, though Amyas had not consulted him, came forward to aid, and supplied him with means for his scheme. Amyas came to London, sailed thence to the Brill, and crossing Holland, reached the scene of war. It was languidly carried on. Amyas chose to embrace the cause of the two unfortunate kings, Charles and Stanislaus; and he did succeed in at least beholding what warfare was-in mingling in it some little, but still more among its sons. Some hardship, some peril, and the rude society of soldiers of fortune, did for Amyas that which he required, and endued him with as rough a coat, both of feeling and manners, as his gentle nature was capable of. Even there he did not arrive at forgetting his unfortunate and precocious passion. He learned indeed at times to mock and to make light of it; yet he could not refrain at others from paying it the tribute of a sigh, and perhaps that of an unsoldierlike tear.

Amyas was not left long to the discipline of so rude a school. He had just passed into the service of Sweden, intending to pursue warfare as a profession, when a mission arrived from his uncle, the Knight, informing him of his cousin's death; and consequently, of his own mighty advancement of prospects and fortune in becoming the apparent heir to the domain of Palestine. The first thought, that so unexpected an event suggested to Amyas, was, that he could no longer share it with the girl of his heart. But he had learned to parry such painful thoughts with the same continents! shrug, that Chef O'Mahon used on similar occasions. Amyas returned at the bidding of his uncle, bade adieu to Sweden and to Charles, and his mercenary war, and arrived about the time stated, in his native, or what be considered as his native country.

Vol. II.-3

Various were the emotions of Amyas, as he retraced the well-known road. He anticipated pleasure in revisiting Palestine, his past and future home,—in being welcomed by his relatives. But despite the mortifying recollections connected with it, he almost looked towards Corramahon with equal interest. Though lost to him, he was not indifferent to the fate of Rachel; and the jovial Aireach, the highminded Chef, were friends whom he no less longed to see, than his immediate relatives.

There was no one at Palestine when he reached it. the Knight and Anastasia had gone to the neighbouring The domestics knew and welcomed him; but from them he was glad to escape. One or two seemed anxious to convey information to him respecting all that had happened since his absence; and he did listen too much, ere he broke from them. Then Garret's attempt at suicide was recounted as an interesting point; the fate of M'Crosky, and his cousin Kit came next in order and in interest, and was told with such precision, that Amyas had not patience to wait for the story of the unhappy Rachel, which was reserved for the finale, in order to produce full effect. To a hurried question interposed respecting her, the death of Ignatius, and the present illness of Rachel was told him, the last accompanied with the ejaculation of "poor crature!" that jarred painfully upon the feelings of Amyas. As he, however, seemed too impatient to listen to any more details, the narrator reserved them for his ear at another opportunity, resolving not to throw away and spoil a tale of interest by coldly and hurriedly mentioning its chief events.

Amyas Burton thus turned from them in ignorance of more than the deaths of Ignatius and of his son, and the present illness of Rachel O'Mahon. The youth paid the tribute of sorrow to Ignatius, but his thoughts soon turned towards Rachel. He had not asked tidings of Major Willomer, yet had heard in the course of his journey, that Deloraine's regiment had been ordered to England. Rachel was still in her ancient home; Amyas drew a tacit conclusion thence, and while his reflections pursued this train, his steps, as if mechanically resuming their old, but not forgotten habitudes,

took the path to Corramahon.

They were not long in bearing him thither. Despite his newly-acquired manhood, his feelings well might overcome him, as he approached it. The mansion, its grove and court,

were never in the most trim order; now, however, they seemed abandoned to utter neglect. Amyas turned from his way, that he might pass through the little garden, the scene of his last interview with Rachel. Alas! 'twas no longer a garden. Grass had covered walk and bed; all flowers had perished, and gigantic weeds out-topped the few surviving shrubs and rose-trees, as if in triumphant envy.

What worthless creatures the best of us are at times in thought! Little selfish as was Amyas, there was a slight and momentary, but still no less real mixture of complacency in the melancholy feelings with which he contemplated this waste, and all that it was both the emblem and the symptom of. The youth flung it, as it were, forth from his breast, and he crushed it as he would an adder beneath his feet, and with a deep sigh, that was partly for his unworthiness, partly

for his heart's misfortune, he entered the court.

It showed no signs of neglect. On the contrary, every thing was in order, and in more than usual order, as if the eye of a keen and a severe master was over it—of a master too sometimes absent, and just returned to rouse his lazy menials from their sluggishness. Such was Amyas's thought; and its truth appeared, when glancing into an outer yard, young Burton perceived Roger O'Mahon sternly busied in the task of ordering and overseeing. A crowd of workmen obeyed his bidding with all the alacrity of Irish peasants, but without any of that gayety, those gibes, that noisy mirth which never forsakes them even in starvation.

Roger perceived Amyas and welcomed him briefly, continuing what he was employed about, in unabated severity. A change had been worked in him. His fine open features were stiffened to rigidity—the feelings of his mind had taken impress there from their violence and endurance. Pain appeared predominant, and shame vainly combated by pride. Those around regarded him with looks at once of awe and pity; but none durst offer consolation. Roger O'Mahon, in his turn, surveyed the youth, marked his embrowned complexion, his upright attitude, firm mien, and manhood every way improved.

"I see it," exclaimed the Chef, "Sir Christopher has recalled you, Amyas Burton, to be the support of his age,

the upholder of his ancient race. I envy him."

"Are you not ten times more qualified to be what you describe to the O'Mahons, than I to any race. You would

rally me: give me welcome without compliments, and tell me, how is Rachel?"

" Ask at the house, if you would learn; I know nothing

of her."

Amyas started in astonishment; and Roger burst forth:—
"One can do nought to honour a name disgraced, eternally disgraced. The least that the meanest wretch might do, would be to avenge it; and even that is beyond the power of Roger O'Mahon."

Amyas could still but look astonishment.

"Do I not look old, and wrinkled?" asked Roger.

"I should say a man in the prime of life."

"Then you are mistaken, that's all;—for I tell you, a child could wrest a sword from this arm—or what should be as weak as a child, the man that hath done a deadly crime, standing before its natural avenger."

"I understand nothing of all this."

"And will not learn of me. 'Twould choke me. But ask of any gossip by the road-side, or the street-corner. How can you be ignorant? There's not a child in Catherlogh, Sir, who could not tell you the story of the O'Mahons' dishonour."

Amyas shrunk from the stern presence of Roger, whose bitter feelings he had awakened. Something had gone wrong; something dreadful had happened; it was visible in the altered mien and features of the Chef, who was evidently endeavouring to stifle and combat with a painful feeling by busying himself in every-day duties; and the sternness and captiousness which he brought to these trifles, showed that the fiend resentment was not lulled. It was cruel and unpleasant to stir or witness them, and Amyas retreated without the ceremony of saying even farewell.

He entered the house immediately; hall and parlour were deserted: he feared to call, when the stealthy foot of old Shulah startled him. She entreated him not to speak, that her young mistress then slept, and added, as they entered the kitchen, that "sleep had been long a stranger to her; nauthing," said the old woman, "but the raving tongue and the rolling eye—muttering, muttering night and day, and the never an are in all her speech."

To Amyas, Shulah communicated the whole circumstances of Rachel's unhappy fate. Willomer's addresses to her he had known. She indeed had confessed their success to him,

even before his departure. "And here he came, day after day, till Master Reger looked black upon him, for he was the cloven foot of the Inglisher and the devil-and they 're all one, sure—for never a worse inimy, Irish soul or body can have, nor an Inglisher. Well astore !- and then the troubles came on: the unlucky son of the house brought 'em, and the Catherlogh people helped 'em-and there was murders to be sure, and then there should be more to cure it, and the winding up was, what it ever was, that all was to fall upon the Roman, that had lands to pay for it.. Well a cushla, one bright morning down came the Major with his troopers, and steals a march on us ---- save the bit of Corramahon he'd ever have entered had I ha' known the arrand he came on. And sure enough, when Shulah stood in the door-way, not a Dutchman's son of 'em dare vinture agin me. But sure I took pity on 'em; and more fool I, for they ate six of my fine beautiful flitches at the rate of four maals a day, the hounds that never saw bacon afore."

. Well, well, Shulah! but Rachel." said Amyas.

"As I was tellin' you, here he came with his palavering tongue, and clapped a soudger in the bawn, and pretended to be sick, the villain, to get the weak side of the girl. The Aireach went fast asleep; you'd think every moment in the day he had been after swallowing a barrel of wine or a tub of punch. And he was no fit to look after them. Myself was busily defindin the bacon from the soudgers; and betwixt us, sorrow a bit but the English had the colleen to himself."

Here Amyas rose and stamped in distraction about the

floor.

"But sure they war married, agra!" This calmed the

routh.

"That is, they war not; but I'll tell you how it is;" and Shulah related more at length than here is space for the base and treacherous conduct of Willomer.

"The scoundrel!" was the natural exclamation of

Amyas; "and poor Rachel, in what is she to blame?"

"An' that's true for you; and it's what I'd said, only I daren't, for Roger O'Mahon is so black. He never saw her but once since he heard it, and it was then that the speech of him kilt her. She was carried home, the crature, and never stood up since,—no," continued Shulah hesitating,

and pushing a few twigs into the fire, and resisting the tears that fell painfully, as they fall rarely from age; "no, nor will she ever!"

"What does the physicism say?" asked Amyas, as moved, and equally mastering his emotion; for action, thought he,

may save even if grief cannot.

Shulah shook her head. "If her uncle would say a kind word to her, it would be more than all the physic in Catherlogh; and he might be brought to that same if he had his revenge, but the villain Willomer knocked the sword from his hand, and that goes as hard with him as any thing else. He raves of his disgrace all as one as she does, and in troth the hearts of both of 'em are well nigh broken."

"If he had his revenge!" muttered Amyas: "she sleeps now, you say, and I may not see her; they will be tarrying too for me at Palestine." With these words Amyas sprung

up, and returned to Palestine.

Having thus described the state of the unfortunate family of Corramahon, or of the remains of that unfortunate family in some time after the discovery of Willomer's treachery, let us return for a moment upon our steps to see what had been the immediate effects of it.

The brief quarrel and duel had not taken place between the Chef and the English officer unperceived. The Knight and Anastatia had both witnessed its conclusion, and they came up on the instant to learn from Roger the cause of so sudden a strife. The injury was soon told, the mortified O'Mahon seizing the sword as she spoke, and striking in anger against the ground in order to break it. It was a beautiful sword, and had been worn by Catinat, as before ebserved. As Roger O'Mahon, unable to break it hy a stroke, flung it down sneeringly with the intention of destroying it with his foot, Sir Christopher took it up, exclaiming,

"This sword is a waif; I claim it, and may use it myself

with more fortune against the seducer."

The Knight then hurried to the house. Rachel, unconscious of what had happened, sate alone in the withdrawing room; Willomer was not there. The girl was terrified at the sight of Sir Christopher with a naked sword, and it prepared for his questions. He first, however, placed the weapon on the top of a high buffet, and then asked Rachel respecting the circumstances of her marriage. Her account corroborated all the Knight's suspicions.

"You have been deceived, my girl, by a villain; this has been no marriage!"

Poor Rachel was overcome. She trembled, sickened, fell. The Knight abandoned her to the care of Anastasia, while he rushed in search of Willomer, not however till Anastasia had besought him to remember his years. He succeeded in finding Major Willomer at the stable, where he was getting his horse prepared for departure.

"You will not go without taking leave of your wife, Major

Willomer ?"

"My wife, Sir Christopher! that may have done for a time; but as I have been menaced, I can allow it no longer."

"Menaced! that was wrong: but Rachel cannot be to

blame; you must see her."

"Must!" replied Willomer, again seeking the subterfuge of mock resentment.

"My years, and my knowledge of you entitle me to use the word," replied the Knight, "I do not use it as a braggart, but as one anxious for the happiness and honour of more than one of my friends and fellow-beings."

"I cannot see her now. I will return."

"By Heaven you go not, but across my body!" said the Knight, touching the hilt of his own weapon; "you have yourself broken all laws of hospitality even towards me by

this deceit, and you owe me, at least, what I ask."

Willomer smiled. He shrunk from again drawing his sword against a man in years, and his host. "As you will, Sir Christopher, to show you I am fair and placable; lead the way; though there can be no use in the scene, save to break our hearts roughly in the cruel collision that must ensue, for I am firm and determined not to bend, whate'er I suffer."

The Knight immediately led the way, and he and Willomer entered the drawing-room soon after Rachel had re-

covered her senses.

"No, I will not believe it," cried she; "he that was this instant so fond and so true. He comes!—oh, Willomer, my husband!" and she rushed towards him with a frantic affection, that nought but a demon could resist. He could not but support her, though he refused what would restore her to happiness; and as he remained silent, he was condemned to see the writhings of his victim, to feel the convul-

sive throbs of her breaking heart, and to behold, as the words of comfort refused to come from his mouth, the life-blood of hope ebb rapidly from her.

"Speak, fiend!" cried the Knight, whom scarcely Anastasia and several domestics could retain: they had deprived

him of his sword.

"I say, Sir," cried Willomer at last, "that although all this be true that excites your indignation, yet that I meant well, and meditated a reparation, that my own honour now denies me."

A cry of disgust and horror burst from all present.

"If there be law, right, or manhood in the land, villain; you shall pay this crime."

"Will no female tend her?" said Willomer.

"Give her to us, but do not touch us," replied a female servant, and he was about to do, when Rachel recovered, and arose. She rallied all her strength and stood erect. She looked at Willomer with a glance that pierced his soul, but which wandered at intervals into the roll of frenzy. At every second she made an effort to speak, but a convulsive feeling stopped her throat.

Even Willomer was moved.

"Heaven knows if I suffer not as much as you do," said he, "I love you, Rachel; come with me, and let us escape from this to solitude and freedom."

"Ha!" said she, at length, "those are the words; I remember them; but, alas! never understood them before. How blind was I! Farewell! Willomer. I scarcely thought

you could insult the breaking heart."

Roger O'Mahon entered at the moment, and at the sight of him, all self-possession again left the unhappy Rachel. Her uncle started at the sight of Willomer as at an adder, and all present shared in his loathing. Every one in the apartment drew breath, as soon as the ruffian withdrew.

Poor Rachel suffered every way. Her exasperated uncle had as little mercy upon her feelings, as the cruel Willomer; he could not accord any degree of pardon for her fault, an excuse for her imprudence, nor in the poignancy of his conscious disgrace would he allow all the artifices she had succumbed to, as diminishing her crime. But his wrath was without effect; another hand had dealt the blow.

CHAPTER XXI.

AMYAS BURTON heard all these details on his return to Palestine, where he was warmly welcomed by his uncle and cousin. He did not need them to excite his resentment He could scarcely listen to them, indeed, and it further. truly required patience to do so. Sir Christopher, he learned from Anastasia, had with difficulty been dissuaded from himself meeting Willomer in the field; his age, his unlikelihood of success, and similar representations, did not, till after time and perseverance, make him wholly abandon the idea. Even the savage O'More, when he heard, in the depths of his retreat, the wrong done to the O'Mahon's daughter, had sent a challenge to the English officer, requiring either that he should meet him in his wilds, or obtain for him an assurance of safety, if he ventured into the inhabited part of the coun-Willomer, of course, slighted such defiance, and the Rappareé thereat made menace of taking vengeance in his own way. As to the good folk of Catherlogh, the beaus and belies of the privileged class, not a few of them applauded the deed of gallantry, so some called it, who worshipped fashion in any shape, even that of crime; while others, of the bigot and party class, esteemed it a very worthy species of penalty inflicted upon a Papist.

"Not another bottle, mine honest friend," said Major Willomer to Captain Morley, as the two officers were carousing in somewhat solitary familiarity. In truth, they were confined to this in Catherlogh, all doors being shut against them; even those of the Williamites, that approved or did not ex-

press horror at his crime.

"Nay, one more, as a farewell libation to old Catherlogh," replied his companion, "where, brood as you will, we have spent some pleasant hours, and fished up more than one

piece of fun."

"As you will, but none of your stuff about libation; I hate the name of the cursed town, I tell you. Its very mention makes me raise my hand and knit my brows, with that queer, cursed vensation, called remorse. After all, I have some feeling, Morley, and if it were not——"

"There now, there's sparkling Burgundy for you! tragala, as old Stanhope says; swallow it! You are one of those strange-fashioned mortals, whom a single bottle makes The muddling of your brain is the cleaning of pathetic. Pour in more liquor, say I, and restore your conscience. the balance. Drown master conscience, and be him! what hath he to do inside of a red coat?"

"As little," quoth Willomer, rallying with the fresh draught, "as matrimony with the officer of a marching regiment."

"No, no—we leave that to the trained bands."

A dragoon servant here interrupted them, by saying that a gentleman wished to speak with Major Willomer.

"A gentleman! Brock," said the Major; "be discreet, and take care that it be not a wench in disguise to trouble me, and we about to march at cock-crow."

"Wench he beant," was Brock's reply; "but one of the buckeens of the town."

"A cartel, Willomer, a cartel by this light! sent by some young beardless squire or burgess, who would make a pass at thee for the sake of pretty Rachel. Nay, don't wince, man, as if the puppy had stuck his foil in thee. It seems it is late ere he could muster courage; just as foot is in stirrup he comes, with hopes of refusal, mayhap—he must not be gratified, -- honour of Deloraine's!"

"He must not," said Willomer, with no alacrity, "though

the fool annoys me. I would spill no more blood."

"You forget, my honest Trojan, that you have spilt none."

"None!" rejoined Willomer, astomshed; "no, none save Let the gentleman be introduced." heart's blood.

And truly a mock-faced youth was introduced, who, mustering up his utmost manhood, delivered a wild challenge to the Major of Deloraine's, on the part of

"Who the deuce!" cried the Major, "Amyas Burton!-Burton!—why 'tis the nephew of Sir Christopher, returned

from the wars, I suppose?"

"The same."

"The wars, where there are no wars," said Morley.

"Morley, let us settle this quietly," said Willomer. morrow then, Sir, half an hour after daybreak, at the Old Castle."

"And I hope to have the honour of engaging your Lordhisp at the same time," said Morley.

The second looked dismayed.

"No—this shall be an affair of principals only," said the

Major.

"I say nay, again," said Morley. "I will not take a morning's walk to have my fingers frost-bitten; I must have exercise, and this gentleman will afford it me. He hath a fencing face; his staccato must be formidable."

"I do not know but that, in this case, Master Amyas might prefer to choose another second," said the envoy,

alarmed.

"Tell him then from me, that any friend of his shall be welcome to Dick Morley."

"I shall, Sir," and the envoy withdrew.

"A doughty antagonist to delay our march, if one may

judge from what we have seen," observed Morley.

"I know young Burton," said Willomer, "he is even still more whey-faced and beardless. I believe he had an inkling after—true—this must have screwed up the poor boy's courage. And he is now the heir of Palestine. Ha! Sir Knight of Palestine, I have my revenge for your insults. I can either extinguish thy proud name, or let it survive, as a monument of Willomer's clemency. Your hand, Morley, my boy! the thought gives me life."

"To bed, to bed!" said Morley, "else soon 'twill be to

horse, to horse!"

The ancient acquaintance of Amyas Burton in Catherlogh were not of the daring and the boisterous. Even had they been, the provincial youth shrunk from coming in contact with the swaggering officers of the Queen's troop, who studied fighting as a profession. So at least they reasoned; and Amyas was in consequence puzzled to find a friend, and compelled to choose at length a sorry one for the purpose.

He awaited not far from the barrack-gate the forthcoming of his envoy, who acquainted him with his performance of his mission, and the arrangement thereon; but concluded by declining himself to join further in an affair likely to be so bloody. He at the same time told Morley's determination. This perplexed Amyas dreadfully. A fighting second, and at that hour, was almost impossible to find, and the youth had no doubt that Morley had swaggered, in order to terrify and deprive him of his ill-chosen second. As Amyas stood perplexed and uncertain, not liking to use persuasion, a

figure stepped up to him in the gloom. It was night of course, and the street was lighted by a solitary lamp.

"You are too young to do the vengeance you seek. I'll act principal, as you call it, by facing that scoundrel, Willo-

mer, and you may act second."

"It is impossible," replied Amyas, surprised but relieved by the strange and sudden proposal. "You overheard us, If a gentleman, whom he will not object to, you it seems. would oblige infinitely by acting second."

"A gentleman!" repeated the other, drawing back and grasping his weapon. "My fathers were princes in this land,

while yours were herdsmen in another."

"That is about the time of the flood," replied Amyas, who knew the pride of the ancient Irish, and was amused . rather than chased by meeting with a sample of it so suddenly and strangely.

"Before it, Sir, long," said the unknown figure, not allow-

ing any limit to the past eternity of his race.

"Such a pedigree will satisfy Captain Morley, no doubt; and I sincerely crave pardon for questioning it. But in a word, brave and noble, unknown Sir, principal you cannot be, at all events, in this combat."

"How! if I make myself so?"

"In what manner?"

"By shooting the scoundrel in the head, as he comes out

from you portal in the morning."

"What, murder him!—how doth that consist with a race And have the rascal die a death that older than Noah's? would make him to be pitied, to say nothing of your being You but jest."

hanged.

"Mayhap I do," said the Rapparee, concealing the pistol that he had loaded for the very purpose. "But you have wit, youngster. He should die a death that would leave him unpitied; and I will be your second, for you speak wisely; to-morrow I will not fail to be in King Shaun's castle at daybreak."

"Ride home with me, and let us pass the night together.

Half an hour's speed will bring us to Palestine.

"The lodging and the company is good," replied Ulick O'More; "but my own, hard by, is more to my mind at Farewell till daybreak; you need not be afraid present. of my failing you."

Carlow Castle is, or rather was, one of the finest feudal

relics in Ireland. Like most of its brethren, it never recovered from the effects of Cromwell's cannon, and since the writer of this beheld it, the greater part of it is reported to have fallen in. It stands on a knoll commanding the Barrow, and between the river and the town. No habitations approach it. It remains, as it should, in solitude. It both is, and was, a haunt, abandoned in the day to the curious, in the night to the thief.

Here at daybreak Amyas Burton met the Rapparee, saluted him as Mr. O'More; and surveying him by the growing light, admired his muscular form, and did not quarrel with a countenance that looked defiance more than gentility. Ulick was not so satisfied with the appearance of his young and slender principal, and he again preposed the changing of parts in order to make the more sure of the seducer's punishment; but of course Amyas was peremptory, and

shunned the thought, even if it were practicable.

The sun at length rose, and shot its ray through breach and window of the ruin. The officers made their appearance at the same time. The usual salutations took place, Willomer recognising an old acquaintance in his juvenile antagonist; Morley surprised to have so sturdy a stranger for his. The latter proposed the broadsword as the more proper weapon for a cold morning, and Ulick assented to the proposal. After stripping, each opening his vest to show that nothing lay within it to turn a sword's point, the antagonists measured weapons.

"A beautiful sword is that you wield, Sir," observed Willomer to Amyas. "It is scarcely fit for this rough work."

"Tis one I caught up at home by chance," said Amyas.
"My own is yet in my baggage. I had not time to seek it out."

"I thought so: for that sword is an old acquaintance ofmine," continued Willomer smiling, as he recollected Roger O'Mahon's much prized weapon, the sword of Catinat. "I have made it fly from an antagonist's hand ere now."

Amyas grasped it the more firm. "Whosesoever it be, and I know not, it will serve my turn."

"It is, or was, Chef de Brigade O'Mahon's."

"The fitter weapon for vengeance," exclaimed Amyas, and he crossed it with that of the English officer.

Willomer began the combat as if it were a pastime. He despised his juvenile antagonist, and seemed irresolute,

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merely until he should decide, what degree of punishment he should inflict upon him. In these reckonings, however, the Major soos found himself mistaken. For many months young Burton's constant employment had been practising at his weapon. It was the first accomplishment of the soldier,—the chief occupation of the rude comrades with when he mingled; and upon trial it appeared that Willomer, though stronger and more likely to be victorious in a continued combat, yet was in no small peril in the commencement from the superior agility and address of the youth. The seconds were so interested, that they ceased from time to time their own play, in which they too were fairly matched, in order to admire the science of their principals.

The countenances of both the combatants fully expressed their feelings. Willomer's was pale and collected; he appeared vexed somewhat at an equality, that years did not warrant; and this was shown in many a deadly lunge, but coolness prevailed in his motions. Amyas, on the contrary, was flushed, eager, actuated by resentment, that exercise excited, as the agitation of the body will at times call forth or increase that of mind. Zeal gave him force, but not Willomer retreated before him, and the youth lasting force. had evidently the superior; but from the motions of his chest and throat, the quickness of his respirations, his antagonist, as well as the witnesses could see, that a very few minutes would lay him open and prostrate him. Willomer showed that he saw this by confining himself to the defence, and Ulick, who saw the coming event, could not bear the sight, and renewed his attack upon Morley furiously, as if resolved that all vengeance should not be lost.

In fencing, as in all other arts, there must be divers feints and modes known to one nation and not to another. Hence it was, perhaps, that Willomer was hard-set by the attack of one who wielded his weapon altogether after a foreign fashion. It was by a feint of this kind too, that the combat was decided. In the midst of his superiority, Amyas retreated, as if for breath, and Willomer, thinking the time come to resume the offensive, rushed on. His pushes were feebly and awkwardly parried; the youth seemed ready to drop; and the exasperated Willomer drove lunge after lunge, as if at a person unarmed, or incapable of defence; he thus laid himself open, and, in the moment of his supposed triumph, received the sword of Amyas in his heart.

He fell, and expired. Morley, bleeding too from a wound that marred for ever his personal appearance, ran to offer aid. It was too late. Amyas leaned upon his sword, recovering breath, and allowing the fierce feelings that had excited him to subside. His own wrong he could then have forgiven, and would perhaps have melted, such was his nature, at the extremity of his vengeance. But Rachel, the broken-hearted, dying Rachel occurred to him, and he turned to begone.

"It is time," said Ulick, "for me at least. That sun and I can seldom shine together in Catherlogh Street. Farewell, my brave boy! I can love even a Williamite for your

sake."

"You must accompany me," said Amyas; "you must

allow my own, my uncle's gratitude to-"

"I have had a sample of Sir Christopher Burton's gratitude," said the Rapparee. "It is the Chief of the hills, Ulick O'More, who has stood here your friend."

The youth in the astonishment that seized him, despite his feelings and despite the events that had taken place, no

longer pressed his invitation.

"All I ask," continued the Rapparee, "is that you tell the Knight of Palestine my wish; and remember it yourself, should you speedily inherit the title—and it is, that there should be peace between his people and my people. They have sent us nothing but long stories and old songs from over the sea, and not so much as a Louis d'or or a So we will exchange pike and gun for shepherd's Jacobus. crook and reaper's hook, provided we have our clergy and Besides," said Ulick, they now stood without quietness. the knoll, "I begin to be ashamed of my calling." there was a day, when the name of Tory, or of Rapparee was one of honour. It spoke the rude son of rapine, no doubt, but then a bold and warlike freebooter. Now every foot-pad takes the name, and it has become unworthy the son of O'More; the name of Rapparee will perish: I must to Rome for pardon."

"Could you not procure it nearer?" asked Amyas, rather

impatiently.

"Nay, there is a special curse; the nuncio of eld excommunicated us, and it has never been fairly taken off. Thought St. Patrick knows gold was melted for that same. However, the crones say there is a bar against Ulick O'More's

marrying if it be not taken off; and I believe it, for I have been baulked more than once. But this interests you not; it is useful to me, however, that my true project should be known. You will stand the friend of my people."

"" I will."

"Swear it on this bleeding sword-hilt. 'Tis the crusader's cross.'

Amyas hesitated, but at length did so to humour O'More, who exclaimed, that the feud was laid between them, and that each might depart on his way. "As I have made you tarry," added Ulick, "I must make you speed." At the moment, a peasant led in front of them a noble gray steed. Amyas recollected it. "Present that animal to O'Mahon," said Ulick; "'tis his old charger. I took him from under the traitor Willomer, and only regret, that my sword could not then prevent what yours has this moment avenged." Here the successful duellist and his strange second parted.

"I have O'Mahon's sword to return to him also," reflected the youth, as he mounted Saint Gris, and directed his

speed towards Corramahon.

With what precise purpose Amyas Burton did speed to Corramahon, I believe, he scarcely knew. His most rational idea was that the bringing tidings of his honour heing avenged, to Roger O'Mahon, would induce him to take pity upon Rachel—to forgive her; and that such change on his part, according to the suggestion of Shulah, would have a most reviving and consoling effect upon his niece. In the hurry of his reflections, Amyas thought too, that the vengeance taken upon Willomer might be grateful to Rachel. In his young ignorance of human nature, he did not reckon upon love surviving such injuries as hers. He reasoned, that her insulted honour was the chief and rankling thought that preyed upon her. It did prey, no doubt; but not se direfully and corrosively, as her blighted affections, her slighted love. Her pride, her innocence, her self-esteem, were crushed; but it was through her love that her heart had received its mortal wound.

The apparition of Saint Gris, mounted by Amyas, in the court of Corramahon, aroused Roger O'Mahon. Willomer had had the horse. Ere he could rush out, the eager and agile youth anticipated him, entered the room, and flinging the sword before him, not all cleansed from the fatal stains,

said,

"I return you the sword you left at Palestine."

"I thank you, Sir; I valued it once. But how!—you have been using it."

"It has avenged us all," cried Amyas.

"What say you—He has fallen? Is Heaven so just?"

" Willomer is no more."

"May Heaven pardon what I feel," said Roger, "for my joy is as great as it is fiendlike. And that boy's arm has done the deed!"

"The boy's arm indeed, though not worthy to defend

poor Rachel, has avenged her."

"Forgive my idle words; I am bound to thee by eternal gratitude."

"Show it then on the instant. Hurry to the bed-side of Rachel; forgive her, speak words of comfort to her."

Roger hesitated, but at length signified his acquiescence, and moved towards Rachel's room instantly to show it. But ere he had taken a few paces, a piercing shriek from thence struck both motionless; and, after a pause, was followed by peals of convulsive laughter, mingled with sobs, such as man's heart quails to listen to.

The cause was evident. Amyas, in his excitement, had made use of a loud pitch of voice in conveying his intelligence. The sick girl, afive to every rumour, had caught the import. Alas! the blow that avenged her, was to her a deeper wound. Soul and body seemed struggling to part in the long paroxysm which ensued: and when at length she became silent and calm, it seemed the silence and calmness of death. She but breathed.

"She will recover," said Roger; "the worst is now over. 'Tis useless your remaining here in this abode of sorrow and of sickness, Amyas. Ha! old courser, do I hear your whining? But I dare have no thoughts for thee, yet." Amyas understood the wish, and departed for Palestine.

We will not follow him there, much as might then happen worthy to be described. The undisguised satisfaction of the Knight, his pride in his nephew, now worthy to be his heir, Anastasia's sympathizing with her poor friend, whom the stern laws of the world would soon compel her to forsake. Amyas talked on this subject with his uncle and cousin. They pitied Ruchel, as much as her many quere, was she to be censured,—was she not to be excused.

could make but the same answer as himself. Yet despite of this, neither were they less peremptory nor the less convinced, that Rachel had forfeited her rank in society, by her misfortune, if not by her fault, and that its doors were irrevocably closed against her.

"She must betake herself to a foreign convent, if she recovers," was the remark of the Knight; and Anastasia even could promise or hope for her friend no happier fortune.

Amyas argued and chafed with singular obstinacy against this unjust view of the case, as he called it, and against its conclusions. He heated himself thereon, with all the ardour which youth puts to oppose the conventional and by-laws of the world, when they militate against generosity and abstract justice. He dwelt and brooded it over in his own mind so much, that he at length came to think, that Rachel laboured under no other grief, and could entertain no other cause of complaint. To obviate this, therefore, he chiefly thought, and a singular mode occurred to him. His selfishness certainly did not suggest it; for the thought gave him pain, and even disgust. He shrunk from it; but generosity, or spirit of chivalry urged the sacrifice, and the youth determined on it.

A few days intervened: Amyas inquired at Corramahon, if he could be allowed to see Rachel. This was denied, impossible; but the youth pressed it, and at length, weak and ill as was the unhappy girl, she consented to see him. He said, he had something of importance to communicate. She imagined it might be some memorial, some last word of Willomer's, and did it betoken love and remorse, she would die happy, she thought. But Amyas's thoughts ran in a far different direction.

"The heart may break," saith the poet, "yet brokenly live on." So was it with Rachel; her sorrows were wearing her by degrees, while her youth and health struggled against their fatal influence, and only by inches yielded ground. Amyas was shocked on beholding her, so changed from that she had been, when they had last parted. The sick girl at first shrunk at the sight of Amyas; the blood of her lover and her husband was upon him. But his mild, his well-known countenance, that had once beamed upon her with true affection, drove away the diagrat. It was for her honour he had perilled him with just retribution had dealt the purished it. Besides," thought she, "death awaits me.

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and is not far; why should I conceive new hates, or take up new resentments?"

"Welcome to your home, Amyas Burton, and to good

fortune," said she.

"Why not add to Corramation?" was his reply, affecting cheerfulness. "But you will, Rachel, anon, when health

and happiness revisit you?"

"And how is good Sir Christopher, and dear Anastasia? You will bear to them Rachel O'Mahon's love, her gratitude. My latest thoughts will recall their friendship. And you too, Amyas, I should thank, if I could,—my uncle has been kind, since you were here. How he is changed! poor uncle!—Yes, shame can kill."

"Shame indeed!" rejoined Amyas; "as if the semblance of that shame could hurt, in which there is no guilt."

"Blessings about the mouth and on the words of ye!"

muttered Shulah.

Rachel turned away, and remained silent. Amyas, preoccupied with the one thought, which overcame even his natural delicacy, pressed on to array forth his arguments, his generous view of the subject, and had already laid down, that our own conscience was the true judge and criterion of innocence, in opposition to the opinions of the world, when Rachel cut short his moral disquisition.

"You came to communicate something, Amyas Burton,—speak it to me at once, and spare my anxious thoughts:

what is it? a token, a word then, or a look?"

Amyas did not perceive that her inquiries were directed to the last moments of Willomer, and he looked blank in

perplexity.

"What, none! he could not have forgotten me. Yet who was I? one of the many wronged by him, no doubt, having my momentary tithe of—no, not leve. Oh God! to what may we be brought? I think of this, and do not die, nor weep, nor shriek. Amyas, why came not Anastasia with you?"

"I don't know," muttered the youth: "occupation-

Lady Burton's being absent so set her astray, that-"

"I understand ye—she is right—and yet, towards one that dies apace, the hard laws of this world might be dispensed with. She comes not near me,—I am tainted."

"'Tis false, Rachel O'Mahon, I would maintain it against a world," said Amyas, with heat. The pale cheek of Rachel flushed at the chivalrous declaration. "Pass not a thought on one so worthless, Amyas. I do not merit sympathy, and least of all from thee."

"From whom else then, if not from an old friend, a playmate, the companion of thy childish hours, the sharer of thy childish thoughts, from one, for I will once more speak it, who loved thee!"

"And how did I answer that love?"

"With fairness, Rachel. I complained of fate, not you."

"But why recall the past?" said she; "who now durst

talk of love to me, except in mockery or insult?"

Amyas was greatly moved; he paced the room in order to master his emotion. A generous thought was in his breast, but so intertwined was it with feelings of delicacy, that to utter it was a task that the youth almost shrunk from. He went towards it, however; and his utterance bespoke his hesitation, his perplexity, and fear. He tremulously conned his words ere he ventured to speak them, and the following fragment died on his tongue. "For the love that is past, the pure love that I once bore, Rachel, truly you say, it has fled!—But oh! believe me, what remains of it surpasses yet the loves of the worldly." This was the reply he meditated, but he did not bring himself to utter it.

"No," said he, finishing aloud his unspoken sentence, "the feelings of Amyas Burton's heart can never have but the one object, and still shall she be worshipped here, be she living and honoured, or wronged and forsaken by the

world."

"I would have no pity carried so far towards me," replied Rachel. "You rave, Sir: I am dead, dead to all, even while I live. Another's,—a worse, the disgraced relict of another. Farewell! Amyas."

"Dead you shall not be, Rachel; but if you were, mine

is the love that would cherish your memory still."

"And that love I accept, dear Amyas, still, unworthy as I am. I would have my memory live honoured in one breast at least."

"But you shall live, please Heaven, and be honoured

living."

"It is impossible; I wish it not."

"You shall be honoured, Rachel."

"What,—as the abused of ——," a convulsive tendency was checked, and the girl lay calm.

"Och then, whisht with you, if you 've no more to say, you'll be after killing her entirely, honey!' interrupted Shulah.

"You may be honoured," continued Amyas, turning his face away, as he paced about; "you may be honoured as

the wife of an honourable man.

This perhaps produced, at least it was answered by, an hysteric laugh, long and loud, that appalled Amyas. "Of whom !" she exclaimed at a pause; again the laugh recommenced. "The wife!" was the utterance of another horrid pause; and as the convulsive motion terminated, she asked with a voice utterly out of joint and tune, and horribly ironical, "the wife of whom?"

Amyas stopped before the couch and solemnly pronounced,

" of Amyas Burton."

A hand put up was all the answer that could be given.

"Think me not selfish, Rachel," continued the youth; "think not that in this I am led, as I might once have been, by thoughts of passion, blended with the pure ones of love. Think not I would so insult you. No; I respect your affections for him, who was unworthy, and is gone, even as & cherish my own. The name of husband is all that I propose to gain. My sole desire is to restore you, not to the virtue which has never ceased to be thine, but to a station, where malignity even dare not eye you astrance,—where your own wounded self-esteem may return to you—and where, although the full happiness of love can never be ours, we may enjoy all short of it, friendship, tenderness, and communion of souls."

Rachel recovered: the words of Amyas brought from her

eyes a flood of tears, and it relieved her.

"Generous Amyas!" said she, "Oh! I had not expected this. I have been loved truly, if that can console; and I enjoy a friend at least, ready to sacrifice all for me, all that eyen I have lost, at my dying hour. Ah! if a broken heart could be made whole, it would be by such words as yours. But 'tis past: I will find all you promise me, elsewhere, Amyas; I will find peace at least, and sheker from malignity."

"Nay, Rachel, you must look up, and with hope."

"I do, Amyas, I do!-your hand." Amyas seized hers, and kissed it. "And now," said she, "I would sleep." They left her to do so. Rachel O'Mahon never awoke.

P. S. The fates of the remaining personages of the tale were perhaps better left to the imagination of the reader. A considerable interval of time must be supposed to have elapsed, ere we can recur to the misfortune-stricken abode of the O'Mahons. The Aireach and his family had been swept away by untoward fate. Superstition sought a reason in the enmity of an evil genius, the ancestral fault of the sufferers, or some of the petty but important rites of luck unperformed; while those fond of mundane causes, attributed the ill conduct and misfortunes of brother and sister to the ignorance and want of education in which they had been brought up. Roger himself was of this opinion. And as, the laws enjoined and strove to perpetuate this ignorance, even of religion, O'Mahon cast upon them,—upon their tyranny and injustice, all the ills to which he had been witness.

When Roger O'Mahon urged these reasons, and preferred these hardships to divers of his Protestant and ascendant acquaintance, the generous reply was, "we seek to extirpate the Catholics; if they don't like the country, let them leave it." Roger was too good a patriot the follow the advice: and, although voluntarily, he might have chosen the alternanative of expatriation; compulsorily put, he declined it. Through the kindness of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who became all powerful for a time, upon the Queen's death, he obtained permission to remain: and it may be added, that the same gracious letter which gave him this favour, conveyed to him also the intelligence, that his acquaintance, Lady Auchinlech, was likely to become one of the most influential beauties at the court of the new Regent of France.

"She is in her place," thought Roger O'Mahon, as he

read this.—" Shall I be ever in mine?"

Whether he was so, the reader will judge upon learning, that with the year Anastasia Burton became the mistress of Corramahon. For a long time this union between the rival families and creeds was rumoured in Catherlogh and its vicinity, but pertinaciously denied. The high ascendants and Williamites could not credit such an alliance. It put the cope-stone upon the treasonable, or liberal conduct of the Knight of Palestine; and with such hate was he pursued, that Sir Christopher was, in his old days, obliged to procure a seat in Parliament, that the plea of duty might allow him to prefer the residence of the metropolis to that of Pales-

tine. And even on that theatre he found himself, with his new ideas, in a sad and solitary minority: the vexation consequent, not a little tended to shorten the days of the worthy old knight.

Sir Amyas was his worthy successor, but the author finds nought in his life further interesting, save that his long and obstinate bachelordom was the subject of many unsuccessful attacks upon the part of sage mother and wise daughter, and also of the regrets and expostulations of his friends. The only comfort of the Williamites was, that if Sir Amyas persisted in dying heirless, his nephews and nieces, the O'Mahons, were, as Papists, debarred from the succession. How this terminated, no evidence remains, save the fact, that the Burtons are an existing and honoured race in the county of Catherlogh to this day.

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THE

NORTHERNS OF NINETY-EIGHT.

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NORTHERNS OF NINETY-EIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is for me little to admire in the o'er-ornamented environs of a wealthy or capital town. The crowded villas, the trim enclosures, the spruce knots of evergreens and exotics-every object too fine and orderly for Nature-the very grass too green, its o'er-luxuriance suggesting not its beauty, but its filthy and artificial cause—all these, whatever be the natural beauties of the thickly planted and tenanted circle, fail utterly in inspiring one idea of the rural picturesque. The view of wealth thus overflowing, thus assuming shape, and manifesting itself in pride, is doubtless not without its charm; it may gratify patriotic, or even philanthropic feelings; and the beholder may gladden at these tokens of human happiness and comfort. To me, however, the stamp of selfishness is on all this display. The current of wealth seems collected in tanks, and rivulets, and ornamental ponds, instead of bong poured forth abroad to spread general fertility. Ideas of pettiness, and inutility, and narrowness, and of that meanest part of urbanity, called cockneyism, are connected with it; -and, in short, neither the poet, nor the novelist, nor even the simple sentimentalist, can make use of it, for mockery, except in their imaginative task.

One might at first imagine this disgust to be owing to our abhorrence of art intruding upon Nature, and every school-

boy might exclaim,

" Quanto prestantius esset Numen aque, viridi si margine clauderet undas Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum ?"

And yet this cannot be the cause; for here the wealth, however derived from the paltry and ignoble gains of com-

merce, bears no marks of its origin. It savours sweet, as the tributary coin of Vespasian. Yet we curiously trace it

to its source, vilify, and despise it.

In other scenes, as in the one now before my mind's eye, we hail and take pleasure in the very mixture that we here And while one turns with indifference or dislike from the signs of commercial wealth aping elegance in the neighbourhood of a huge metropolis, the sight of the same wealth, busied in its natural industry, is found to adorn the remote country, to enliven its solitudes, and even harmonize

with its rural beauties.

Those are exquisite lines by Campbell, on revisiting the, Clyde. I will not profane them by quoting from memory. They may be true; yet one had rather see in them another spirit, one more friendly to manufacturing industry, which surely is not without its picturesque. Conciliation is the order of the day in politics, and might it not be also so in poetry, whose chiefs might stoop and endeavour to elevate, rather than anathematize, those temples which the moderns elevate to gain. They might compound between the utile and the dulce, nor would they lose by numbering the former among their themes. For after all that has been said respecting Art and Nature, it may safely be asserted, that Crabbe would command more sympathies, by writing "Tales of a Cotton-mill," than Darwin has done with all inanimate Nature for his theme.

Perhaps my reader has visited France; perhaps, too, Dieppe may have been his point of disembarkation upon the Continent, and hence he may have pursued the road towards the capital; if so, he may remember Malaunay. He cannot have forgotten those charming vales, rich with Norman luxuriance and cultivation, but richer still with numerous manufactories, neat, and white, and busy, surrounded by villages, that vied with, or excelled England in comfort. He will call to mind, the poplar rows, straight in the tasteless formality of the Continent, but there harmonizing with the trim and industrious scene—the "smooth shaven" bleachgreens, divided and interspersed with orchards—the "busy mill," not less picturesque to my eye for whitening cloth in ieu of grinding corn—the—but every Englishman is familiar with such scenes, which abound in his native land. I choose my example in France, merely as knowing it better. environs of Havre strike as affording a still better contrast,

for there, chateaus are mingled with manufacturing establishments. They are often side by side. And the poet himself, if asked which is the most picturesque, the work-house of gain, or the abode of the idle and opulent proprietor, cannot but decide against himself, for the utile and against the dulce. The manufactory, in nine cases out of ten, is an object of interest and of beauty; the chateau an unmeaning, vulgar fabric, displaying all the arrogance of wealth without a particle of the taste which might be expected to accompany it.

Such scenes, as the one just described, are not common in Ireland. There, indeed, Nature enjoys her wild liberty, unfettered by cultivation,—unintruded upon by art,—unalloyed by wealth. And if the *Tusculums*, and rural villas, around any city, are exempt from the condemnation above passed on them, those around the metropolis of Ireland are so, from the magnificence of the region, that no taste, however execrable, could degrade. In scenery, the Green Isle is a little world in miniature; there is no species which it does not possess. It can boast the sublime, short only of Alpine elevation, and many kinds of it, to recompense, that the Alps do not afford.

In beauty, it yields to none, neither to the Italian, nor the English scene. Of ornamented landscape, of rich cultivation, of rained piles and lordly structures, it has its quota for the curious stranger to visit, or the proud native to boast. And as if nothing should be wanting to the Isle, not even that most foreign to its habits and to its fate, a tract of country studded and enriched with manufacturing establishments is to be found in the north, contrasting strangely in feature with the rest of the Island, and vying with similar parts of England and the Continent in all the signs of overflowing wealth, as well as in the possession of natural beauty.

Belfast may be considered as the centre of this region, and from its situation it derives, and at the period of my story did derive, more seriously its character and opinions. Of these, however, more hereafter.

At some distance from this commercial town,—a day's journey say, for the folks and vehicles of that day, though but half a day's journey for the diligences of this,—was aituated the mansion and establishment of Speer Patrick. It was the patrimonial estate of the family, by name Orde,

and was lately inherited by the present possessor, a man

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young, or in the prime of life.

Without recurring to any disquisition on the comparative merits and beauties of agricultural and manufacturing establishments, it may be remarked that the proprietor of the Ulster bleach-green unites the advantages of both. estate, or his farm lies around him, and he cultivates them in nowise with less assiduity or success than the mere gen-His flax grows by the side of his corn, and tleman-farmer. progresses into linen under his eye. His factory is but another kind of barn for another kind of produce. The principle of the division of labour is not allowed nor established. However contrary this may be to the orthodox maxims of political economy, it is at least favourable to the character of the man, and of the country. The one is not narrowed altogether by exclusively commercial thoughts and calcula-The closeness of the merchant is corrected by the openness of the agriculturist: he commands the tenant and the labourer, as well as the artisan, and he becomes more enlightened by the double contact; he is doubly respected too, by the moneyed man, as one of the mercantile class, by the cotter and the squire, as a man of landed This is certainly something of an anomaly. produces strange characters. It requires a vigorous and prudent mind to meet the exigencies of the states united; and ruin and disorder in economy are certainly more frequent than among those who hold to the old rule of "every one to his trade.'

The mansion of Speer Patrick partook of, and bespoke the double character of its master. It was a spacious and noble dwelling, such as became the lord of the domain. At some distance stood the factory, while on the other side was discernible the no less extensive buildings of the farm-yard. Here and there, indeed, the mixture of domain and the bleach-green was ludicrous. Thus the stream, which went to the humble use of turning the mill, was near to the road bestridden by an ornamental bridge, which seemed in truth sahamed of itself. The lawn and bleach-green, one and the same, was, in order to support the former character, and very much to the inconvenience of the latter, spotted with ornamental clumps and solitary silver fir. While the simple sentry-box, in which the guard of the bleach-green sheltered himself and watched during the night, was made to assume

the form of a pagoda upon wheels, and served to puzzle confoundedly the beholder, whose admiration it had been destined to excite. These, however, were whims of the late Mrs. Orde, who, it seemed, "had a soul above linens," and it were, in consequence, unjust to charge them upon the union of the gentleman proprietor and the manufacturer, of which so many specimens still exist throughout the region,

as exempt from absurdity as from idle pride.

Mr. Orde, the present owner of the motley establishment. -and it may be as well at once to mention the word present, as marking a period about seventeen hundred and ninetyseven, that is, a year perhaps preceding the great rebellion, -was a fair florid personage, looking fully the prosperity which he enjoyed, and in which he was reared. Nursed in the lap of ease and plenty, he had never known a troublesome hought. Destined to succeed his father in his estate and actory, he had no need of being sent forth to learn the ways of the world prematurely in a public school, and to be so sharpened for fighting his way from penury to plenty. Hence the national mildness of his character was increased, its timidity also, I might say, although this latter feeling had scarcely room for development in a person, on whom fortune so invariably smiled.

Such soft characters always rush early into marriage. Their nnambitious prospects are certain to place their happiness in domestic felicity: and Orde was not an exception It is a very old and very common remark, that to the rule. we choose mates of dispositions and complexions the reverse of our own. With such characters as the proprietor of Speer Patrick, it at least holds true. Instinct teaches them to seek a stay, a support, a spirited heart, that will uphold that which it loves, rather than one of those tendril tempers, which, though they beautify and brighten what they hang on, are formed to demand, rather than communicate strength.

Orde so chose. He married-he had but just marrieda lady of great beauty, of commanding form and character; full of spirit, enthusiasm, and of sympathies, that embraced far grander and more extensive objects than generally attract the interest of Irish or of English women. She had been singularly nurtured; and the peculiarities of her early life and education had greatly tended to exaggerate and render prominent the features of no common character.

Louisa Winter, the present Mrs. Orde, and her brother

Theobald, had been bred in obscurity. Their mother inhabited with them one of the suburbs of Dublin. Means of life appeared to be hers, abundant in her humble rank; but acquaintance of all kinds either shunned her, or were shun-The parent was not high-bred; the recollecned by her. tions of her children, for she was sometime dead, marked her as vulgar; and their suppositions, for every thing was obscurity and supposition about their parentage, birth, &c., led them to fix her as the daughter of one in the lower ranks They remembered too her strong provincial of gentility. and rustic accent, savouring of that usual in the north. She had evidently once possessed great personal beauty, with a shrewd sense, and a depth of mind far above its cultivation or acquirement.

What was very unusual in her age, and particularly with the female sex of her age, Mrs. Winter had strong political feelings. She was for ever railing and expressing her detestation of the aristocracy of her country, and this was a daily theme with her, which sunk into the minds of her children, without their at all comprehending it. As the said aristocracy was English, or called English, while the class to which the good woman belonged was Irish, at least in her estimation,—though in reality the middling orders in Ireland are as Saxon and as English as the higher,—she was of course led to be patriotic, to be limitedly so, to love and praise Green Erin in exclusion of all other islands and countries near and far; and England especially was placed in opposition, as every way inferior in all virtues and qualities, save that of power only.

Nowhere is this petty and municipal hatred of our neighbours, because they are our neighbours, which is common to all countries, so bitter as it is in Ireland. Other nations of small territory, and consequently of passions in inverse proportion, have divers nations on their frontiers, and thus the mass of their hate is divided. Whereas Ireland, bounded on three sides by the mighty Atlantic, has but England alone on which to pour the whole force and wrath of her envy, her jealousy, and her complaints. According to the nature of things this would be the case, were she well-governed, what then must it be, proverbially ill-governed as she has been, with every right and foundation on her side for that international jealousy and hate, which, we know, can exist on trifles. The only general feeling in Ireland is a hatred of

England; and the high aristocrats and ascendancy arguers cherish it and utter it without a cause, just as fiercely as the poor ill-used Papist does with a host of most reasonable ones. But your tyrant and renegade always loves to wear some scrap and badge and symbol of patriotism, if he can.

Strange it was that Mrs. Winter, with all her bitterness of this kind, which she instilled into her children, did not possess the true root and cause of such feelings. She was not a Catholic; she attended the Established Church, and reared her children, nominally in that faith. The old lady had not sought to sooth her sorrows or acerbity in the balm of religion. The world, or some one in it, had wronged her, wronged her grievously; that alone was evident: and the only consolation that her proud spirit brooked to take was in brooding, in feeding on the poison of bitterness, from which she had learned to extract pleasure. Hence her children grew up, as herself, enthusiastic in worldly feelings, but almost altogether ignorant of those connected with religion.

Facilities for education abound in Ireland, nowhere perhaps so much so, that is, for all above the very lower classes. Society, although there divided into high and low, is not so broken and separated into the castes of profession and trade, as in England. A knowledge of the classics and an insight into the rudiments of general literature, enough in short to awaken and arouse to such liberal pursuits every mind framed for them, is attainable, and considered necessary for all ranks, -for the son of the shopkeeper, as for the heir of the squire. The apprentice is often prepared to stand behind the counter by some years study in a first-rate school; the future soldier takes his degree in the university, and learns logic as an introduction to the platoon exercise. And the few, the very few Irish youths that can be enticed or compelled to sit themselves down in a counting house or an office, are previously indulged with an education fit to lead to the bench, either of the judges or the prelates. Besides, all the youth of Ireland, from the poor Munster scholar, to the as proportionably poor son of the Irish peer, rush to the learned professions, or in the latter case to the political profession, for livelihood and advancement. All beat their way through Livy, and thumb Virgil. If education and learning—that at least which books, flogging, and study can bestow-could civilize and liberalize a country, Ireland certainly would take the lead in those qualities, so prized in the present century.

But, unfortunately, all this mass of instruction savours of the cloister; and notwithstanding the "schoolmaster's being so very much abroad," the one-sixth of the population may be found exercising, in one way or other, the trade of teacher; yet bigotry is found not the less to issue from the birch, and

all the narrowness of prejudice from the ferula.

Of however little advantage this wide-spread and elegant education may be to the man, its effect is considerable on that portion of each rising generation endowed with talents and ambition. To those indeed it gives wings, lifts them up to views which otherwise they would never attain, and enables to start in the race of honour, and wealth, and ambition, to which neither birth nor fortune could entitle them. At the period in which I write, a great portion of these stirring spirits emigrate to England -those two of the least means and of most unregulated minds, while their compeers who remained pursue with assiduity the toilsome path of a profession. In the last century, that is, in the latter part of it, when this state of things existed. Ireland contained within herself all attractions for those spirits, and consequently she retained them. She had an independent government, parliament, parties; the means of gratifying either avarice or ambition. Moreover, these were times big with interest, inspirative of patriotism, and their native country formed a scene peculiarly attractive to those dangerous and active minds, politically and speculatively inclined, but for whom she can now possess no charms, and whom, accordingly, she retains no longer.

Theobald Winter's was one of those stormy, daring, restless, and ill-regulated spirits, which Ireland has been just described as abounding in, and developing. He had ample education to afford it the food fittest to excite and cherish its peculiar qualities. His mother's acerbity of political opinions became his, long ere he was bearded, and he failed not to reason thereon and draw conclusions therefrom. Every line and maxim of his classic studies, of those revered ancients, added fresh gunpowder to the train that was laying; and the republican great of Greece and Rome could not fail to be the heroes of the Irish Very much His sister shared in all these ideas. secluded, her mother, almost masculine in her converse and her views, and more rigid than even man in her bitterness, Louisa grew up with Theobald as feminine as nature made

her, but as masculine as intercourse with strong and enthu-

siastic minds could render the solitary girl. Humble as Mrs. Winter lived, her pride was great. When her son Theobald was of an age and proficiency to enter college, she strained every nerve, and broke through every rule of economy, in order that he should enter as a fellow-commoner, and so take rank, as seemed not his due, with the wealthy and the noble. The student soon distinguished himself, not only in the prescribed studies of his course, but in the Historical Society, whose mimic debates then partook of the heat and interests of the time. talents, as well as his tufted gown, procured him choice of friends, some noble ones. And Theobald remarked, that he never saw his mother's stern visage relax into a more open smile, than upon his mentioning his having supped on the evening previous with young Lord so-and-so, and with Mr.——, the heir to a well-known northern estate Therefrom, moreover, he drew his own conand title. clusions touching the depth of his mother's hatred towards the name and members of the aristocracy. The youth himself was far more consequent in his principles, made it a point to treat with his noble companion on terms of perfect equality, and as egalité was the mania of the time, at least among those with whom he herded, he was but the more honoured for his independence of character.

Such was the family with which Mr. Orde, the proprietor of Speer Patrick estate and bleach-green, had united himself. Mrs. Winter was no more. Theobald had left college, and was devoting himself to the bar, with a zeal, that was very ardent at intervals, but that often cooled, his dreams of legal success and pre-eminence being often crossed and superseded by more brilliant hopes of a political career, and often by visions that madness could alone suggest, or magic

realize.

CHAPTER II.

The three personages, whose characters have been delineated in the foregoing chapter, were now domicilisted, the spouses at least finally, and Theobald for the time at Speer Patrick. A few months had glided past since their marriage. The interval had been spent in wandering through some of the choice scenes of their native island; and to the delight of home, where they had not long arrived, was yet added the charm of novelty.

Orde and his wife were conversing upon some soft and dulcet subject, that did not seem vastly to interest Theobald Winter. It was the "talking hour," after dinner of a cool summer's evening,—windows were open, mill quiescent, and the foreground was enlivened by a number of female peaants, employed in keeping the stretched pieces of cloth moist

under the still powerful ray of the sun.

While Orde was pointing to some beauty of the distant landscape, the eye of Theobald was fixed upwards, as if busied in analyzing a portion of the cornice of the apartment. He gazed, however, but on vacancy. Nought composed his visions, but some soaring thought, with the bright perspective of castles and clouds, wealth and fame, which it suggested.

"Orde," said Winter, starting from his reverie, "do you

attend the commemoration?"

"Commemoration!—of what, for Heaven's sake?—Were you just now dreaming that of Handel in your mind's ear?"
"Not I o' my conscience. I care little for any music, ex-

cept the forensic."

"Nay, Carolan, Tibbald," said Louisa.

"Ay, except Carolan, if you will; and with his, every dear Irish spirit-stirring, or spirit-melting air. But touching the commemoration, I meant that of the taking of the Bastile."

"True; they pressed me very much in Belfast to be of the party," said Orde. "And I dare say it will be very agreeable. French liberty is worth a dinner too, and toasting. But then,—"

"What then?"

"Why, I am newly married, and so in love with domesticity, that I cannot quit it; no, not to honour the sackers of the Bastile."

"Jaffier!" exclaimed Theobald, enacting Pierre, and spouting forth the well-known lines in 'Venice Preserved,' where the gay bachelor reproves the uxuriousness of his friend. Mrs. Orde smiled, as one who approved of both sentiments, and who loved at once the amiable weakness of Jaffier, and the bold patriotism of Pierre.

"We have a duty to perform as citizens," continued Winter, "an example to show. What is the end of public worship in religion, but that pious feeling may be communicated and strengthened and propagated by their open display. And is not patriotism a religion, which every man

should not only cherish, but avow?"

Part of this illustration seemed indecorous, if not impious to Orde, who was a dissenter, and strictly bred; but he had been by degrees obliged to tolerate much freedom in his brother-in-law's arguments.

"Well, Tibbald," said he, "do not chafe; I will avow what I feel at all times, and at good times. But the com-

memoration is not yet arrived; we will talk of it."

Theobald here became satisfied, and held his peace, while Orde endeavoured to restore the conversation to that equable tone and those unexciting topics that he loved. The impetuous spirit of his brother soon, however, burst upon him.

"G—! how I envy those French rascals all their glory!—
to have liberated their country, to have shaken off its
oppressors, abolished prejudice—and then to have shown
themselves as brave in the field, as they were daring in the
senate—what a crown of immortality is theirs in history?"

"If it had not been stained in blood."

"Psha!" can you make an omelet without breaking of eggs, as they themselves say. What's your life or mine in

the prospect of our country's regeneration ?"

Orde could have answered, and good-humouredly answered, "a vast deal," but he perceived his Louisa's eye to glisten with the effects of her brother's enthusiasm, and he would not allow his colder temper to cross or contrast with her warmth.

"If they keep the liberty, which they have purchased so dearly," said Orde, "I will not deny them praise."

"Keep!" replied Winter, almost contemptuously; "who Vol. U.—6

shall dare to challenge or encroach upon it when united Europe shrinks from the attempt? Surely not one of her sons. No, liberty once achieved, is at least for centuries won. But how, Orde, can you, you too who are one of us, look with the cold eye of criticism upon that great picture of the moral sublime, which France presents, which the true sons of Ireland are now studying as a model, and waiting but the fit season to emulate?"

"William is circumspect," joined in Mrs. Orde, speaking of her husband, "as you, libbald, are headlong. And instead of censure or regret on account of this variance, I think you should congratulate yourselves upon taking different views of the same object, and different paths to it."

"Ay, if the object be verily the same, Louisa," said her brother: "namely, the freedom and independence of Ire-

land."

"You forget, Theobald," said Orde, "that I have sworn to further it. But you must permit a thinking man to have his doubts even of that which he hopes and strives for. At least he is at liberty to suspect the means, anxious as he may be for attaining the end. For example, your Dublin Committee's fine project for uniting Catholics and Dissenters here in the North—Do you think it feasible?

"I have found it so."

"Ay, you can do what you will with me, with Squire such a one, and Mister another, nay, you may set the priest and the minister down to the same table and the same bowl of punch. But the sturdy northern yeoman with his Orange traditions, and the Catholic with his rankling ones,—the Peep o' day Boy and the Defender, can you ever drill them in the same ranks, or make them exchange their respective party-words and mutual hate for that abstract principle called patriotism?"

"Yet there was something very like this in the ranks of

the Volunteers."

"But the dregs of the nation, unfortunately the most numerous portion of it, scarcely felt, or had aught to do with that mania."

"We will gain the priests," said Theobald, "and through them, have their flocks by the nose."

"I should rather say by the horns," interrupted Orde.
"And as to the meeting folk, it is to be hoped that ye are

enlightened enough to hear reason."

Here the attention of the little family party was taken from the subject they were discussing by a straggling body of soldiers passing on their road towards Belfast. midst of them were six or seven strapping fellows, still in their ragged frieze, and shoeless feet; but the gay cockades that adorned the shattered felts of each, showed that they were henceforward to be enrolled in his Majesty's service.

"Curse these English blood-suckers!" cried Winter. "Look, Orde, they are stealing from us our future citizens,

Could I but whisper in their ears." our lieges.

As Winter spoke, the recruits seemed to have some sympathy with him, for, looking round, and beholding a comely mansion within reach, they suddenly took thought, all save one, who was handcuffed, no doubt on account of a similar attempt, and bounding over the lawn-enclosure with the agility of a deer, ran with all the speed of their limbs to the The bleaching women took fright with a yell. the military one or two fired, without effect, perhaps without aim, but the greater part cleared the fence in pursuit of the fugitives, and followed in the same direction.

"An escape!" cried Winter; "what nimble rogues and I can't but think of Friday running from the cannibold.

Orde, where are your arms, man?"

"Arms! are you mad?"

But by this time the runaways had gained the door and

rushed into the very parlour for shelter.

"Millia murther, save us, or we'll all be kilt!" cried they crouching, while one fellow, coolly helping himself to a dram, uttered as if with his last breath, " here 's to you at

ony rate."

Winter, in despite of Orde, shut close the doors, and seemed determined to stand a siege rather than give up the runaways; but Orde stood to parley at the window, and answered to the first summons of the sergeant that he was ready to give up the fugitives, provided pardon and good treatment were ensured to them, and provided also that the whole party, sergeant, soldiers, and recruits included, would stop and take some refreshment. The terms were too acceptable to be refused, and the stipulations of bread and whiskey were forthwith put in execution.

"Lord save your honour, you just forgot to hear our say, afore ye passed sintence. But it's magistrate's law, shure.

Only the blaachgreen made us think to find a poor man's friend."

"Why did it so?" asked Orde, touched at the appeal.

"Musha, if myself knows. Them that aarn have a feeling for them that sarns, not all as one as the lordleens, that live on the fat of the land, and reap the worth of it wid our sweat, not their own."

"If you listen to that fellow," cried the sergeant, "he'll talk you till doomsday. D-n my eyes, if he ben't a lawyer, that un, or a poet, or somewhat atween 'em. In my mind,

he 's owed his cockade there to his long tongue."

" It's thrue for him, your honour. I'm the spaaking boy of the Gorbals. An if it 's a song ye want, or a blast o' the pipes, myself's the boy. And they'd shut up all that," and the fellow rapped his skull with his knuckles, intimating no doubt the respectable portion of brains within,—" they'd shut up all that in a sodger's cap."

"But why should so useful and important a personage have listed?" asked Winter.

"List, is it my mother's son list! my sowl, I'd see tasters hanped up on the face of my hand as high as the Gobbins, afore I'd ha' listed. But sure it 's sould we are, not listed."

"Sold!" exclaimed Winter; "I should like to know

how sold in a land of freedom."

"An' ye's not heard o' the sack o' the Gorbals by Orange Dick?"

"No!" cried both gentlemen, in astonishment.

"And, shure, he's murthered the haaf of us, and slashed

and sould what was left."

"In rank!" cried the sergeant; "I can delay no longer. Master what's your name, thanks for your liquor, and now deliver my recruits."

"Prove your right to them," cried Winter.

"Face about," commanded the non-commissioned officer

to his troops, drawing them up before the house.

"Orange Dick sould us for forty goulden guineas to the sergeant," cried the recruit spokesman; "and then forced us, with a pistol to our lugs, to have our hands crassed by Master sodger's two-taster piece."
"That last is true," said the sergeant: "as for the forty

guineas, I know nothing whatever of it."

"My friends," said Orde, "it was ill-advised of you to sun to me for protection. I am no magistrate, and, if I were, durst not interfere with the King's troops. You must march with them, and I recommend you to do so submissively; all I can promise is, that this thing shall be looked into, and that if ye be wronged, we will do our utmost to

right you."

"Musha, what more could we ax? But it's small right ye'll get for us, now the Orangers do what they like. But good luck to ye at any rate; and to the other master there, that looks all as one as if he could swallow the sergeant, halbert, and all. And that's what I like. And it's Felix of the Gorbals that'ud sarve your honour, if you'd only keep the red coat off his back."

"'Tis what I shall try," said Winter, "for it seems we

have taken a mutual liking to each other."

"I'd live and die wid your honour."

"Your name?"

"Felix o' the Gorbals, your honour."

"If ye go about to entice men from His Majesty's service—" began the segreant.

"What would twice forty guineas in your own fist, ser-

geant, do?"

" With twenty more 'mong the privates?"

"Ay, say so."

"Why, then, I can't say what it might do, or might not

do, Sir," replied the cunning man of the halbert.

"I'will tell thee then, learned sergeant, what it would do: it would take from both of us what we haven't—from me money, and from thee honesty. Good day to you."

Loud was the laugh of the recruits at the expense of their non-commissioned leader. They joined his ranks in glee, vastly refreshed, and, as far as mirth could evince, reconciled to their unjust fate. Away they marched, heaping blessings on the bleach-green, its master, its pretty mistress, and the other master, long life to him! who looked, as Felix afterward described him, "as wicked and as brave as a Definder."

Orde and Winter on their parts made their remarks on the retiring party, and especially upon Felix, "the speaking boy of the Gorbals." They admired his stout form, and recalled his singular expression of countenance, half crazed, half cunning. Wit and folly are so universally joined together in a Pat, as if they who descried wisdom best, had found but the more reason to despise her. For all his fatigue and wrongs, Felix amused himself and his comrades

by mimicking the strut of the sergeant, and placing his shattered *caubeen* with military uprightness and precision on the summit of his well-fleeced head.

This little incident, as may be supposed, gave cause of exertion, as well as of sympathy, to Orde and Winter.

"What are we to do?" asked Orde.

"Ride to Gorbalstown immediately."

"'T were idle without authority, and I know of no magistrate, who is not of the new Orange sect, and consequently we are powerless. I will go to Belfast, and ascertain there

what may be done?"

"What! while Orange massacre lords it in the poor Papists' village! Besides, to show ourselves there, interfering, standing the Catholics' friend, that is what will be of use, 'will win us golden opinions,' and serve the great cause."

"I was thinking," said Orde, "but of the great cause of

humanity."

" Is it not all one?"

"Our going there alone will be updess, but for the party-

purpose you mentioned."

"What have I been thinking of! Stuart arrives in the county this day, this very day. We will ride to the Castle, and interest him."

"But you know better than any one, Theobald, how your friend, the Honourable Mr. —, slackens of late in

the race of liberality. Will he interfere?"

"He must, and an election in prospect. The independent member for the neighbouring county must not rat, till once more returned. It would be inconvenient. Besides, he has a friendship for me, eke his uncle, Lord ——, and for a trifle like this, I should hope to find my voice potential at the Castle."

"Does Lord Ryvescastle arrive along with Mr. Ryves?"

"I believe not. His Lordship, and Lady Hesther, are not expected for a fortnight. You know, Orde, I promised to spend a month at the Castle."

"And I must not ask you to exchange its festivities for

the homeliness of Speer Patrick."

"Go to, Master Orde, thou knowest which I prefer. But ambition, or a more worthy motive still, patriotism, leads me to seek the best weapons for advancing them, viz. a

knowledge of mankind, and more especially of the influential

specimens thereof."

"Well," said Orde, "'tis arranged: an early breakfast to-morrow, then ride over to the Castle, and hence, if you can enlist Mr. Ryves, to the unfortunate abode of the Gorbals."

CHAPTER III.

In a valley, that extends and winds some distance southward from the banks of Lough Neagh, stood the lonely village of the Gorbals. It would be vain at this day to seek in its place for what it was, or in the region round for what that was. The valley is now planted and adorned, green and flourishing with plantations of fir, wisely placed to catch and check the prevailing mists, that roll from the chill lake. In the old time, the sides of the vale could boast scarcely a tree, except such solitary specimens of ash and oak as were deemed necessary for the wants of the community. They were cultivated nevertheless, in gardens, and patches of corn and potato-ground; and that the community was thriving, in numbers at least, was evident from the fresh spots broken up for sowing; culture thus stealing upon the wide pasture, and presenting the picture of one of the first steps of civilization—the herd gradually giving place to the plough.

Gorbalstown, as it was called, consisted of from sixty to eighty cottages, huddled together, but not without some degree of arrangement, of which the aim was evidently defence, rather than convenience. Thus the haggard and the outhouse, in lieu of being in the rear of each dwelling, were placed in front and in the midst, defended by rows of cabins which surrounded and secured them. The principle was the same as that which led the ancient Flemish and northern French farmer to fortify his humble dwelling, being every moment liable to be visited by foes and marauders. So was it with the Cathelics of the north of Ireland, who were surrounded and outsumbered by a population of a different creed, accustomed to hold them in a degree of bondage, and hence to despise, and at times maltreat them.

As long, however, as the Catholics remained contented and unrepining beneath the bondage and the despite—and they did remain so for well nigh a century—their superiors confined their arrogance to contempt and legal injustice. Violence or maltreatment was seldom practised by Protestant

upon Catholic.

The efforts, however, of the friends of liberty in the Irish Parliament began towards the end of this century to excite manly thoughts. These first efforts were for national freedom, national rights; and the force with which they were urged, the eloquence with which they were pleaded, interested and stirred up Irishmen as Irishmen, the Catholic and the Pro-The former, foremost for the moment in testant together. the consideration of his peculiar wrongs, joined in the general cry of independence. It was only when this was extracted from the weakness of the English and Anglo-Irish Governments, that the Catholics pressed forward for their own rights. These they had learned to feel and to value in the discussion that had taken place. They had seen the Protestant plead, and clamour for the general rights—nay, more, they had seen them use the language of menace and of faction, to gain their ends. Further than this, they had seen that the way of bold demand, of intimidation, was effectual, and won inevitably what supplication would never have gained. All this was taught to the Catholics: and to their credit be it said, that when they did come to follow the the example, it was with far more mildness, and forbearance, and delay, than that example warranted. The favours granted, though grudgingly doled out, were gratefully received: and no country, calling itself free, ever presented so numerous a body of malcontents,-malcontent with reason—who for so long a space kept within the bounds of submission and allegiance. And that the Catholics of Ireland. would have continued to keep within these proper bounds. there is not a doubt, had not the turbulent and factious conduct of the Protestant portion of the kingdom, half led the way, half enticed them into rebellion. The volunteering spirit and system, which was altogether Protestant, taught them to arm and resist; another body of Protestants, namely, the Orangemen, then set themselves to persecute the Catholics, and thus aroused and gave cause to a system of opposition; and finally, came an intriguing knot of Dissenters and No. Religionists, bitten with the mania of imitating France, who

goaded and induced the poor Catholics te precipitate themselves into rebellion. Thus the cause of Catholic freedom was suggested by Protestants, fomented by Protestants, made an instrument of by selfish Protestants, deserted by them, in fine, and precipitated to destruction: and yet we find at this day the body of the Catholics and the spirit of the Catholic religion, proclaimed alone to be guilty and productive of all this ill, this treason, and this blood, which, in its natural and unbiassed course, it would, most indubitably, have avoided.

When the weakness of Government gave birth about the year seventeen hundred and eighty to the volunteering system, that system proclaimed to all orders of Irish to arm themselves. The Catholics ventured to obey. The same Protestant volunteers, knowing that they had need of the voice and support of the Catholics, advocated their cause in print and in Parliament. Not a few of them, however, joined in afterward pillaging and massacreing the said Catholics for obeying their commands. The Catholics had armed. In the more enlightened regions of the North, they not only so far imitated their Protestant brethren, but they also proceeded to imitate them in thinking for themselves, in forming ideas of their rights, ideas of the natural dignity and equality of man. The Irish Helot threw off his moral bond; he stood erect, and looked aloft. And yet he still used the language of a suppliant. The Catholic shrunk from imitating the factious proceeding of this Protestant compatriot; but he was given no credit for his forbearance. His arousing himself from slumber was a crime in the eyes of his compatriots and anti-religionists of the North. The Catholic was armed:—and instantly the century's oppressor of the Catholic was seized with a panic. He dreaded to suffer retribution for the wrongs inflicted, and rather than await a vengeance, that, however just, was not meditated, the bigots rushed like wolves upon the Catholics, to massacre and dis-The Catholic stood upon his guard; hence came the " Defenders;"—their bigoted persecutors called themselves "Peep o' Day Boys.". The insolence of the one faction, disclaiming to be serious, even whilst organizing slaughter, may be seen in the careless, cant title, that it The sad necessity of self-defence, imposed upon the Catholic by his enemies, but, of course, often degenerating into active retaliation, is expressed in the party-name that he selected.

It was during this warfare, which reigned chiefly in the southern counties of Ulster and the northern ones of Leinster, that the village of the Gorbals took its rise. It had no doubt existed previously; but from the commencement of party-feuds, the solitary cottage of the Papist was no longer secure. The Peep o' Day Boys entered it at all hours; came under the pretence of scearching for arms, and often devoured or carried away the poor family's whole store of provisions, at the same time, perhaps, considerately diminishing its means of consumption by the murder of some of its mem-The Catholic, therefore, was obliged to herd with his co-religionists; and villages were soon tripled in size and population, and fashioned into the semblance of a camp. Among them the Gorbals, so called from the name of the prevailing family in it, became the most renowned for its numbers, strength, and courage of its fighting population, being one of the few strong-holds which the Peep o' Day Boys were never able to subdue or penetrate into. early years of Rome were not illustrated by combats more serious or more bloody, than those which, during six successive years, the Gorbals had had with their focs, and out of which they had come off victorious.

The vow of every militant Peep o' Day Boy was especially to sack The Gorbuls; but the Gorbals were vigilant, their communication well kept up with their supporters, and their conquest was as difficult, as it was a desirable achievement. What's in a name? ask some; yet we see party very often re-christian itself, in order to acquire youth at the same time; and the trick, though but a name, has succeeded. Thus the Orange lodges of yesterday become the Brunswick clubs of to-day: and the time we speak of, the Peep o' Day Boys were of a sudden metamorphosed into

Orangemen.

The Peep o' Day Boys were at first peasants. They were countenanced and secretly supported by the Government, 'tis said; most certainly they were so by the great body of the gentry and magistracy. In time these gentry began to envy the successes of their humble followers. They wanted to share in their spoils and their triumphs—to exchange blows themselves, in short; and the thirst of some cannibals among them for popish blood was such, as could no longer be got over. Such is the account given by some of the rise of Orangeism. Others assert, that Orange societies

sprang up and were instituted in opposition to those of the "United Irishmen" at that time spreading. In both accounts there is truth; and certainly the bigot hater and persecutor of Catholicism was delighted to find it united with treason and republicanism, and hence rendered a more legitimate and national object of hate than he could yet find it. Dissenterism, however, which produced all this, was instantly exculpated of the guilt by the Orangemen, and on the head of the Catholics fell all the obloquy, and all the vengeance.

If in exculpation of Orangeism this argument be urged, that it was instituted to oppose the United Irish societies, it is necessary to observe, that the first societies of United Irishmen had merely Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform in view; and that treason and separation from England was an after-thought, and a corruption of their first

principle.

On whatever reason founded, an Orange lodge was established, at the period of this story, in a little town not a hundred miles from Antrim. As the town was inconsiderable, it was not an aristocratic one; and the principal proprietor and magistrate of the vicinity lorded 'it over the meeting without a rival. It was composed of the Protestant yeoman and farmers; in short, of the Peep o' Day Boys; and although it was, no doubt, eloquently stated to them that treason was abroad, still hatred to Catholics was the only principle they were capable of entertaining or comprehending. In a solemn meeting, presided by Mr. Kinsela, better known afterward as Orange Dick, they adopted their new title, and celebrated it in orgies worthy of the dreadful oath with which they commenced. They swore to "exterminate the Catholics,"—a diabolical pledge, which, if not taken by all the lodges or societies, was certainly at that time taken by many, if not by most of them.

This general pledge did not, however, satisfy the assembled Peep o' Day Boys. As changed into Orangemen, it became them, they reasoned, to signalize their regeneration by some mighty feat. The storm and destruction of the Gorbals struck them as the most glorious; and in the midst of excitement and intoxication, it was sworn to attempt, what in cooler moments they might have shrunk from. The vow, however, made in drunkenness, harmonized too well with the sober propensities of the Orangemen to be forgot-

ten. They took every measure in secret for its perpetration, and Orange Dick, already illustrious for his exertions both as a magistrate and a Peep o' Day Boy, was to be the commander, as he had been the proposer of the enterprise.

He took his measures with foresight, collected numbers of volunteers from the newly established lodges around, but chiefly relied upon the commanding officer of the district, by flattering whose loyalty, and misrepresenting to him the state of things, he induced him to afford a kind of co-operation towards subduing the strong hold of Defenderism. The time was chosen when a large body of infantry was on their march to Cavan, and these took their station not far from the Gorbals, without exciting suspicion. Their orders were to man a certain pass, and have detached parties on the kills around, to prevent the peasantry from approaching The Gorbals, or running to its aid. The pretext made use of to excuse this act of military violence, was the dread which the magistrates entertained of a certain patron held on the banks of the Lough, where the papists were wont yearly to assemble in numbers; and to prevent this was their avowed design. Orange Dick had the same reason to plead for the attack of the village; and, as he afterward said, he only took the most efficient means of preventing the sons of the Gorbals from dancing at the dreaded patron.

On that very night the inhabitants of the obnoxious village slept more sound and less vigilant than was their wont. A large body of the King's troops in their neighbourhood inspired them with confidence that the Orangemen would not break the peace, or come to their attack in the hearing of a regular army, to which their party feuds must be unknown, and whose duty it was to protect them from violence. however, was the very night fixed for their destruction; and in its depth and darkness the devoted Gorbals were aroused by the fierce warcry of the Orange Mohawks. The scene was that of another Glencoe. The village was surrounded in silence, a hundred torches applied to so many different portions of its outer hovels, and as the frighted inhabitants rushed out in terror and inquiry, too busied at first in withdrawing their wives and children from the flames to form in bodies for their defence, the fatal fire of the Orangemen, whom the habits of mean and stealthy warfare had rendered marksmen, as it universally does, slew numbers of the stout youths of the Gorbals, ere these could even descry their

enemies, much less fight or charge them. When they did rally and collect for their better purpose, it was without success. Hemmed in within the circuit of their blazing cottages, which showed them fully to the aim of their enemies, while these where totally hidden, war never placed men at a greater disadvantage. Some small bodies of them did, however, succeed in reaching the foe, and made them at least purchase the conquest that could not now be rescued It was hoped, too, that the wonted succours from them. from the neighbouring villages and town-lands would come down at the sound of the firing to the aid of the Gorbals; this emboldened them, and lengthened out resistance. all aid was cut off; the unfortunate Defenders were abandoned to themselves. Still the unequal combat lasted till the dawn, by which time all the forces of the Catholics were either killed or captive; it was then that Orange Dick took triumphant possession of the ruins.

Then the work of destruction went uninterruptedly on. Dick was a classical man, so that he had the taste to drive a ploughshare through the hearth of the most respectable house. There was little booty; none save arms and prisoners. The latter, as upon the Guinea coast, were not always to be got rid of with profit, especially in the present glut of the market. A dozen, however, of the unfortunate Gorbals were sold to recruiting sergeants at so much ahead. About as many of the more refractory were despatched northward to be put on board the man-of-war in Lough Swilly, while one or two outrageous fellows, Orange Dick took under his especial care, determined to provide for them in the way of transportation.- "D-d hard," quoth be, " if I can't of my own authority make two felons, without the aid of judge or jury." Having thus disposed of the fruits of the conquest, Orange Dick proceeded homewards, dismissing his followers, who spread through the county, bearing the mighty news, diversely received by those who heard it, of the destruction of The Gorbals. One of his own first acts was to draw up a very careful account of the affair, mendacious in the extreme; assigning, of course, the first provocation to the Papists, but too truly stating how he had won victory and taken vengeance. This was transmitted to the Castle, published in the Gazette, and the Protestants of the empire were at once shocked at the danger

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their co-religionists had encountered from the b---- Papists, and elated by their triumph.

It was not till the morning after Orange Dick had retreated, that Orde and Winter set forth for the Gorbals. Mr. Ryves, who had arrived in the county, and to whom they had sent word of the Orange exploit and of their own intentions to visit the scene of it, joined them at the gate of Ryves Castle, his uncle's seat. He was a young man somewhat Winter's senior, of the most prepossessing manners and appearance; mild and yet manly; fair, and with a countenance naturally the most open. His very early engagement in political life had given him a staid, reserved manner, which in one of his rank seemed proper dignity, not haughtiness; it was polished too with extreme courtesy, and bespoke that rare union of being at once guarded, yet at ease. The volto sciolto, pensieri stretti, was never better followed, or exemplified. If a keen and malicious observer could descry any crevice in this armour of polish and proof, any one trait that bespoke dissimulation, and betrayed the cloven foot of the politician, is was a factitious heat that would at times burst forth—a warming of the temper, and a rising of the voice at any strong subject, that seemed not natural but assumed; it was the vain attempt of a cold disposition to affect the warmth it did not feel;—and it is the manner of all cold people, who have been so situated as to be obliged to address popular assemblies.

This tendency,—this contrast between his temperament and that which was required of it, was increased by the times and by his education. The latter had taken place partly in England, at a period when the unfortunate leaders of toryism disgraced its principles, and the liberal principles were spreading wide and irresistibly their influence over the land, until the French Revolution occurred to throw whiggism and liberality in the back ground for a full century. Ireland too, whither Mr. Ryves returned, was then in the glow of volunteering glory and independence: the popular was the promising side. Lord Castleryves had never been a decided character, and his nephew and heir was free to choose his side,—more free, indeed, as the family possessed neither borough nor influence. Mr. Ryves chose, therefore, the He professed himself a whig, and was in conpopular side. sequence elected an independent member for a northern county. He was a leading member, or had been, of the

famed northern Whig Club, whose address to the forty shilling freeholders in the year ninety-six, pointed out the very path since followed by these gentlemen in Clare. It is amusing, on looking over this address, to find Lord Castlereagh's name among its conspicuous signatures: among them too was that of Mr. Ryves.

Such he had been; what he was about to be was expressed in the suspicions of Orde and Winter, founded on reports that he was about to join, not only the ministerial side, but the ministry itself; and, certainly, the crisis was such, that motives might be found sufficient, gathered solely from love of one's country, and love of peace, that might induce an honourable man to turn. However urgent the motives, Mr. Ryves had not yet shaken off his connexion with his old party; his conduct required delicacy, and was necessarily irresolute. It was in this limbo of trimming that he found himself, when summoned by Winter and Orde, to accompany them to The Gorbals. He did not comply with their request, ere he had sought in vain for a sufficient pretext of excuse; not finding a satisfactory one, he joined their side.

Winter and Mr. Ryves were, as has been stated, contemporaries and friends in college, nor had the friendship discontinued. At first, however, their views had been more similar,—their feelings more congenial. As the aristocratic heir to a title began, however, to entertain ideas at once more worldly and more suitable to his rank, he endeavoured to make Winter participate in them: friendship led him to undertake this; also respect for Winter's talents, and consciousness of their utility. But no,—the humble friend was inexorable, and steered his imprudent but enthusiastic course towards republicanism and treason, while his friend was gradually deserting even whiggism as factious, and as too clearly united to the enemies of the state and constitution.

After some desultory inquiries, and words of politeness, the three gentlemen at length entered upon the object of their

iournev.

"Depend upon it, your informant exaggerated," replied Mr. Ryves to the statement of Orde. "I know Mr. Kinsela, or Orange Dick, as he is called, and a furious Orangeman he is; but he is also humane, and not capable of such cold-blooded atrocities."

"You forget what party is, Ryves," said Winter: "it is a sea on which we may embark in a calm, but we know not

when the tempest may arise, nor whither, nor at what rate,

wind or current may drive us."

"You always knock me down with a trope, Winter. We may at any rate hold the helm,—that is, see may, if we have the wits. But those poor wretches, the Catholic peasantry, if they embark, to use your metaphor, Winter, upon a sea so unfit for them, it is difficult to tell whither they may be driven."

"You cannot blame them for uniting to prevent their

being knocked on the head."

"'A plague o' both your houses!' I had rather knock the

heads of both parties together."

"I had rather," said Winter, "teach them that they are all Irishmen, and unite them in the same feelings and the same cause, the good of Ireland."

"Fine! and why not teach them?"

"Religion forbids them to hear any voice but its own; religion, that source of hate and disunion, that true and only cause of man's degenerateness."

Orde put up his hands, and even Ryves was shocked,

though he smiled.

"I repeat it," said Winter. "From the Egyptian priest, that reserved the three great earthly blessings to himself and his order, namely, rule, knowledge, and wealth, leaving slavery, ignorance, and poverty to every other caste, from him down to our precious primate and his party, who adopt the Egyptian principles, and call it loyalty—religion has been the same—selfish, intolerant, narowing knowledge, monopolizing the little it allowed, the friend of tyrants, and the op-

pressor of the people."

"Cease, for Heaven's sake!" said Ryves; "this French disease overcomes your reason. I had thought and learned, that the Christian religion was not only the consoler and guide of the individual, but the great principle that humanized man, and civilized nations, and which kept the spark of knowledge alive during a long interval of almost utter darkness. Religion, Sir, when Europe ceased to progress under the antiquated and corrupted mode of faith, which ages had bequeathed to it, knew how to renovate itself, and assume a form more congenial to the age and to man's progress. And this it did not in self, but in self-denial, with a love of truth to which it sacrificed all worldly things, and for which it courted martyrdom."

"You mistake me, Ryves," interrupted Winter, who dreaded to see his parliamentary friend embarking in a speech. "I snoke but of the political effects of religion,—its influence on liberty. Remember, that the Grecians were the first people on earth who threw off the empire of the priesthood, and reduced the ministers of religion to their proper place; and thence they first learned the secret of freedom."

"Which they enjoyed for how short a time, and with what

interruption?"

"Its duration matters not. They found the secret of liberty, second only to that of Prometheus, and like it, often quenched, often trodden on, often seemingly extinct, but living still though in slumbers to burst into a flame."

"Very fine, and little to the purpose, Winter. No declamation will prove religion hostile to liberty; at least can never prove so to us, who owe all our liberties to the perse-

verance and obstinacy of religious fanaticism."

"Us and our!" sneeringly exclaimed Winter. speak as an English-born, an English-nurtured aristocrat, my friend. I feel as a son of Ireland, and feel too, that to the cruelty and 'obstinacy of England's religious fanaticism' we owe the loss of every liberty. See now, Orde, judge you. I speak as an Irishman, as the ruled, the enslaved; my friend, the Honourable Mr. Ryves, as the Anglo-Irish grandee, whose self or influence governs us. Contemplate our different views, varying principles, and tell me, can there be a stronger argument for the necessity of separating the two countries, countries whose interests are diametrically opposite?"

"Winter," replied Ryves gravely, "I promised to accompany you to the Gorbals, and you are zealously taking

the road to the gallows. Pardon me."

" It is that of honour, or of a patriot's martyrdom."

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Raves had in his own opinion set down the sacked Gorbals, its sold and slaughtered population, merely as the exaggerated report of the Papists, discomfitted in one of their wonted rows. It was far more from complaisance than zeal, that he accompanied Orde and Winter upon their humane excursion. As they approached the scene, however, symptoms of no ordinary rout and destruction appeared; there was a hurrying to and fro of wretched and tattered families, of visiters running with anxiety to behold, or returning in horror and anger from having beheld the ruined village. There were stray encampments of women and children, sheltered beneath blankets held up on pitch-forks, singed and black and squalid, while the very cattle were sensible of the general discomfiture, and in loud lowings seemed to resent expulsion from their wonted stalls.

When the brow of the hill was surmounted, the scene itself became visible: and it was such a one, as struck men, unaccustomed to the ravages of war, with horror. The ruins, on which a slight shower of rain had fallen in the morning still sent up here and there small streaks of smoke; wood and thatch had been all consumed, and the mud walls yet standing were baked and cracked in the heat of the conflagration. Parties were engaged among the embers and fallen walls seeking for the missing, whilst rows of those who had been found, lay stretched out, of divers sexes and ages, each with a stone beneath its head, and the remnants of what had been torches and candles between them. The past

night had been a kind of melancholy wake.

The three gentlemen were struck with horror and commiseration. They were at first scowled upon as idle members of the persecuting class, who had come to gratify their curiosity, and perhaps, their hate. But they became soon known, and knots were formed round them, pouring forth all the information they could require.

Mr. Orde was far more struck with horror than moved, than either of his companions. They too were so, but not to any such extent. Mr. Ryves, as a politician, accustomed to

contemplate wars and popular commotion in the sphere of possibility at least, did not allow his feelings to get the better of him. Winter indeed was loud in his pity, and in his exclamation against the cruel Orangemen; but nothing could equal the sympathy of Orde, whether it was, as La Bruyere expresses it, that, as a married man, "he had given hostages to fortune," and therefore dreaded the cruel chances she brings about, or whether it was the softness of his nature, the promises, the purse, the very tears of Orde were poured forth to every sufferer. The poor remnant of the Gorbals were not without penetration, and they saw plainly where they excited most sympathy.

The consolation offered by the three gentlemen varied

much in its kind.

"This comes of your Defenderism. Not but that the rascals deserve hanging: but you should have ploughed your lands in quiet, and given up your arms, since the law allows none to you." Such was the aristocratic advice of Mr.

Ryves.

"And that, just as ye say, was the very way with us from Shamus's day down—contint we war and creepin', jostled and brow-beaten—and who bid us look up but your ainsels? who bid us get muskets, and look brave, and taught us the exercise?—yoursels, when ye was afeard o' the French—and now it's us you're afeard of—fear is the very natur o' ye—it's ninepins you take us for, to be stuck up only to be bowled down agin."

Winter's consolation was of other kind. It was—"Well, never mind, boys; a time for vengeance will come, and soon. If you will only be honest, and hear reason; but don't you see you are too few—you must make friends, friends for the time at least. If you could get the meetingers to join you—"

"The heretics! them's the Peep o' day Boys sure, that begun to harry us—friends indeed!" was the expostulation of the Gorbals to the emissary of the United Irishmen.

"By the powers of Moll Kelly! but they 're not though," burst forth Winter's interlocutor, who happened to be the priest of the Gorbal: "It's Scots they are."

"Well, well! but who conquered the Irish, and made

them slaves in their native land?"

"Th' Inglish."

"Consequently these are the greater enemies; and the

greater enemy makes the lesser one a friend. Do you take, father? Let Scots and Irish united drive out English, and

"Why then, Scots, behave yoursels. You're a proper

lad, and are up, I see."

"I am a United Irishman," replied Winter, "and will have you and your flock sworn to the same noble undertaking; and no fitter place of assembly can ye have than these smoking ruins."

A cordial shake of the hand concluded this brief and effective dialogue, one similar to which Winter was in the daily

habit of holding.

Whatever were Orde's political opinions, they were at this moment smothered by feelings of commiseration. His eagerness was to alleviate immediate suffering, while his brother-in-law was planning remedies to obviate what in his opinion was their political cause. Orde, on the preceding evening, had sent notice of the destruction and misery of the Gorbals to Belfast; and now, soon after his own carts had arrived with provisions and workmen and every other aid in his individual power, a more extensive supply arrived from Belfast, accompanied by one or two of Orde's private and

political friends in that city.

One of these was Mr. Theodosius Snelling, a Belfastian of Orde's creed, as well as a furious republican and democrat. Orde's temper and secluded life prevented and forbade that high state of excitement, which his opinions, entertained at that eventful time, must have produced, were he living in a large city, surrounded by ardent spirits, whose sole business was to discuss their new hopes and views. was hence declared unfit, as he in reality was, to be an apostle of liberty; and Snelling therefore came post from Belfast to perform at the Gorbals the office of agitator and conspirator, which his friend was not equal to. Winter certainly was there, but then he was in another interest, being in the confidence of the Catholics, though himself a mocker .. of all creeds and dogmas.

"You need scarcely have requested my attendance or assistance here," said Ryves to Winter. The politician not pleased at Winter's language and close converse with the Gorbals, was quite shocked and disgusted at the coarse and bold speech which Snelling began to pour forth immediately

upon his arrival.

- "There seems in tsuth to be little need of either of us," replied Winter, affecting similar disgust, and feeling the necessity, notwithstanding his usual frankness, of somewhat blinding Ryves's suspicion. "But you alone can induce Mr. Kinsela, or Orange Dick, to relieve his prisoners. Suppose we continue our ride towards him for that humane purpose, leaving these noisy gentlemen in possession of the field."
- "Any thing for the sake of escape." And the two gentlemen accordingly rede off, leaving Orde with his brethren, Snelling, &c., to cover the seed of treason, that Winter had sown.
- "What a harrowing scene!" exclaimed Winter, after having ridden long in silence. "I would our legislators and governors saw it, if indeed such men have bowels."

"Yet you did not seem much affected by pity," replied

Ryves.

" My pity was swallowed up in indignation."

"Yet if I might judge from the little you allowed me to overhear, you recommended these Gorbals to suspend theirs, and bide their time. If this was indignation, 'twas preconceived; if 'twas passion, there was much method in it, Winter.' Winter did not reply. "You bade them check and yet cherish their resentments, did you not? await circumstances, organize, arm, make themselves formidable, ally with one half of their murders, in order to fall with force upon some few of the other half, and all the rest of the land. This is rebellion, Winter, treason."

Winter replied by a well-known epigram.

"It is at least to make general throughout the kingdom the bloody scene we have just witnessed, and for what end?"

"My good Ryves, you exaggerate, or your fears do so. It was an old and received principle among the friends of liberty, and among them, Ryves, we once stood side by side, that nothing short of menace and stern necessity could force our time-serving, base, and selfish governors to concede a right, or to hold the balance of justice even. I would organize this feeling, and put a wide face of menace on the land."

"You may put a face of menace upon a bulwark or a fortress wall, but on man's how will you keep it an instant, if it prove unsuccessful, from degenerating into violence." "And if it should, on whom will rest the fault, on whom the crime?"

"Winter," said Ryves solemaly, "let me conjure you,—but first of all, that you may avoid ill-bestowed frankness, I will avow, that you are no longer to count me among the friends or advocates of popular rights. Your extravagance has frighted me,—I am no longer even Whig—for I feel the necessity of every man's applying his weight to the right end of the beam, instead of placing himself idly in the middle when all balance is threatened with overturn."

"And so much for the day-dream of liberty!" ejaculated Winter; "so much for the Goddess we have worshipped, and before whose altars we oft have enthusiastically vowed

to offer every sacrifice!"

"It is to her, Winter, that I am about now to sacrifice popularity, friendship, old principles and views—all: for I see the existence of freedom is threatened."

"And you do make a sacrifice of principle,-you?"

"Hear me, my friend. At the present day every man is a Whig in theory, nor will I argue against the noble tenets of that sect."

"You will only act against them, Ryves. But why make excuses, why plead with our friend, the mad Burkite, who in his metaphysical blundering, will tell you that Whiggism is absolute truth and wisdom, Toryism contingent ditto? Your philosophy is his, and I can respect it; the more so, as, in my opinion, the principles of both parties are mere selfishness, and that the more both-disgrace themselves the better, in order to their giving place the sooner to honester men."

"Which be your committee, your united democrats, your Directory in short, who look to France for aid. And are you mad enough to trust them? Or can you hope, that a power which navigates the ocean but by stealth, can ever succeed in lopping off this right arm from the mistress of the seas?"

"Yet had Hoche landed his ten thousand the other day."
"Wild dreams, Winter, no success here will ever avail against England, unless ye can annihilate her, sink her in the Ocean. Even if you conquer her, she will become the seat of government; if others conquer her, you but change mas-

of government; if others conquer her, you but change masters. And if she be not conquered, you must look forward to an eternity of war. If you understand the simplest rule of political geography you must be mayinced that Ireland is inseparable from England."

"Look at Portugal," said Winter, "with Spain on its frontier, capable of swallowing it up, and yet——"

"Well," said Ryves, "let us go no deeper into politics, I quit my party, but I have reserved a place for you in it, since you must prefer it to the other. It will lead to eminence, to fame; make you independent of hopes merely adventurous and criminal, and save you, my friend, from a fate that impends at this moment o'er you, though you will not see it."

"I thank you, Ryves, but am above temptation. My patriotism is not built on selfishness, however the latter will intrude at times, and in dreams. I am too far gone, however, to recede: not that I am implicated, as you think, or that our views are treasonable, however we may speculate in the regions of possibility. Time and events must be the agents of revolution, not such poor individuals as Theobald Winter."

Ryves interrupted this by a gesture indicating disbelief. "Should it prove so, Winter, you must expect to find in me a vigilant enemy."

" Is it even so ?"

"One of the many blessings of a civil war—the severing of friendship, the arming of brothers one against the other."

Winter became an instant pensive. "You will weigh my offer," continued Ryves, "it is made for your sake, and also perhaps for another's."

Winter blushed, cheek and brow, with a mingled feeling that was not shame, nor love, nor resentment. He was moved by this appeal of Ryves, as well as by his last words; but Theobald would not trust his tongue with utterance.

The remainder of the ride passed in silence, or in trifling remarks, until the mansion of Mr. Kinsela, or Orange Dick, came in view. There appeared to be some bustle and crowd about it, and it for a moment occurred to Ryves and Winter, that the Gorbals had perhaps paid her a retaliatory visit. The lawn before the house was filled with men, armed; some drilling, some reposing, but the red coats covering some of them, spoke them at once to be yeomen. Orange Dick had just obtained permission to form a corps for the defence of the country. Demands and permissions of a similar kind were, however, so universal, at the period,

that Mr. Kinsels could not be supplied with arms for his corps. It was to supply this want in a great measure, as well as to gratify vengeance, that he had undertaken his late crusade against the unfortunate Gorbals. This he confessed to his new visiters, who found him in the act of distributing the said arms to his men, and proud he appeared of his trophies.

Orange Dick was a stout, coarse personage; tall, bald, and deeply pitted with the small-pox, bland withal, and more knowing in his speech and appearance, than ferocious. His smile resembled his accent, which was that of his region, cold and cunning. He received the visit of so consequential a person as Mr. Ryves with respect and courtesy; but still an expression of triumph and self-satisfaction beamed from his eyes maliciously, as much as to say, "my late exploit is glory to me, and wormwood to one of your liberal leanings."

Mr. Ryves began by regretting the late encounter, "as peculiarly untoward at a time when the country, threatened by external foes, demanded the union of all its sons."

"Union! my certy, you'll have enough of union! The

whole country's practising it, and so am I."

"Among yourselves it is useful, no doubt; but I allude to a union that will include all, Catholic as well as Protestant."

"Oh, ho! You're coming the volunteer over me, Mr. Ryves. I beg your pardon, Sir, but that is the way they cajoled us in eighty, with fine names, and made us cry out against England and arm the Papists; and it turned out to be mere balderdash, after all."

"As how, Sir? I thought Irish prosperity and Irish honour had grown majestically under the volunteers.——"

"Yes; but there was nothing to do,—no enemy, no fighting; and so the soldiers, having nothing to do, fell to debating, and from debating they fell to clubbing."

"So it appears. You have just formed an Orange lodge

in your vicinity."

"And the United men are making theirs faster."

"I am glad of it, and so are you, Mr. Kinsela?" said Winter.

"'Tis possible, Sir. But why?"

"We both love to see wigs on the green."

"It's true for you. You're an honest fellow. And now, gentlemen, take a look at my corps; a fine body of men,

just formed; equipped, ay, and armed, Master Ryves, no thanks to the Castle."

"Thanks to the Gorbals rather," observed Winter. "You

did very pretty execution there."

"Ay, that you may say," said Dick, looking self-complacent, and acknowledging the compliment, for as such he

"I never beheld such a scene of ruin and of horrible

slaughter," said Ryves.

"You say so," said Dick; "then I can tell you, that is nothing to what shall be. If every cabin and every Papist in the land, Sir, were gutted in that style, we should have peace and comfort." The look of the party ruffian was in consonance with his speech.

"I can command patience no longer, Mr. Kinsela," said "You have acted the sanguinary part of butcher Ryves. in this business, and, I trust, will answer for it. My view in coming here, is not to compliment you on your taste for blood, but to demand the prisoners you have made, that those illegally despatched to the shipping, or committed to recruiting officers, or those, in fine, whom you may have in your dungeons, may be released or placed in a prison, where they may enjoy a public trial."

"Very well, Mr. Ryves, very well; open speech is what But let me tell you, this is a touch of Dick Kinsela loves. your old Whig leaven; they whispered better of you, Master Ryves, and I believe 'em. You'll come round for all this and seek Orange Dick's aid yet, ay, and use his means of

pacification too."

Winter enjoyed this prophecy exceedingly, and Ryves was

proportionably annoyed.

"Why, look ye, Master Ryves," continued Dick, who was not unaware of the reports, which mentioned Ryves as about to become a member of the Government, and who bridled his ferocity in consequence,—" there are, two poor wretches here, and, to oblige you, they shall forthwith to prison, and be hanged, I trust."

"Oblige me!" said Ryves. "But the rest, Mr. Kinsela,

the forced recruits, the pressed men."

. "They are gone of their free will. I forced no shilling

into their palms."

"Who then hath received their bounty, Sir?" asked Ryves sternly. Vol. II.—8

"The King, Sir. His Majesty, who gave it, hath it back. In plain words, tailor and merchant have it in lieu of those red coats and accourtements, that render my corps the best equipped in the country. I had dunned long at the Castle, ere they sent me as much, and the country had remained without defence."

"And so, Mr. Kinsela, you are no longer a magistrate distributing justice, but a partisan, making and declaring

war, and raising contributions to boot."

While this argument was in progress, Theobald Winter passed along the ranks of the newly armed corps, which was principally composed of Presbyterians. He made a certain sign as he passed each, and was gratified, though not surprised, at finding the signal answered by full three-fourths They were, in fact, United Irishmen, affiof the yeomen. liated to the Belfast Committee, sworn to use their utmost might in throwing off the yoke of England, and of establishing at once Irish independence and perfect freedom for all religions. Such were the men to whom Orange Dick transferred the arms of the routed Gorbals. Some of them had aided in that rout, thus massacreing the very Papists with whom they had sworn to unite in insurrection. Old prejudices, however, proved then, as they did later, more strong than new oaths; and the lower order of those sworn republicans, felt no remorse in thus keeping their hands and weapons in training, by murdering and spoiling their future allies, until the hour arrived when they might fall together upon the English foe.

Mr. Kinsela had, in the meantime, conceded all in his power to the expostulation of Ryves, who resolved to be generous on this occasion, the last time, perhaps, his new connexions would allow for his exercising such feelings. The captives were liberated, such information given as might lead to the liberation of the other kidnapped wretches; and with this partial success, the visiters were fain to be contented,—Winter was highly so upon other accounts—and to take their departure from the Orange captain and his

doubtful yeomen.

CHAPTER V.

REVES CASTLE was one of the most beautiful seats in the North of Ireland. Its situation was low, and might therefore be criticised as bad; but an extensive vale stretched forth in front, and opened before it a wide view, terminating in the lofty mountains of the County Antrim. A hill on one side rose steeply up, covered with hanging woods, and the eye could dwell upon the surface of their verdant summits, as upon a forest stretched beneath it. From forth this hanging wood jutted out rocks, and sterile patches, here and there a hermitage, or a moss-house, such as Irish ornamenters love. It was a pleasast kill-time to wander up the devious paths that wound through this declivity, and be repaid on reaching the summit by a splendid view of Lough Neagh, lying like a sheet of silver in the midst of its low, wooded, but not over-picturesque shores.

It was probably in search of this view that the winding . path was followed, a considerable time after the scenes above described, by three of the then inmates of the castle. One was the old Earl himself, mounted on a little ragged pony of the Connemara breed, which he made use of for such short excursions. By his side walked his daughter, Lady Hesther Ryves, supported by the arm of Theobald Winter. The Earl's countenance bespoke his character, which was mild, kind, benevolent, but possessed of none of those stronger qualities which would have made him influential in His independence in politics had been frequently his rank. evinced by his voting with the popular side, from which, however, a periodical panic, occasioned by a warm speech from such men as Grattan, or a motion too vehemently worded, was sure to drive him, ere the session ended, into the ranks of the ministerial phalanx.

A trimmer, whether he be one from constitution or calculation, stands in need of great talents to preserve him from contempt. Small fish should move in shoals. And the Earl of Ryvescastle, having nought but his solitary vote, without borough or county influence, supported by a hesitating tongue, was mocked by the three great aristocratic par-

ties, which divided Irish politics between them. The leaders smiled superciliously on him, while their terriers in the House never failed to indulge in a snap at him when opportunity offered. Hence came ill-humour on his part, and success on the part of his nephew, whom he put forward, as it were, to represent and revenge him,—an object amply Iulfilled.

Political feelings did not lodge deep in the breast of the Earl. Domestic ones were far more congenial; love of his daughter was certainly that which most occupied and in-Circumstances rendered this more touching than spired it. mere paternal love. Lady Heather was an only child. There are many noble parents, some, I should say, who would look upon such offspring with a peevish feeling of dislike and discontent, as if occupying the place of a child of worthier sex. But Lord Ryvescastle knew no such feeling. He looked to his nephew as an heir to perpetuate his name, while he sought for his daughter that domestic happiness which neither rank nor blood can alone bestow.

Why the parent had any cause for being solicitous on a point which young females of all ranks can manage for themselves, and without anxiety or plan, especially in the loving land of Ireland, will appear. Lady Hesther was slightly deformed. An accident in childhood had marred the symmetry of a form that promised to be perfect. no effect upon her features, which were those of loveliness itself, but delicate and frail, and slightly expressive of pain, as if conscious of the defect that checked and turned all the natural feelings of girlhood into bitterness.

It has been remarked, that females so visited, become either angels or devils; that either overcoming the strong feeling of injustice, which leads them to accuse Providence, and detest their happier fellow-creatures, the great conquest over self imparts to them that nobleness and sweetness of character, which all have witnessed: or, that yielding to the strong suggestions of envy and misanthropy, they assume a peevish, and, at times, a fiendish character, which I for one have been fortunate enough never to meet with.

For even the latter disposition there are excuses. what can be conceived more dreadful, than to have every rising feeling of the young mind, whether they be of hope, of innocent vanity, of self-respect, chilled and turned back upon its source? What more bitter lesson, than to learn that we are separated from our fellows, singled out in misery, the very common paths of happiness denied—to feel that our lot is lone, and that the only pleasures life can promise, are

confined to the stern ones of duty?

The mind that can support itself under this and be cheerful, that can call up and command its energies to bear up against these ills, and to combat the evil and unamiable thoughts which they suggest, is no common mind. The very exertion ennobles it; the resignation requisite, hallows it, and sheds a sweet, saint-like radiance around the character of the sufferer. Should, perchance, extreme beauty of feature be superadded to this misfortune, reminding both possessor and beholder of what should be, and what is,—of perfection, of adoration, of love itself lost—the pain and interest excited by the cruel contrast, is neither to be described nor forgotten.

Lady Hesther Ryves, when beheld, could not but excite feelings of the latter kind, and to a deep degree. Her features were exquisitely beautiful; her hair, glossy black; and neither did the form of either head or face, nor yet the position of the head betray, as all these do in most cases, the deformity that shortened the figure, and which, indeed, did

not appear to the first or second glance.

In her too, beamed that saint-like character we have described. Sorrow dwelt within, though without it appeared but mild seriousness of thought and demeanour. In natural circumstances, she might have been the volatile, the gay, and have led the gambol and the jest, as she would have led the dance, where the first place was to the loveliest. All,

however, was in her subdued.

The same causes led Lady Hesther to cultivate her mind, to give time to study rather than to the world; and the influx of ideas, the store of fancy thence derived, which is so apt to benumb the gay young damsel, and render her heavy or absurd, gave solidity to her fancy, and lightness to her sense. Her mind was truly fascinating, and all of person that bespeaks the mind,—her countenance was equally so. Could she have forgotten, or could the world?—But these things are impossible.

"I am rejoiced, Winter," the Earl was saying, "that your sister is settled so near us, and so happily. She is a fine woman, upon my honour, a prodigiously fine woman. And Orde will make her happy—he is wealthy, and comes

of respectably old stock, and is, I believe, good-natured. But I know not how it is, I cannot like your Belfastian folk by any means."

"Now why? father," asked Lady Hesther: "surely the

slight difference of religion-"

"Religion troubles them very little at present—I don't allude to my brother-in-law, of course," was Winter's observation.

"You say truly," continued the Earl, "but they retain the cant of their sect, while its tenets are forgotten. The arrogance, the self-sufficiency, the dragging down of every point to their own private judgment, remain. They are puritans in religion, which is bad; they are puritans in the common intercourse of life, which is disagreeable; and they are puritans in politics, which, I fear, is little short of treason."

"They are not courtly, 't is true, in any sense of the word," said Winter; "but they are well-informed, enlightened, and more alive to the general interests of society and of the country, than perhaps any other class, not excepting

our honourable Houses of Legislature."

"Enlightened and alive!" repeated the Earl; "you mean, Sir, that they are rich and idle, that they have leisure to open their ears to sounds, to which it were fortunate if more occupation or more humility had closed them. The success of the Americans in attaining their independence raised their admiration, while the more recent glories of the French Revolutionists have raised, it is to be feared, not only their envy, but their emulation."

"It is so reported."

"There can be no fear that Mr. Orde, now a married man, could join in such wild schemes," observed the lady.

"Oh! none on earth," said Winter: "at least I should think not. But I do not understand, Lady Hesther, why marriage should shed a damp upon patriotism,"

"I spoke of treason."

"They are the same thing in the thoughts of traitors. Now love, I know, fans every generous flame; why then should not love's fulness, which is marriage, have the same effect?"

"Don't take the trouble of answering the out o' the world reasoner," said the Earl. "One who knew what true affection was, would not ask the question, unless indeed a young lover of paradox, like our friend here." Winter was cast somewhat aback by this reproof, and it seemed to give Lady Hesther too some food for unpleasant reflection.

"The treason will soon blow over and do much good," continued the Earl; "the plotters will see the futility of their schemes, and follow honester callings: and those who have luck to escape hanging will be all the better for it. We shall have trials, and public interest and speechifying; police-officers and lawyers will gain fame and fortune by their activity and eloquence; I hope to see you, Winter, Solicitor-General, ere the affair be over, or else so popular on the other side, that you may come pounce, when you will, into a ministerial place without the pains of fagging through inferior offices."

"Your wishes, Lord Ryvescastle, are too kind and flattering to me," said Winter. "I am too idle, too perverse, and may say, after Yorick, that if it rained silk gowns, not one would be found to fit me."

"Tut, man! you have talents, which are something,—friends, which are much—and opportunity, which is more"—his Lordship dearly loved a climax—"And Ryves, himself a host, will lend thee a helping hand."

"Perhaps to the gallows," muttered Winter. He could not resist the apposite termination. It passed, however, unheard.

"'To return to our muttons,' as Rabelais says," said Lord Ryvescastle. "I have no fears for Orde, especially now that he is married, and that notwithstanding your paradoxical queries, Master Winter. His wife, your lady sister, seems formed to command as well as fascinate, and will keep him from either the committee or the drill of these United Irishmen."

"Yet women sometimes take a political as well as any other crotchet in their heads," said Winter, "and straight talk of patriotism and standing up for one's country."

"Ay, to be sure they do: why here's little Hesther, if the French were landed to-morrow, I warrant, she would arm her old father for action."

"Nay," said Lady Hesther, "a yeoman's red coat is so unsentimental and unclassical, I could not touch it."

"What think you of a volunteer's?" asked Winter.

"It was more heroic, and I don't know why."

- "Because it was donned against the enemies of the land alone."
- "And the yeoman's, against whom else is it assumed?" joined in the Earl.

"Against many of its sons."

- "Are not traitors enemies? Winter, you surprise me."
- "Enemies no doubt: but it is the executioner's work to cut them down."
- "True, true; and I should be sorry to be put upon the service. But I see you have an eye to ambition; you look forward in the race."

Winter looked confused: he kept sedulously concealed from Lord Ryvescastle above all men, his connexion with the national conspirators, or even his leaning towards them, except so far as the love of argument would suffice to excuse him.

"I see," said the Earl, "you adhere to the popular side; it may be the best. And Ryves and you will not quarrel on that account. You are conning arguments and pleadings, I see, for the future arraigned. You are right,—you are right. In matter of treason, counsel for the defendant always reaps the laurels, though his client go to perdition."

"I am sure Mr. Winter is not so selfish," said Lady Hes-

ther.

"Selfish!—honest ambition is seldom selfish. May we not seek fame and power for our country's good; or say, for the good of those we love, rather than for ourselves?"

The cheeks of the young people kindled at this too. "Ambition for ever!—ambition say I,—prop it upon honour,—it keeps the mind employed,—stretches its faculties to the utmost,—makes us useful in our generation, and honours our name."

Winter would not reply to all this preaching of activity, such as old folk who have passed their lives in doing nothing, are ever ready to volunteer. The jaded and broken-down statesman would hold forth upon a contrary theme; the youth, however, to whom the present advice was administered, needed it but little. Ambition filled his thoughts, so as to leave room for nought else: unfortunately it did not take the road that his Lordship pointed out, but one which might chance to lead to greater eminence. The chances that it would lead to disgrace and death, were, however, tenfold greater.

"There is Lough Neagh at last!" exclaimed the Earl; "the king of Irish lakes. How levely the islets sleep upon its glassy surface!"

"They seem to slumber like porpoises, or as the monks that once peopled them," said Winter, who was in no sen-

timental mood.

"Get thee gone, for a heathen! How thou lackest sentiment, Winter!"

"Was it in search of appetite or sentiment that your Lordship clambered up hither?"

"Both, Sir, i' faith, I must confess."

"Blended as you would have ambition and self in a man's career; is it not so, my Lord?" Winter rallied his spirits to do away any impression that his seriousness might have awakened.

"Even so,—even so," replied Lord Ryvescastle as gaily: "and now I must take a more circuitous path home, as I do not like to see Ragged Jack's nose here on a level with my stirrup. I must seek a gentler descent. Do you follow the short path down, being pedestrians, and Hesther none of the strongest." So saying, the old Earl left Winter to escort his daughter down the hill.

It has been mentioned that Winter became acquainted with Mr. Ryves in college. His talents displayed in conversation,—in political and other squibs, and in the Historical Society, won the young aristocrat's admiration: subsequently similar ideas, and congenial views of politics, and of the world, though these were much warmer in one than in the other, cemented their friendship. Ryves introduced Winter at his uncle's house. Lord Ryvescastle was then of sufficiently liberal opinions, more so indeed in private converse than in public act, although the latter was never servile. Winter pleased the Earl, as much as the nephew.

It was an age of bloodism, and the young scions of nobility then, however they might become nominal members of Alma Mater, distinguished themselves there more by riot, than study. Whatever may be the mode now, then certainly it was not the thing either to be rational or well-informed. And though all took up political opinions, it was with bludgeons and pistols, not with arguments, that even the members of the legislature loved most to support them. Hence it came, that such an old gentleman as the Earl, who amused himself by speculating peaceably at home on much of these

matters, and more deeply, and to the purpose, than if his temper rather than his reason discussed them abroad, was sometimes at a loss for a rational companion. He very much resembled Colman's "Sir Robert Bramble," who, by the by, is a character of that age, not of this. His "Gentle reason" loved an argument, as—"Gentle dulness loves a joke."

The heat,—the knock-me-down replies of his cholerous contemporaries of the very old school, no more satisfied this propensity, than did the shrug, the smile, and avowed selfishness, with which hackneyed folk waved dispute. A youth of warm brain, rendered warmer in those stirring times, was more cangenial to the Earl, and Theobald Winter became a

huge favourite of his.

Admitted to such proud society, to which neither his birth, nor his little competence entitled him,—of course to a youth like him, of good spirits, good talents, and good manners, the wide circle of the Earl's acquaintance soon became as open as his mansion—young Winter's ideas met with a total change. His ambition was in no small degree spurred and excited, and his continual contact with superiors gave occasion, as such ever must, to various mortifications, far surpassing the sum of his enjoyments. And the privilege he had the good fortune to enjoy, instead of rendering him thankful, rather inspired him with a hatred of aristocracy in general. He could dignify this feeling of despite, and dress it up to his own view in noble colours. Perhaps in this, as he himself would have upheld, he was right and sincere. I think the contrary.

Another bad effect of this elevation was, that it disgusted him with humble efforts, made him sick of his profession, idled him in short and in fact, and thus laid him more open to the temptations of irregular and hazardous ambition.

Yet one more consequence was, that it checked those feelings of love which rise in the breast of every young Irishman, and which prompt him to seek early in life a fitting partner, with whom to share its pleasures and its pains. But Winter had raised himself above the class, in which he could fix affection, or find it returned. The habits of the life he daily saw unfitted him for meaner, and rendered him disgusted with the scanty comforts, and luxuries, that scanty fortune can alone bestow. Among the class in which he mingled, he knew that he dared not to fix his affections. Utter hopelessness of success deterred him, and he resolved

to harbour no such feelings. These, however, are wont to obey the dictates neither of prudence nor of pride. They

visited him in his despite.

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At home, as Theobald Winter had almost rendered himself at the house of Lord Ryvescastle, he could not but enjoy the intimacy of that nobleman's daughter. Lady Hesther was not tended or watched, like the lovely heiress of a noble house. She carried, it was supposed, an antidote to her attractions about her; and Winter was at liberty to cultivate her friendship. This he did greedily, and was oft compelled to do, as other noble fair ones shrunk from the acquaintance of one of doubtful stamp and origin.

He found Lady Heather's character of the most lofty and romantic stamp, converse fascinating, her sensibility exquisite, her countenance lovely, all perfection save——. He revel-

assumed by love to veil his delicate approach.

led sometimes in delightful fancies, like those that Arabian tales present to us, and as in those, he was startled from his dream by some sudden and unseen truth, that shivered the whole fabric. Still there was room for friendship,—friendship, dear Platonic name, the support of so many disappointed hearts, that are cold enough to put up with the paltry sub-

stitute. Hence is it the bepraised of moralists, the despised of poets, and only tolerable where it is a deceit, a false name,

To be brief, Winter—I will not say loved Lady Hesther—I will not profane the word by applying it to a mingled feeling, ashamed of itself, recoiling from its own warmth, and subdued at every moment of cold reflection, by thoughts of vanity, of self, and of unworthy calculation. Winter in fact loved the noble's daughter better than he loved woman; but had a fairer and more perfect specimen of the sex, as noble, and even less high-minded and lovely and accomplished, he had not balanced long in making the preference. The heart is selfish even in its very affections—would that this were but

a libel upon human nature.

Far loftier and purer were the feelings of Lady Hesther; she was not insensible to the homage that Winter paid her. She was woman, and it flattered her; and this homage, joined with his powers of mind, his advantageous person, his enthusiasm, might have called forth in her all those tender feelings, of which her spirit was susceptible. But delicacy intervened,—delicacy and pride. And although her penetration, fully exercised, informed her, that Winter was not

actuated by hollow, selfish, or ambitious motives in the attention he paid her, she still could perceive the embarrassment oft caused both in him, as well as in her, by the consciousness of her personal inferiority. She therefore held her affections under full restraint, and limited them, as he had done, to friendship.

In this dubious state, the connexion between Winter and Lady Hesther remained subject to all the piques and variations of love. Now 'twas warmer, now colder—both in suspense: however, one flattered herself that her state was that of resolution. The Earl of Ryvescastle himself looked upon Winter in the light of a suitor to his daughter. He, in love for his unfortunate and only offspring, was willing to overlook Winter's want of birth and fortune, in recompense for his overlooking the blemish of his daughter's figure. felt that Winter's talents, aided by influence, might raise him to honourable station; and accordingly he suffered, if not encouraged, the intimacy that he beheld.

Ryves viewed circumstances in a similar light; and this was no small incitement to the efforts that he unceasingly made to warn his friend from the pit into which he was Every hope of advancement, of emulument, was plunging. held out to draw him over to constitutional paths. But Winter was too far embarked, too sanguine in the cause of establishing Irish liberty and independence; and while Ryves was meditating the means of saving the imprudent Winter, the latter was contemplating the necessity of preserving his aristocratic friends from the utter ruin and destruction which

threatened their class in Ireland.

"And you will not listen to my father's advice," said Lady Hesther, as she and Winter descended the path together, "nor to that of my cousin Ryves."

"If I do not follow yours, Lady Hesther, whose should I

listen to seriously?"

"Alas! we all speak the same,—the words of prudence.

which you will not hear."

"'Tis not clear that they are even prudence; and if they were, 't were dastardly in me, with my opinions, to follow them. I have taken up principles, examined, approved them, cherished them. And on these have acted, have made friends, received secrets, have been defended or befriended -by those I must abide. Fate has placed me in these circumstances—the line of honour is before me, and let fate

arrange the consequences."

"Alas! Winter. These are the ominous speculations of a victim; fearless it may be, but desponding. I had rather hear you in the tone of hope, and have you brag and promise e'er so foolishly and wildly, than in this cold way reason like a fatalist."

"'Tis but the momentary mood: thou knowest I can be enthusiastic, and can look forward with a boy's or a poet's promise. And I do so. Why should I doubt? Our enterprise seems in the very current of events. Similar ones take place and prosper all over the globe. The east and west bear witness to it, and chide us for our doubts and our delays."

"But blood has flowed in all these places. Civil wars have arisen, and massacres and crimes ensued, until one

sickens at the name of liberty."

"We are Irishmen, with Irish hearts; and we so outnumber our enemies, that resistance will be as brief, as it will be vain. It shall be no more than a state intrigue, or

a change of Vicerovs."

"I would partake of your hopes, since I cannot persuade you to abandon them And that the state needs cleansing, and our high aristocrats a useful lesson, that my own social experience teaches me. But I fear lest this should go too far, beyond the power of its promoters to check. I fear bloodshed, war, the fury of those ignorant Catholics, goaded by the wrongs of past centuries."

"We will quiet them, fear not."

"Yet I think of Canute chiding the turbulent ocean. And if their rage become ungovernable, what would become of us?"

"An eye will tend you, and an arm protect. No injury, while Winter lives, shall reach this abode of friendship, and

of kindness, and of-love."

This last word acted like a talisman to bind up Lady Hesther's tongue, and check of farther conversation. There was that in it, which she sould neither reply to, nor expostulate against. Their attachment, such as it mutually was, had been carried on in dumb-show; and as if it shrunk from itself; and its progress must be left, as the parties left it, to be discerned, not described.

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CHAPTER VI.

Ir was about Easter-time in the fated year of seventeen hundred and ninety-eight, that the conversations of our last chapter were held. The Earl had left town in that early season for his country-seat, in order to make some arrangements upon his property, his agent informing him of the unwillingness of his tenants to make any payments, owing no doubt to the prospects every where entertained of speedy troubles, destined to end in a subversion of the government. In the preceding year, the United Irishmen of Belfast and Dublin had made wide progress in organization. mined the Government, in fact, as far and as fully as conspiracy could work. The explosion was at hand; aid from The day, the hour of insur-France was daily expected. rection was fixed, as well as the plans to be executed. Proclamations of the Irish Republic were not only drawn out, but printed. Government seemed timid and ill-informed. Suspicious nevertheless, troops had been sent to the north, in many places of which they lived at free quarters, exercising many cruelties, particularly some ill-disciplined and fencible regiments, among whom the Ancient Britons were distinguished.

Winter was down in that country watching and hastening in secret the progress of events. Orde too, despite his mildness, and despite its being the first year of his marriage, was active in forwarding the great scheme of an Irish Republic, such as flattered the imagination of the philosophic and philanthropic dissenters of Belfast. Through the agency of these, the population of the country round, though differing in creed, were sworn to rise and combat in alliance for the same cause, while the better classes and protestant yeomen were meeting and mustering to take measures for

their own safety.

With respect to Orde, the opinion of Lord Ryvescastle, that marriage would bring domesticity, and that his wife would restrain him from venturous courses, were quite erroneous. On the contrary, of himself the worthy bleacher would have sacrificed both patriotism and future fame to his

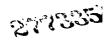
quiet; or, like Lord Ryvescastle himself, some extravagance of his party would have disgusted him with it, and he would have stopped short in his treasonable career, or retreated

altogether.

Louisa Orde had, however, gathered in her youth other ideas, than the simple ones of girlhood. The prospects of domestic love, of peace, of maternity, did not content her, as they might have contented him for her. Her readings had unfortunately been in Plutarch's Lives, not in Cecilia's or Clarissa's, and she was preposterous enough to look for a hero in a husband. The sentiments, the habitual converse of one, whose love and admiration was all to Orde, acted as strong stimulants to his patriotic exertions. although his Louisa's ardour and enthusiasm might not alone have awakened such in the breast of Orde, yet when the universal example of his brother sectarians, as well as their arguments, had filled him with the idea that it was a noble duty and a promising good to effect the independence of his country, her approbation joined with the rest, and continually present to him, drove Orde foremost in the ranks of the disaffected. His wealth and local importance made this assumption of pre eminence on his part allowed, and, excepting the furious Snelling, Orde, as a republican and a United Irishman, soon became second to none in his native country.

The Gazette, in the meantime, announced the valuable accession of Mr. Ryves to the Government. It filled Ryves Castle with pleasure, all save the visiter, Winter, who knew the talents and activity of his quondam friend, and dreaded both as boding ill to his cause. Nor in this was Winter deceived; for immediately upon his joining the Government, its measures instantly changed. From the vacillating and the timid, it became the resolute and the vigorous. Arrests were multiplied, troops collected in positions where they gave confidence, and might be ready to act upon alarm. Informers were even encouraged to lend their aid, and the plans of the conspirators revealed fully to the Government so near the moment of execution, gave full power of quashing it, punishing the guilty, and saving the state.

Ryves was as quick in action as in council. Late at night he arrived, unexpectedly, at Castle Ryves. He appeared at the breakfast-table suddenly, and Winter was by no means composed at his abrupt appearance. His countenance too



was business-full, and he boldly announced, that he came down express to provide for the peace of the country.

Not long after he took an opportunity of calling Winter aside, and began by asking him, "if, even in his own opinion, he was acting fairly, to hold the reins of treason from the mansion of a loyal nobleman, and make it, as it were, the head-quarter of insurrection?"

"A line from your all-knowing pen might have shortened or prevented my stay. I am here on the Earl of Ryves-

castle's invitation."

"Winter," said Ryves, "we are informed of all. You have not a chance of success; but that point we have long since discussed sufficiently, and you have had time to weigh it. The moment is come for decision; and now I tell you, safety is yet within your power,—safety and oblivion of the past; I offer it to you, and I am criminal in so doing, since I sacrifice duty to friendship."

"I am grateful for that friendship, and for the protection offered, and I hope ere long to return it you. If you are

sanguine, so, perhaps, am 1."

"Blind, imprudent, ungenerous man!"

"Blind, if you will, but how ungenerous?"

"If your own heart does not explain the term to you, I cannot. But, let me say, that he who meditates the flinging of his life away in forlorn enterprise, and on ignominious fate, ought in conscience to be disinterested and considerate enough to make few friendships, to excite no feelings of attachment towards him, knowing how cruelly and painfully such are subject to be torn asunder."

"If you allude to yourself, Ryves, I believe you have diverged from me, as much as I from you, and that the want

of foresight is equal."

"Think not of me, Winter. I shall always have nerves equal to my duty. I spake of my uncle, of——, our family

and friends in general."

"Ryves, you are right," replied Theobald, after a pause, in which his countenance showed signs of feeling,—" and yet too rigidly so. Shall the soldier wear no heart, or must he seal up its feelings like a monk or a dervish, bacause he may be called to mount the breach?"

"A soldier bears him openly, Winter; those who cherish him, know what they cherish. They know his path to be that of peril; it is that of honour also. But to tread the

tortuous paths of treason, and yet wear the unanxious smile of a merely gay and thoughtless man, is unwarrantable. It is carrying into private life the dissimulation of the conspirator."

"You would insult me, Ryves?"

"Not I, Winter. I am vexed, mortified, horrified at your fatuity,—shocked at the want of feeling you evince."

"Hear me, Ryves."

"Nay I will not. The theme on which you would speak had better be buried in oblivion. You, yourself, shrink from it, as something not to be told,—let it lie in the same grave, Winter, with your high hopes, your talents, and your name."

"Or with these, rise; with their success be openly avowed

and told, as now they must not be."

"Dreams! And now to facts. A warrant is out to apprehend you;—it is in my hands: but I find you beneath my uncle's roof. For twenty-four hours you are safe and free; make use of that time, Winter, not in farther treason, but in flight; and, perhaps, in thinking better of your future course, and what of honour and safety is yet left you to regain."

"Honour! How speedily you learn the language of the dog in office. We cannot part without something more, after such words as those. But when one cuts his party, he must cut his friends: and the broadest cut is a quarrel. Let

us decide it at once?"

"I crave your pardon, if my words offended. Mr. Winter, farewell, and may you speed! I will explain the cause

of your departure to my uncle."

"So," breathed forth Winter, impatiently, as soon as he was left to himself, "this comes of herding with aristocrats, and forming friendships with them,—and friendship even was not enough;—they are all the same, false in private life, as they are corrupt in public. To be turned out, and put under an obligation at the self-same moment. I will return you the compliment, my old comrade, and then we shall be even. Fly!—that I will,—but not far. Thank Heaven, we are nearly ripe, and that all his threats and boasted knowledge will be vain."

It was Winter's first thought to take leave of the Earl, and boldly avow those principles and purposes, that Ryves had but just threatened to acquaint him with: but the youth, how-

ever he felt his views warranted, and even hallowed by justice and patriotism, felt the truth of what his friend had reproached him with ;-of his duplicity, his dissimulation. "Yet should I have written traitor on my brow?" said he. " Absurd !-but I cannot face the kind old man, nor yet Hesther, now that her Success, alone, can give me claim and fears are realized. courage." With such mingled, but fitful reflections, Theobald Winter made his hasty preparation for leaving Ryves Castle. Above all things, he dreaded seeing Lady Hesther, whose expostulations now, in the very crisis of his fate, he knew would be urged with all the dreadful vehemence of woman's To yield would be disgrace; to resist, torture. affection. A scene might ensue, and witnesses,—a hundred horrors. Winter saddled his own steed, threw across it such necessaries as he had prepared, and soon was beyond the woods of Ryves Castle.

While Winter thus hastily took the road to Speer Patrick, for thither was he bound in the first instance, Orde was struck and perplexed by a damper somewhat similar. Tidings had reached him from the metropolis of the awakened spirit of Government; the dreaded falsehood of some of the conspirators, the voyage of Ryves, and the fear entertained that a blow would be struck ere the ripened conspiracy burst.

The panic, natural to his character, instantly seized him; his enthusiasm evaperated utterly, and his depression was so great,—so much greater than the tidings warranted, that he instantly set it down as a presentiment,—as a sure forerunner of ill. Thus fear, as is oft the case with the superstitious, became fresh cause of fear. The dreadful penalties of treason never appeared so vivid to his imagination; he clasped his hands, and looked towards his wife in helpless agony; her high hopes, however, were of a more persistent kind, and gave not way, like the barometer, to every passing cloud. She cheered her despondent husband, urged that these panics were the natural forerunners of a great event, where weaker hearts gave way.

"Let our hopes and purposes," said she, "be affected and altered through our reason, if we will, but never through our nerves. And yet, Orde, if conscience or misgiving leads you to shrink, let not me urge, let not me—"

"Nay," replied he, "shall I have less fortitude than woman? and here comes Winter, from whom we shall have spirited, news."

Winter entered, but brought not his usual confidence. He mentioned Ryves's coming, his warning, and his own intention of speeding to Dublin after an hour's repose and refresh-"The insurrection," said he, "must be precipitated, or these fellows will be beforehand with us, and all will be lost. Orde, the hour is come. You must to Belfast, to your head-quarters. Acquaint Snelling—his alarum-bell is enough for a county. I will to Dublin, to our committee. then, my active friend, Ryves, the most active wins the victory."

A servant at this moment entered, and whispered to his

master.

"How!" cried the alarmed Orde,--" speak out, man."

"A troop of horsemen, Sir, have taken possession of

yard and kitchen."

Orde rose and walked towards the window, and there too, in front appeared part of the troop, extending their ranks, so as to surround the house completely. The brothers and conspirators looked at one another, and the courage of Louisa Orde was for the first time shaken.

"Mr. Ryves," said the servant again opening the door, and the repubtable Mr. Ryves immediately entered, accompanied by the usual constabulary and police attendant upon

a magistrate in the execution of such duty.

Orde rose confused, as if to welcome the intruders; but Winter spoke the salutation, adding, "You have thought better of your generosity. All I have to do, is to congratulate you on your ministerial escort, and to resign myself to

"Mr. Orde, it is you I seek," said Ryves; "you are the

King's prisoner, on a charge of high treason." "That sounds at least respectable," observed Theobald.

"Mr. Ryves," said Orde, "I had scarcely hoped to meet you in this way."

"I still less so, Sir."

"I may be permitted to accompany my husband?" said Mrs. Orde, mastering her feelings with a fortitude that was not of her sex.

"As far as Antrim town," replied a follower of Ryves. "Once lodged in its jail, his communications with any person without must be few, and in the presence of others. that will be an indulgence."

Winter felt for his sister. He could read her agony through

her confusion; but he scorned to offer comfort, which might be construed as weakness, in such company. Few further words were wasted upon any side. Orde and his wife got into their carriage. Their escort mounted, and with firm adieus to Winter, they took the road to Antrim.

The latter, who, it appeared, was yet free, made use of that freedom, and turned his horse's head towards Belfast. Orde's sudden arrest was indeed a thunder-stroke; yet it might prove of benefit: so thought Winter as he journeyed on. It might arouse his friends, from views of their own imminent danger, to anticipate their enemies; and thus might prove the signal of the great event.

Danger for Orde, in the probable event of their success, there was none. It rather kept him out of the danger and the shock, for which from constitution he was evidently unfit. In the possible event of failure, Orde's career in treason was cut short, as he could join in no overt-act, and so would have a fairer chance of acquittal and escape. For Louisa's sake

these reflections pleased Winter.

He soon arrived in Belfast, saw Snelling and the other republican and Presbyterian leaders, and communicated the arrest of Orde and their own danger. They met in immediate conclave, debated long, in fury and in terror; but the body could not be worked up to any immediate or decisive measure. They were panic-struck, shrinking from what they had long planned and meditated; and yet now in the very crisis they had not courage to give the necessary orders, and raise up by a mandate the thousands of their fellow-religionists, who had sworn allegiance to them.

Snelling alone, and one or two of the most active, did their utmost, and promised their utmost to remedy by their private zeal and individual exertions, this general want of resolution. As for Winter, he took gloomily and despon-

dently the road to the metropolis.

CHAPTER VII.

The carriage of Orde, with its grim escort, had not been many hours on its road to Antrim. The mansion was in the utmost confusion, the servants of house and farm, the artisans of the factory and the bleach-green, were all mingled in consternation. Orde was truly beloved, and with good cause; and the grief that his arrest produced was sincere and extreme. Prayers rose for his safety, and as deep curses against the treachery of Ryves, in whom their hatred saw at once the informer, and the spy, and the magistrate.

Being Easter week, folk were for the most part idle, and groups were naturally formed, in which the prospects of approaching troubles and its probable consequences were cautiously hinted at and prophesied, but by no one deprecated. The village consisted almost altogether of Presbyterians, men in the employ of Orde and other manufacturers. They had all been duly enlisted in the great cause; but as no signal nor intimation had been given, they dreaded to rise to their mas-

ter's rescue, or even to clamour for it.

While all the population were engaged in this one topic, two, who were instantly described as "rollocking fellows," entered the village, clad in their trusties of blue frieze, and evidently of that race, which a thorough-bred Elizabethan writer would call "mere Irish?" They swaggered about and flourished their cudgels in a manner that showed their potations already begun, and which also showed, that they did not belong to the Sectarians of Speer Patrick, who shunned the whiskey-shop till after meeting at the least. "The Gorbals, the Gorbals!" was soon the cry, commenced by the children, to whom the name had long been a bugbear, and the appearance of its owners no less so. Some women caught up the cry.

It was soon childen, however, by the men of Speer

It was soon chidden, however, by the men of Speer Patrick, who knew that since the aid afforded by them under the commands of Orde to the rebuilding and refitting of the Gorbals, peace and brotherhood had reigned between them. One of the new-comers was soon known and greeted by

name.

"Ah then, Falix, is it you? What's the good luck has brought ye to Speer Patrick?"

"Will you be first after larning me, if there's a gauger

within wind of my stick?"

"Not a bit of him—he 's Dick Kinsela's yeoman-liftinant

sure, and he 's gone a drillin' in his red-coat."

Felix gave a yell, as soon as he received the information, and a numerous detachment of his comrades straight made their appearance, escorting a hogshead drawn upon a low-backed car. Curiosity instantly drew forth the towns folk, like a guard of honour, to receive it. And such was the fragrance of the contents, that every nose present pronounced it to be the *raal*.

"And where are your pretty selves going with the pot-

thien?" was asked.

"And where should the big barrel go," was replied, "but to the big house o' the man with the big heart?"

"What, to his honour?"

"Ay! to his honour's worship's glory. By the powers, he's worth all the lords round the lough, barring the O'Nail, and he's no great shakes for his name. Who came among our burning cabins, and put thatch over the women and the children, and them that war sick—who gave whiskey and candles to bury the dead, where whiskey was staved, and not a'rafter, by Gob! that warn't burnt out? But where's the need of telling you. And sure we war too poor ever since the burnin' ever to come near him or thank him; but here we are with a douser* for him at last. So help us wid it up to the house."

"You're come the day after the fair, my hearties. But if you'll drag it to Antrim, troth it'll be of use to him, for

it 's couldly they 'll be after lodging him, I guess."

The absence of Mr. Orde, and its cause, were soon explained to the grateful Gorbals, whose disappointment was first expressed in faces long as their coat-skirts. They had a strong mind to be angry, but were interrupted by the reflection, what was to be done with the whiskey. It was intended for Orde; but as he could not drink it, the next best way of doing him honour was to drink it to his long life and success. There was reason in this: the men of Speer Patrick were honest fellows, loved Orde, and loved potthien.

^{*}Irish, it is to be supposed, for douceur, no inspt name for a present of potthien.

"And if we want to kick up a row to riscue his honour, and he desarves that at the laste from us, sure it'll put spunkinto the lank-haired chaps." Such was the advice of Felix. And both parties proceeded to put it in execution.

As well may be supposed, the conversion to their own use of the inspiriting present that was intended for Orde, did not lessen the attachment of his admirers and followers. Their commiseration for him, in lieu of being mute and ejaculatory, as it was at first, soon grew to be loud-mouthed and obstreperous. The reason of his arrest was evident; and were they not all joined and sworn to the same cause.

"Arrah then, why didn't he give us the signal?" was the

ejaculation of the Speer Patrick people.

"And musha! why did ye want for it?" was the reply of the Gorbals.

Between folks so completely agreed as to the merits of Orde and of the United Irish cause, there could not but ensue an alliance. The Gorbals, independent of the great enterprise meditated throughout Ireland, were weary of the long peace they had endured since their discomfiture, and to take vengeance upon Orange Dick was their first desire. They had been instructed, however,—at least such as might be called their leaders, Felix o' the Gorbals for example they had been instructed respecting the arranged union and alliance between them and the disaffected Presbyterians, for the purpose of driving the English out of the country, and they were strictly charged to conceal, if they could not get rid of, that hatred of Orangemen and thirst for Orange blood, which was the only party principle to be understood by the rabble. The words of Protestant and Orangemen too being perfectly synonymous with them, this was a diffi-However, the Catholics of the North had wit cult point. enough to perceive they stood in need of aid, and that to obtain that, dissimulation was necessary to be used towards a certain liberal class of heretics, even although the hand of cordial friendship could not be sincerely held forth to them.

Felix, the "spaking man," had put himself for a time in the service and under the tutelage of Winter, and had learned his part in this respect perfectly. He had been relieved from the fangs of the recruiting sergeant through the intervention of Orde and Winter, and his gratitude was without bounds. To abide with Winter was his great ambition; but he was by far more useful at the Gorbals, and there

ang arrived breathless from Be with Orde's fate, and had adopted vouring to precipitate the insurr was not, however, so headlong found, to his surprise and satisfac Patrick. He took the lead and the organization of the society all of their enterprise, and of the plac be directed; but he was obliged to partisans considerably by declarit demanded a respectable force, co ters, if it was to meet with success many days delay and preparation argued too, that they should wait for the South, which would probably tal To distract the attention of Govern forces was necessary to prevent the

~2 M

put down and quenched in detail.

Felix and the detachment of the (village for that night. Their orders received and fulfilled, were to collect sible of allies and partisans. Ven was promised to them; the capturever, to be the first blow. Snelling Neagh, in order to excite the Unite North of it; and he succeeded to his a secret corps ready for action, whice appointed time upon Antrim from the The day was first.

ebel army moved on the appointed morning, having six hours march before them. They were divided columns, the Presbyterians commanded by Snelling, iolics by a wild posse of leading men, among whom est of the Gorbals, and Felix were conspicuous. as singular, there were many gentry of the Protes-Dissenting persuasion, who had risen, and were cacommanding; but in this region there was not a From the very of birth among the disaffected. he two sects in the united ranks did not agree, and of all the art both of Snelling and of Felix, it was ecessary to separate, and lead them on in different Such a commencement augured badly for a war likely to continue and be contested by intrigue as by arms.

own of Antrim may be described as a very long and tched street of sabins, improving slightly, and very in appearance, as you advance from the south, and ing in a blank domain-wall and gate, belonging to assareene, whose mansion is thus blocked out from n, as the town is from it. Neither loses much by ual jealousy, no bad type, by the by, of the connexveen an Irish peer and his vulgar neighbours. nevertheless ancient and respectable, surrounded by and groves in the old style, straight canals, noseless shattered flights of stone steps to afford the needless. of ascending and descending on level ground, waternat have given up service, and lakes in their green luck-weed. All this 'much ado about nothing' in of taste, was for the first time of use, serving as an le point for rallying and refuge, and so taken advanby the loyalist force.

wretched appearance of Antrim is the more striking ed, as it always is, with the neat, industrious towns egion round Belfast, which wealth has completely ed. At Antrim misery begins again, and without ural beauty of country to compensate. There are its less worthy of description. Yet it has been here ed, from the town's being the scene and object of the aggle in the North of Ireland.

m consisting, as described, of a long street, it must eived, that a few pieces of artillery would be its best f defence; and this the royal troops possessed in two

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or three guns, which they planted for the reception of the enemy. It was most courageous on the part of the Protestant and loyal party to meditate a stand, being so few, so out-numbered and surrounded; for a rebel force was advancing on three sides to hem them in, the lake being upon the ether. Lord O'Neil, however, Mr. Kinsela, and other magistrates with their corps, and a few regular troops, resolved to make a stand, and they momentarily expected the reinforcement of horse that had been sent for.

It was afternoon when the rebels reached the town. Snelling sent his men in one by one, to take possession of the churchyard, and of such houses as they might enter. The Gorbals and their followers scorned such manœuvres, and advanced boldly in mass up the street, headed by a solitary gun, in which they placed more of a superstitious than a military faith. It recalls a similar solitary piece of artillery, equally honoured, in the army of Charles Edward. It, however, did more execution, the yeomen owning that they lost some half dozen men by its first and only discharge.

The guns of the lovalists told more fatally on the mass of rebels that crowded up the street. The expected body of horse arrived to their aid at the very moment that they perceived the havoc made in the advancing ranks by their fire. The horse was ordered to take advantage of this, and charge, -a dreadful blunder, as they needed respite, and as the enemy were at a very great distance. The dragoons obeyed, but in galloping the length of a long street, exposed to front and cross-fire, the latter of which, from the churchyard, was most fatal—their numbers were thinned, their horses and themselves wearied, and they made no impression whatever. The Catholics shouted as they saw them turn, rushed on, were joined by Snelling's men, and threatened utter annihilation to the little body of loyalists, who awaited them under Lord Massareene's wall. The guns were fired for the last time; and the gaps they made were soon closed up. yeomanry cavalry charged, and with gallantry; but all were soon overpowered, and most of them slaughtered. these were Lord O'Neill himself, who was stricken from his horse, and, despite his name and race, piked instantly without remorse. Of the routed royalists, some took refuge in Lord Massareene's gardens, where they still kept up their fire. Others fled east and west, to spread tidings of the rebel victory.

Orde in his prison was listener to this dreadful turmoil without. It could not but excite him. It was the first offort of his party, and probably for his deliverance. painful thoughts of the carnage were not absent from him, and regrets came to join unpleasantly, even in his anticipation of triumph and deliverance. His wife's sentiments were blended with even less of this softness. From a window of the town, she was a witness of the fight; and her enthusiasm and interest in her party outwent her womanly fears. could almost have descended and joined the brave assailants; and it was her motive once, had she not been checked by her attendant, to fling wide the casement, and cheer the United Irish on to victory. Feelings of womanly decorum, more than either prudence or timidity, withheld her; and she remained motionless, in check, under those notions of modesty and propriety, as one in a dream often views an inspiriting chase, or a flying enemy, which he cannot pursue.

When, however, the victory was for a time decided, Mrs. Orde issued forth, directing her course to the jail. She was soon recognised by the scattered bands, a body of whom had already anticipated her wish, and had penetrated into the place of Orde's durance. Felix was throwing open his prison-door, when she arrived, and the Lord of Spear-Patrick was once more free, and in the arms of his beloved

wife.

The liberated prisoner was led forth triumphant by the Gorbals, and these thronged round their benefactor, to pour forth those thanks, which they had so lately been disappointed in evincing after their fashion. Intoxicated with victory, the Gorbals, like all Irish, pushing to exaggeration every generous feeling, could set no bounds to their gratitude. And as they clamoured around Orde in congratulation, they cried out, that "he should be their general, and that they would have no other."

Some differences had risen between the Gorbal folk and Snelling, who was furious and intolerant. The Catholics had in consequence fought without a leader, and although success had crowned their efforts in the first instance, they yet felt that they had suffered more, than perhaps they might have done under good guidance. A general they wanted, and a general they elected for themselves in Orde, who was thus in a short time hurried from his house to a prison, and from a prison to the command of what called itself an army; his inclination being equally consulted in both cases.

A more unfit personage to lead or rule a warlike band could not have been chosen, than poor Orde. ignorant, of course, of all military knowledge, he was at a loss how to govern, to restrain, or to command those, who, although they thus made themselves nominally obedient to him, were sure to follow their own wishes, when they differed from his. No one could be more aware of all this than Orde himself, and much he argued, struggled, and expostulated against it. When, however, this was set down to a lack of zeal, to timidity, he had no efficient reply to urge. Louisa, caught by the enthusiasm of the surrounding mob, forgot her own knowledge and estimate of her husband, and begged him to gratify a devoted multitude by accepting the power they offered. She thought, at least, that she beheld a Brutus or a Cato in her husband, while he with a shrug or a sigh, that savoured little of Roman magnanimity, accepted the proffered lead of the rebel army.

What was next to be done? The momentous consideration fell upon the new general; and the new general, like all irresolute people when in command, summoned a council of war. The defeated Royalists had rallied not far from the town, and a larger, though scattered body of them still kept possession of Lord Massareene's park and grove. To dislodge them ought to have been the first act; but the peasant soldiers were satisfied with their victory, and did not want to eke it out with skirmishing. The liberation of Orde, and his election too, had occupied the stoutest partisans: and the summoned council next attracted their There was some little plunder and burning going on too, a species of amusement that had its attractions and votaries.

The council was excessively numerous: there were few indeed, who did not think themselves competent to join in it. The rules and ranks established by the Directories and United Irish Societies were appealed to, but in vain. The priests of the Catholics were obliged to interfere, and rid the assemblage of some rude underlings, while Snelling did the same by his followers. Upon looking round, it appeared that the Catholics were most numerous, as indeed their numbers in arms were greater than those of the other sect; and consequently, they had some kind of claim to this majority. "Their elected general, however," thought

Spelling, " is in our interests, and in those of prudence and common sense, so we may hope to prevail."

Snelling's proposal was first to dislodge and disperse whatever bodies of loyalists still held together in the neighbourhood, and then to march without delay or hesitation upon Belfast. To overcome the few troops that could be brought to defend it would not be difficult, and once master of that considerable town, and rich seaport, affected as it was, moreover, to the principles of liberty, would be in fact the firmest foundation that could be laid for Irish independence. Orde seconded the bold proposal at once, without waiting for any other, its expediency was so palpable. But the Gorbals murmured, complained, and swore that thus

they would be baulked of their revenge.

They had been promised vengeance upon Orange Dick, who had burned and slaughtered them, and vengeance they would take upon him, or upon his house at least, ere they moved elsewhere. In vain it was represented to them that this would be retreat; that it would be too late to move upon Belfast; that even the capture of Antrim was of little use, if it was thus to be flung away. The Gorbals were inexorable—they had risen for vengeance, and vengeance they understood. Hatred to Orangemen was their creed, and little beyond. This was openly spoken in the heat of the Snelling's followers, the Presbyterians, on the contrary, wished to spare their brother sectarians even though Orange, thinking that when overcome they would willingly join them in their republican scheme, and that in the end they would be far more trustworthy allies than the Catho-Each party was aware of the other's secret thoughts; animosities and divisions ensued. Poor Orde was as calculated to still the raging Atlantic as to stifle them, or even to guide the United interest through their waves. It was at last, however, conceded that the army should retrograde to achieve the sack of Dick Kinsela's house; and then, it was to be hoped, the Gorbals would be satisfied.

They accordingly put themselves in motion. The rebel force receded from Antrim, which was immediately retaken possession of by the loyalists; and thus, every fruit of a well fought and gallant action lost. Snelling and his divisions followed with heavy hearts; a small part of the latter deserted and retired to their homes, upon seeing that they merely fought to procure vengeance for their bigoted allies. The army bivouacked for the night in sullenness; it was very unlike the night of victory. And Orde was among the most wretched, convinced as he had soon been made of his weak authority, of the inaptness of himself to save his cause, or even of that cause to prosper in the hands that now supported it. His wife accompanied him with higher hopes.

The next morning brought them before Mr. Kinsela's habitation: no one appeared to tenant or defend it. A detachment of ten men would have sufficed to burn and raze it. But it was a pleasure that no Catholic peasant was willing to debar himself, not even to be master of Belfast. The work of destruction was plied, and in a small half hour was completed; and not a vestige of house, or barn, or haggard remained. But as Orange Dick was sure to be more than compensated for the ruin, all his vengeance was idle.

The Catholics, the very Gorbals themselves, became ashamed when they regarded the pettiness of their trophy. Thousands of men had been employed in destroying a mere cabin, and as the formidable mass surrounded the narrow ruins, which were the object of their vengeance, they had soon wit enough to perceive the absurdity of their vengeance. "Had this been Belfast," observed a reflective man of the Gorbals: he would have added, "'twould have been something." His Presbyterian neighbour heard the ejaculation in horror, and communicated to his comrades that the Papists wanted to sack Belfast, as a nest of Orangemen. Such misunderstandings were frequent, and Snelling's ranks thinned in consequence.

The Papists were ashamed of their conquest, and the cry was, that now they were ready for Belfast. The day before, amidst the triumphs of Antrim, the Presbyterians would have enthusiastically echoed the cry, and led the way to the conquest of what they might call their capital city. But suspicions had been since awakened in their minds. They saw the Catholics bent on vengeance and slaughter; that the Orangemen were the objects sought out by them; and that a Presbyterian was to them an Orangeman, except when as allies they were obliged for the moment to respect them. In consequence of this, the dissenting part of the rebel force was now as unwilling to march upon Belfast, as the Catholic division had been yesterday. There ensued a check, a

distrust; and nought at the moment, save the dread of individually hanging, kept the army from dissolution.

In the midst of these conflicting opinions, scouts came in to state the collection of large bodies of troops between them and Belfast. They had in fact let pass the moment for acting, and it was now too late. Their force too did not increase. In giving up Antrim, they had given up their connexion with the more northern counties, and the insurrectionists of those regions, unable to join the main army, were beaten in detail, or forced to disperse. Retreat was all left; retreat towards the south and west, in hopes of falling in with the insurgent forces of other counties.

To cover this retreat with the appearance of an enterprise, and with a name more honourable, it was given out by Felix's order, that the army should march to the attack of It lay indeed upon their path, was a strong Ryves Castle. hold of aristocracy, and promised plunder. Here Orde again found his army run counter to him, and he employed every expostulation to divert them from wasting more time in the attack of houses. He pleaded to them the part which Mr. Ryves had taken in the release of some of the ill-used Gorbals. It was of no avail: Ryves was most He was the organ of the new Government, had arrested Orde himself, and, 'twas confidently reported, had flogged and tertured many of the peasants in order to procure information.

" Death to Ryves, and destruction to Ryves Castle!" was the cry; and, fortunately for the union of the ill-assorted army; it was one in which the Presbyterian party joined. Ryves was even more odious to them than to the Papists. Against Ryves Castle in consequence the army marched

without delay.

CHAPTER VIII.

WE lest Winter, after witnessing his brother-in-law's capture, and after having communicated the event and taken counsel thereon with Snelling and the Belfastians, on his road to Dublin. His spirits were somewhat dashed by the turn that affairs had taken in the North, by the vigilant and resolute acts of government, and at the same time by the hesitation evident in the councils of his good friends, the speculative republicans of Belfast. "Hewever," reflected he, "when they hear us stirring in the North, they will follow our example, if indeed some wholesome severity on the part of my friend Ryves, does not terrify them into the thing at once; do without them we cannot. These crack-brained Catholics are dreaming of mean vengeance, or bigot ascendancy; they have not a glimpse or a feeling of genuine liberty: they want a king or five kings; a host of bishop, lords, or Jesuits: they would wash out the old despotism in blood, in order to set up a worse on that preper basis. No, as a man of reason, I say, Providence defend me from the sway of Catholics! above all, from that of Irish Catholics."

So reasoned one of the chief promoters of the Irish Re-He reached Dublin without let or accident; entering it at night from precaution, he proceeded at once to the place of meeting of that revolutionary club, which was organizing the overthrow of the Government, and of which he himself was a leading member. He found the place deserted: he hurried to the abode of a friend,--no one was there either: to that of another—a yeoman lurked on the The street rumour was sufficient to inform him, threshold. that his brother members had been seized in full conciliabule, their papers found, their plans blown up, and themselves willing—those at least, whose lives were to be spared to disclose all the machinery of the plot, and thus lay all open to the scrutiny of the Government. "Ah, Ryves," thought Winter, "you have been before us; yet there was one fiery spirit among them who would not enter a dungeon alive." His next informant proved the truth of his reflection, by mentioning the capture of Lord E. Fitzgerald, after a desperate resistance, and his subsequent death, owing to his wounds.

The first object of Winter, after his immediate disappointment and despair, was to find a place of concealment; and in this, more fortunate than his friends, he was successful; being thought to be in the North too, the search after him was less active. Here he awaited, coiled up in melancholy solitude, greedily receiving tidings of events, as they occurred, some one of whom, he hoped, would direct his movements. The County Meath had been the county appointed for Winter

to act in, and he intended as soon as he could learn the existence or place of insurrection, to join it at all risks.

Shut up as Winter was to his own reflections and to his own moods, it must be supposed that misgivings often visited him, and that there were moments when the generous offers of Ryves presented themselves to him with all their concomitant circumstances of respectability, wealth, happiness, and rank, all these painfully contrasted with his present precarious and fugitive state: his party scattered, his friends dead, or doomed to be so, or purchasing life by relaxing from principle or fortitude. Oft did he require to rally his patriotism, and to defend what he called his political honour, against the suggestions of prudence, of impatience, of sfriends.

The person to whom he had trusted for concealment, was the porter of the town mansion of Lord Castleryves. He had once been of service to the poor man; he knew no other, whom he could safely trust, and the place was one, last to be suspected by the myrmidons of the police. The Earl and his family were still in the country; Ryves lived in his official residence, and thus Winter, for the five or six weeks of his lurking, had the noble mansion to himself. The porter was faithful; and daily brought tidings to Winter. The whole South had risen; Wexford was in the possession of the rebels; the King's forces had been routed in many points, and what chafed Winter more, than it shocked him, every success of the Rebels was marked by the most diabolical cruelties.

In those regions the peasants were all Catholics. There had been no previous disturbances of White Boys and Right Boys, Defenderism and Peep o' Dayism. The Orange system had not penetrated there; the previous years had been passed in quiet. If one had given an open opinion on the probable fury or excesses of the insurgents in the different parties of Ireland, the County Wexford would have been set down as one in which victory would have been achieved and followed up without blood. Yet there was the fury greatest, the vengeance most savage, the excesses most diabolical. The County Wexford, previous to the rebellion and in it, proved the fact, not always since taken into account, that ignorance and blindness and bigotry, although preserved in a state of quiescence, is as much, and much more apt for

insurrection and prone to massacre, than when prepared for it, as it should seem, by party feuds, by continual agitation and intrigue. The true savage always leaps from moping and alumber to combat and carnage. Civilization has the effect of rousing him, of rendering him alive to his personal and political interests. He is then far more ready to brawl about them, but far less inclined to take arms for them, or to use those arms, as in Ireland he has done, with wanton cruelty and bloodthirstiness.

"Curse the fellows!" exclaimed Winter prophetically, their sanguinary acts will convert all our Dissenting Republicans of the North into friends of peace and of England; nay, I should not wonder if such reports drove them all into Orange Societies."

His ejaculation proved to be true as prophecy. One barbarian produced another; but the poor Catholics are wrongfully made to bear the blame of all. Oppression and misrule, aided no doubt by the vices of their religion, made them barbarous, and of course sowed in them the seeds of ferocity. And anon came republicans and conspirators, Protestant all, who bade them rise, sword in hand, then deserted them utterly, and left them to use their swords as they listed, and to be hanged as they were caught. Guilt, whether of oppression, or cruelty, or guile, lies upon all parties; but, if we are to class men by sects, as it is the fashion and the course of the day to do, we must avow that the Protestants were the instigators and avengers of the rebellion of ninety-eight, as Catholics were universally the sufferers and the dupes.

The insurrection in the South had preceded that in the North, and had first called all the attention of the Govern-Winter had begun to despair of his Belfast friends making any effort in the cause of liberty, when the news of the battle of Antrim reached him. He determined instantly to set off towards Meath, as the flame could not fail to At the moment of his departure, however, tidings reached him of what he had expected, serious differences between Catholics and Dissenters, of the views of vengeance entertained by the former, and then giving up the advance upon Belfast, merely that they might wreak a petty retort What followed was to Winter far more upon an individual. They had advanced to Ryves Castle, encamped around it, and threatened that the lives of all within should expiate the vigorous acts of Ryves against the conspirators.

Winter immediately recalled his last words to Lady Heather. An instant's thought sufficed to make him change his resolution, and he determined to make his way to Ryves Castle with what speed and safety he could, in order to rescue the old Earl and his daughter from the fury of the rebel partisans.

Winter left Dublin accordingly. With much precaution and great good fortune he managed to arrive in the North. To reach Ryves Castle, however, he found the most difficult part of his journey, as the loyalist army, chiefly composed of yeomanry and irregular troops, were scattered between him and it, all suspicious, and excited to summary cruelty and There was no time to be lost in endeavouring revenge. to cross, as it appeared that the attention of the Government being directed towards the South, where the rebels were most successful and most strong, the loyalist force here was not strong enough to venture an attack upon the rebels, for the relief of Ryves Castle. Grief and gladness filled the mind of Winter by turns as he heard this news.

He spent the hours of dusk in seeking some one who had passed the lines, and who might serve him as a guide; and after much difficulty he found what he wanted in an old schoolmaster, who had gone to the commanding officer for a pass, or a card of surety, and who was now returning with the same to his village, which lay between the army and the Winter knew him, and the old man readily agreed rebels.

to be his guide.

They set off at midnight; the pedagogue, despite of his pass, dreading questions from the Orangeman; and the

time suited Winter marvellously.

"But what can you want with a pass, my good man?" asked Winter. "Shall not the right cause conquer in

"Ow! ay, in time," was the answer; "but in the maan time, d'ye see, and my awn indiveedual opinion is, that it 'll do small good till the Frinch com. They 're sae unskilled, the Papists, Saar, in the rudiments o' war, and the rudiments of right behaviour, which is worse."

"And you think, Sir, the French will come?" quoth

"An' they din't they 're a set of traacherous allees; but they'll be in Belfast Lough afore a week passes, is my mind o' the matter; and they 'll carry all before 'em; and they 'll by wantin' interpreters among the larned to talk between them and us; and I ha been to Belfast to buy a Frinch grammar in the thought of it."

"That was the passyou went for, thou lover of learning?"
"It is one of 'em; but seven thirteens was the deil an'
all to pay; so I copied the material part, Sir; an' its enough

for an ould man's brain to begin with."

Winter was amused by comparing in his mind the northern and the southern peasantry-lover of learning. In the latter region the scholar would have aimed at pessessing some doughty classic, anxious to extract pride and pleasure therefrom, with little thought of gain. The northern loved learning, equally perhaps, but liked that best which procured instant advantage; and if it held out that, not car-

ing for its being even modern.

Winter's companion told him as they advanced, that all the men of the village able to fight were with the rebel army; but that the greater part of the females, with their children, and those as aged as himself, remained to take care of the village and prevent its being burned. In this aim the old man feared they would fail, and mentioned the circumstance of a neighbouring village having been found in this predicament by Orange Dick, its stout men all absent. "Since the cocks are flown, the hens and chickens may fly after them," was Dick's reply; and he instantly ordered his followers to set fire to the village.

They were at this time traversing a hill path, and the watch-fires of the loyalists flickered all around them. It was dark, and they were not aware of a mode of placing sentinels convenient for tired and sleepy soldiers, namely, stretching themselves of dark nights athwart the beaten paths, or on the stiles and interruptions which they passed. All of a sudden the poor schoolmaster placed his broad foot on the stomach of one of these couchant sentinels, and the crushed person sent forth an alarming cry. Winter ran, dragging his companion after him, and from the grasp of the roused But pursuit was raised; the pedagogue was breathless, and could not accompany Winter's flight. "Ye'll drag the life out o' me instead of saving me," cried the exhausted guide. "Leave me, I have my pass of safety." Winter let go the old man, who was soon seized, and he himself for the moment escaped from his pursuers.

When he halted to draw breath, he found himself in a thick grove. The night was cloudy, a few stars peeping through interstices of gloom; they were few, however, and useless as guides. Winter wandered on to find an outlet; he did so; he could perceive no fires, and consequently concluded himself on the side farthest from the loyalists. This contented him; he was wearied, and resolved to take an hour's sleep, till merning would enable him to continue his course.

The morning came, and Winter again ventured forth. Burning villages before him filled the extensive valley, which he had been so oft wont to contemplate and to admire. Here one was visible, black and burnt out, just what The Gorbals had been—from another, a black smoke slowly rose and lowered like a cloud over it; and now and then a bright gleam told that the covering of some new abode had been just caught by the devouring flame. No one could behold such a scene of destruction without asking, who has caused this? With Winter, at present, it required some effort, some sophistry to answer it satisfactorily; but as the devil is said to have Scripture at command, so have the ambitious their peculiar logic, to gloss over any scheme.

Its adjoining grove enabled him also to mark the spot where the mansion and establishment of Speer Patrick had stood, the lately flourishing and happy abode. But the stream of war and party-vengeance had passed over it, and a huge gap in the ornamental woods, that used to flank it, was all now visible of Orde's house or factory. And Orde himself. Where was he? Nominally heading an army, that seemed in fatuity to seek its own destruction—like a wretched debauchee, eagerly running through a few excesses to certain and immediate ruin.

Winter was advancing, absorbed in those reflections, and drawing from them a resolution and a hope that his arrival and exertions would amend all this, when of a sudden he found himself surrounded by a troop of yeomanry-horse. They were no doubt returning from the scene of devastation, the sight of which then occupied Winter's attention and suggested his thoughts. Retreat was vain, and resistance not consistent with the pretext, that Winter had prepared himself. He stated that he was proceeding to the insurgents before Ryves Castle, with proposals for the safety of the Earl and garrison. He begged to be conducted without loss of time to their commander, and they made no scruple of gratifying him in this.

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They had some distance to measure back. The sun advanced; the mists rose and discovered the once smiling valley, now in the grim and desolate garb of war, and the masses of the rebel army in the distance occupying a formidable extent of ground. At this sight Winter forgot every sentiment of regret and remorse, and to join his companions in arms was his only wish. But the ordeal before him was a perilous one; and a dungeon seemed more likely to be his place,—a dungeon or the grave that night,—than a high station in you army that he had from a mere accident unfortunately failed in reaching.

The redoubtable commander, before whom his escort was leading Winter, and upon whose nod or humour was about to depend his fate, was Mr. Kinsela, now Captain Kinsela, or Orange Dick. Notwithstanding his ferocity, Winter rejoiced that it was he, rather than a person in command, who might be a stranger to the name and plea he was about to use.

The Orange Chief was seated in front of a tent that had been pitched beneath a majestic oak-tree, and seemed to be discussing his breakfast, and dispensing justice at the same time. One who beheld the judgment-seat at a distance, its total absence of form, and its simplicity, might have compared Dick Kinsela, as one of his learned friends actually did, to Saint Louis administering justice under the Oak of Vincennes. Had the complimentary wight, however, sought lower down in French history, or could he have perused "Quentin Durward," that matchless production, "by second sight," he might have found in Louis the Eleventh a fitter prototype. The "doddered oak" spread its branches over Dick's head, and it bore the French King's "acorns," namely, executed criminals in abundance.

As Winter approached, he observed two unfortunate peasants hanging; they had been part of the morning's work; they attracted Winter's attention more than even the redoubtable Kinsela himself. He had some reason for sympathy with the victims; and he had more than ordinary, upon perceiving with horror, that one of the executed was the unfortunate old schoolmaster, who had been his guide on the preceding night. "So much for the passes of His Majesty's Commander-in-chief," thought Winter.

"So ho! Mr. Winter," bellowed forth Orange Dick, "we have you, have we? I had rather it was that canting brother-in-law of yours."

- "He is no brother of mine; to threaten my benefactor and friend, the Earl of Ryvescastle,—not to mention his treason."
- "Are you that way, Master? We shall see—we shall see! the Right Honourable Robert Ryves had hopes of you; and it may be——"

"I come,—" interrupted Winter, pushing his plea.

"Silence, Sir, for the time; we have other matter on hand." So it appeared he had. He had been examining a keen-looking north-countryman, with somewhat the appearance of a pedler, who, it seemed, had been caught nearly at the same time, and in the same predicament, with the schoolmaster. It appeared moreover, from the interrogatory, that on the said schoolmaster had been found treasonable papers, the very sight of which were sufficient to send him to the gallows; and so they had proved. Having hanged the bearer, the next object was to decipher the despatch, which the criminal himself was quite unequal to, making lame excuses.

Winter congratulated himself upon not having been captured in the old man's company. The cadger taken about the same time was considered an accomplice, but denied all acquaintance with the pedagogue, or with the papers he bore. This was not satisfactory to Dick, whom the said papers puzzled confoundedly: and he ordered the cadger, or pedler, to be stripped and tied up to the triangles, that stood not far from their fellow-servant, the oak-tree. A drummer proceeded to apply the lash, between every interval of which, Captain Kinsela plied his questions: but the poor pedler could reply but by yells of agony. He was at length released, dreadfully lacerated, as an obstinate and true son of the Black North, from whom nothing could be elicited, and who was not worth hanging.

"There, Sir! perhaps you can make something of them?" cried Captain Kinsela, thrusting some very filthy sheets of

paper before Winter.

That cunning youth opened his eyes full wide, as he cast them upon the fatal papers, and repressed the grin that despite the horror of all he saw and feared, and had witnessed, he could not but feel inclined to indulge in. The sheets contained nothing more than the "mateerial parts" of French Grammar; noun and verb were there marshalled forth with a regularity that no eye could have mistaken for aught but what they were. These, in Orange Dick's eyes,

were ciphers, and of huge importance. Other and more suspicious sheets were filled with writing, supposed to contain the intelligence and the treasonable matter; and these were no other, than a series of very simple French exercises, transcribed in the crabbed hand of the unfortunate pedagogue. "The poor devil is past being implicated," thought Winter, "and, siace he is gone, surely I may damn his memory in order to gull this half-ape, half-tiger."

"Mr. Kinseta," said Winter, "these papers are in appearance mere French exercises; but they are deep, Sir, very deep, and contain some intelligence in their simplicity."

"The very thing, Sir; my very idea."

"The bearer was taken when passing to the camp of the rebels."

"Ay, Sir, just as you yourself was taken."

"Em, Sir! you mistake. I know this cipher, as it happens. But before we speak of it, pray let us treat of my own affair. I would be at liberty."

"What brought you here, Sir? And where were you

going ?"

"I was going with proposals to the rebels round Ryves Castle," replied Winter, "in order to induce them to spare the Earl."

" Hum!—from whom?"

"You must ask me no more questions, Captain Kinsela. Men, though in office, have hearts; and anxious as they may be for the state's welfare, the lives of their kin are dear also."

"I understand what you would have me believe. You have the character of a sworn rebel, Master Winter; but you may have peached. And for certain, the Right Honourable Mr. Ryves befriends you, and took not you, when he secured Orde. There is a mystery between ye, that ye know best; and for his sake, I will not put martial law in force, till I communicate with him."

"Nay, you may hang me at once; for you know Ryves Castle cannot hold out twenty-four hours, and it will require double that to communicate with the metropolis. However, if you can march against you traitors, and disperse them ere

set of sun, my errand is needless."

"It depends not upon me," quoth Dick; "else would I have driven the Papists to Old Nic, long since; but we have a plumed troop of officers here, who count us for nought.

g pardon to Orde, Mr. Winter," continued the screwing up his countenance.

! I do not," said Winter; " would that I did, and laim him."

ou hadst brought pardon for that man, by Heaven ged thee! for I hate him more than all the Papists rth."

but the liberty to promise no molestation to the if they return peaceably home."

s's where we can best deal with them," quoth

! after pardon granted?"

! man, that 's my business, not yours; and now w the extent of your errand, show me Mr. Ryves's riddle me these papers, and you shall escape free ige Dick—that 's what few of your mongrel kidney y."

set himself down forthwith to the poor school-french exercises, which, after some poring, he a be missives dated from the *Hoche*, the flag-ship ch squadron, then off the coast. The exact pur-lectared himself unable to uncipher, but several e plain enough, such as "ten thousand men,"—ough,"—"levée en masse,"—"seventh of June," it "a republic was a government of the people," ly translated, and being pointed out in the original looked so very like Winter's translation, that his decipherer of abtruse despatches was 'quite esta-

CHAPTER IX.

never watched and worked with more anxiety for unity of escaping from the fangs of a tiger, whom repletion had put in an unslaying humour for the than Winter sought to extricate himself from the of Orange Dick; and never did tiger watch his prey, in the mingled malice and blandness of the feline tribe, with more ferocious pleasure than the latter. To string up the Papist's advocate to the oak would have been sweet enjoyment to the Orangeman; but so important a personage as Winter had rendered himself, could not be so summarily disposed of. He was not taken in arms, therefore he should be tried formally and legally, and although trial would probably lead to conviction, and conviction to the end desired, still Dick Kinsela did not like the delay. Besides, he hated the regular executioner of the law, as one of a trade is said to hate his fellow. Then the Right Honourable Robert Ryves protected Winter, and the Right Honourable was an influential personage.

These sanguinary and cunning thoughts passed through Dick's brain, as he endeavoured to wheedle from Winter the explanation of the pedagogue's exercises; and he was only half deceived by the explicator's mystification. Dick delayed to ask his captive for Ryves's pass, lest on its production he should be compelled instantly to release him; and Winter, unable to produce what he had not, waited till be had talked over Kinsela, soothed and allayed all his suspicions, that he might be allowed to depart upon his important

errand without mention of the needless passport.

Keen as was Mr. Kinsela, Winter was an adroit and fair-spoken youth, and being townbred, had the advantage even of the wily northern. The youth gained ground, break-fasted and talked as one at home, and deciphered marvellous things. Kinsela could not resist his plausibility, and was actually about to let him depart, holding him by the button in order to make him a listener to his last instructions, when a trooper rode up to say, that Mr. Ryves had arrived in the

camp.

This was a thunderstroke to Winter. He turned pale, despite his self-possession, and Dick Kinsela awoke to his suspicions. Ryves had in fact journeyed down on the self-same errand as Winter, to endeavour to rescue his family from their perilous position. Reinforcements had been ordered to join the loyalist force, but these had not yet arrived, and the first question of Ryves was to the officer in command, to see if an attack would be of avail to disperse the rebel army. They gave no hopes of success in this, as an attempt of the kind had been already made, and had most lamentably failed. It only remained to parley with the rebels; ere he proceeded on this expedition, Ryves wished

to consult the partisan leader, as both more full of ardour than the commanders of regular troops and possessed of more information.

With this view be approached the quarters of Dick Kinsela, known afar by the oak,—for so the Orange chiestain generally contrived to be sheltered,—and its vengeful appendages. Ryves started on beholding Winter. The latter commanded himself; he felt more inclined to blush at his position than to tremble, though he had far more cause for the latter. To cajole and lead Kinsela astray by a false story appeared to him fair; but to struggle and dissemble before Ryves was ignominy to him and pain. There was enough of truth, however, in his account of his motions, as to permit him to say, as he saluted Ryves,—

"I thought to have anticipated you in this errand, and to have been able ere this to have delivered the Earl and his

daughter from yonder savages."

"Your interest with yonder band is no doubt great, Sir," replied Ryves; "but if Captain Kinsela has been the means of preventing you from joining them, and of exerting your interest, though it were for my uncle, I thank my friend here."

"How, Master Winter!" exclaimed Dick; "you fortified

with the Right Honourable Robert Ryves' pass."

"Ryves, permit me to speak with you," said Winter: they both moved to some distance from the tent, not, however, without Orange Dick warning his Right Honourable friend to beware of treachery. And this hint being disregarded, he placed one of his marksmen, ordering him to keep his eye and gun upon Winter, in case he should either meditate flight or violence.

"Ryves," continued Winter, "I give you the word of a man of honour, that I came down here with no other view

than to serve the Earl."

"It may be so: by your influence over those traitors."

"By every exertion and influence in my power—by the sacrifice of my life, were it necessary. Kinsela 's' troopers intercepted my passage, else, perhaps, at this moment those dear to both of us would be in safety."

' Kinsela has done his duty, Winter, and I cannot inter-

fere with him. You had your warning."

"I ask nothing of you for myself. Let me but have permission to join those bands; I have influence with them,

and will do, what you with all your parleying and prisoners can never effect."

"Impossible! Winter. You bands perish piecemeal; they stand or move without prudence or guidance: all they want in order to be formidable is a head; and that you might be to them, ardent, talented, uncompromising. must not be. 'Twere a sacrifice of country, and moreover of the State, which I am peculiarly sworn and bound to support, to mere selfish and family views. I will risk my own life among them, in order to obtain the safety of my uncle; but you, Winter, must no more escape through my leniency or remissness."

"By Heaven! I do not want—do not mean to place myself at their head: I seek but Lord Ryvescastle's-Lady Hesther's safety: that done, I swear to you as a man, and as a soldier—you smile—well as a man of honour merely, that I will return, and deliver myself again into the hands of this Orange tiger."

"'Twould not be in your power, Winter-and should not be in your principle: what you call the great duty of patriotism, has cancelled for you too many bonds and ties, not to cancel a mere promise of the kind."

"You doubt even my word, Ryves: Is this generous? Cannot a traitor be honest?"

Ryves shook his head in the negative.

"Let your uncle's peril plead at least, let that of my benefactor. My life is of little worth, but add not theirs to the sacrifice."

"Attack me not on the side of feeling, Winter; I grieve for your fate. I foresaw, I told you, ye would bring these trials upon us all; but you would stake—you would throw, and we must each abide by the cast. Duty vindicates me. From the law and its rigours, I can no longer rescue you; nor myself from the horrors of witnessing it."

At this moment a considerable movement was observable in the distant camp of the rebels, and Ryves abruptly broke off the conference with his ancient friend. Captain Kinsela gave no more hope than did the regular officer, that the small force of the loyalists could make any impression on the rebel masses, and Ryves prepared to descend himself to parley for the safety and liberation of his uncle and cousin."

"Despatch some one of less importance than yourself," urged even Kinsela to Ryves; "let this gentleman go; we

will nab him another time, I warrant." But Ryves was determined to go himself, and he left Winter, without any

comment, to the safe-keeping of Orange Dick.

"What a long story you had, Mister Decipherer," said insela to Winter. "You had done wiser in letting my Kinsela to Winter. lads hang you at once. Your pain had been over and my work done; now I must send an escort with you, hard to be spared; and you'll have the fuss of the big wigs and the clergy and the papers all talking about you, as if the noose's knot were to be softened by their clamours and their pedantry. But come—a pair of iron gloves for this gentleman. him to the trunk of the oak, since we may not append him to the bough. But all in good time, as the proverb saith." In such words did the Patriarch of Orangemen indulge his mirth and vent his philosophy.

In the mean time Ryves set forth with a white flag to the Winter, chained as he was, had still free air, a rebel army. noble prospect, and a view towards the scene, wherein lay the objects of his solicitude. The insurgent army interested him as a patriot, the inmates of the besieged castle, as a man. Cruel fate, was his thought, to make him a witness, not an agent in what was about to ensue. For himself, however, the die was now cast. He could not hope to escape. Yet brief and bootless as had been his career, and as instrumental in stirring the passions and the forces that he saw inflamed and marshalled before him, he scarcely knew whether to censure or applaud his conduct.

As he sate in this despairing and reflecting mood, his eyes fixed upon the distance, or wandering over the many dark ruins that spotted the vale between him and it, a smoke arose afar in a direction that could not be mistaken. it burst into a flame, broad-based, and lofty, bickering and resplendent in a mass, that outshone and defied the glare of a spring day to conquer it. The rebel camp seemed to move to and fro, and one fancied that the mighty shout of

triumph came from thence upon the breeze.

Winter rent his chains in agony at the sight: he could have gnawed them. He did not think he could feel such dreadful sympathy with human being, even with those that he loved best. The kind old Earl, thought he, my early benefactor—the tender, the affectionate, the helpless Hesther. He envied the poor guide of the night before, who now

swung insensibly over his head. "Freedom," ejaculated he, "if thou art to be thus bought, I have not the heart or the fortitude to pay the purchase!"

The army of the insurgents had idly spent three whole days before Ryves Castle, which was merely a mansion-house, somewhat castellated certainly, and strong, but not capable, though garrisoned with some twenty soldiers, of standing any thing like a regular and stubborn assault. The first attempts made against it was, however, successfully resisted; and Orde, with whom at present humanity weighed even above the success of his cause, proposed to reduce it by famine, while the army feasted upon the plentiful stock of the Earl. The besiegers thus became in want of provisions much sooner than the besieged. And thence their impatience arose. The old Earl was summoned to surrender, but expecting relief, he manfully set the rebels at defiance.

On the present morn the insurgents resolved to trifle no longer. They formed regular storming-parties, relieved each other, and about the hour that Ryves departed, and that Winter was bound, they made good their entry into the castle. Even then resistance was prolonged by the obstinate defenders, and fire was used to dislodge them. It soon threatened the demolition of the building, and of all within. The insurgents rushed on to plunder and massacre. Orde, however, was among them, seeking the aged Earl, and Orde's wife was by his side, running through all the horrors and perils of the scene, that she might act the preserver by Lady Hesther.

Each of the spouses found those they sought; it was with difficulty that Orde could persuade the Earl to leave his burning Castle, or to trust to his guidance. But the mention of his daughter's safety acted as a talisman. The more difficult task remained, to defend them from the infuriated mob, and to place them in safety. Orde covered his noble captive with his person, and used all the energy of the most powerful man,—an energy that he possessed in the cause of humanity alone,—to preserve him. An outcry assailed him, nevertheless, of "down with the bloody Ryves's," and many a fatal thrust was made and warded off by Orde, and the few that seconded him. "Gorbals, he released your son," cried Orde. "Boys, you know Ryves, our deadliest enemy," continued he; and when the respond-

ent yell was over, he added, "would you make him an Earl by the murder of his harmless uncle here?" This argument had its weight with the few who heard it; but others pressed on, furious from their clamours, some infuriated with wounds received, and others by intoxication. Orde struggled through the crowd. Its press was imperviable, and, as he struggled, a thrust of a pike entered the side of the venerable Earl, and he fell prostrate. Orde instantly bestrode the body, and with a kind of pole-axe, that he had caught up, cleared a circle round him. The wind of it that his arm made, struck, and struck fatally more than one of the bloodthirsty that thronged round, perhaps the very murderer himself. The rest stood aloof, and respected the awakened rage of their mild leader. Lady Hesther swooned upon the lifeless body of her parent; and the hellhounds around stood mute at the sight. It was a group that awed even them, -the fallen Earl, his inanimate daughter, the rage of Orde, the agonized pity and despair of his wife; -- for here, in this dreadful scene, each sex had resumed its natural character.

The attention of the fickle crowd of insurgents was now drawn off by the bruited arrival of a flag of truce. It was the first of the kind that these fresh campaigners had ever heard of, and all ran to see him of the white flag. The Ordes took advantage of this dispersion, to convey the remains of the Earl, and the drooping Lady Hesther, to such shelter as a ruined outhouse afforded.

Ryves, as may be conjectured, was the bearer of the white flag. He was at first received by a few shots, but he ventured on, determined on all risk for his uncle's sake. He perceived that the castle was in ruins, but he still hoped that its inmates were safe; he asked as to these, and received contradictory accounts. Divers, who called themselves commanders, came to him, and he made proffer of treating for the safety of the Earl, and of his daughter. Orde was sent for, but he would not stir from his melancholy task; he abdicated all command,—denied it, and spurned those who would now have him wear its external attributes.

Those at the outposts, nevertheless, offered to bring Ryves to their general, and he, with natural fearlessness, confided to them, even although he heard hints of his uncle's death. He was led through a scene of confusion, such as

Lyves Castle. The mansion t than ever; flame from the wind ther flame from the roof; the w while a fiery rain, composed of half consumed, was seen to fa crowd. When any huge bean place, these gazers shouted appl

mimic drama. At length Ryves reached the taken refuge. Mrs. Orde was calm him, and console Lady H Earl lay extended, blackened w present were equally disfigured.

of concentrated horror to Ryver cousin rushed, and clung to him fear and grief, it required all his p his emotion. " I stand before the commander not?" demanded Ryves.

and disgust. "I come to rescue from their murderer's hands, but I This lady, however, unless you war haps this corpse, may go forth with "Address not me, as one havin Orde. " Methinks even you, Mr. R to think that where Orde had infl

" I see that they are, Sir," replied over that they are house.

we behold could be."

Louisa Orde smiled faintly at the reproach, which she did not deign to answer. "Orde," said she, "this is no time for bandying words, or for your giving way to your disgust or your resentment. Let this sad authority, which lays such guilt upon us, be yet made use of for good, for some little good. Exert it, in order to set this unfortunate lady free."

"True," said Orde, "'tis yet not the time to abdicate.

Let us go forth."

In the mean time the feuds in the army had broken forth The presbyterian part of it were indignant at these cold-blooded murders, which they attributed to the very nature, to the innate ferocity of the Papists. They separated themselves accordingly from the latter, gathered around Snelling, and entreated him to give up a cause, on which its own savage excess must bring down ill success and vengeance from Heaven. That precious zealot was, like his followers, cured in no small degree of his republican ardour. might like democracy in the abstract, or in a country less bigoted, but he now, in common with all the Presbyterian leaders, judged that their equalizing and republican schemes could never be effected by the aid of a Catholic population. And means of retiring with safety from the ways of rebellion was all they now looked or hoped for.

They regretted not having stood by Orde, in his fruitless attempt to defend the Earl of Ryves-Castle. They were certainly far inferior in number to their allies; but they were conscious of more discipline, coolness, and firmness. The last act of sanguinary cruelty, for it could scarcely be called even revenge, disgusted them, and they were resolved to resist the will of the Papists, and even separate from them,

upon the first opportunity.

This resolution was scarcely formed, and communicated among the insurgent Dissenters, than an opportunity occurred for acting upon it forthwith. Orde had come forth to propose, for he dared not issue a simple command to that effect, that Ryves might be allowed to take with him his living cousin and dead uncle. There was at first no appearance of dissent, even among the Gorbals and their fellow-religionists. But Felix, the influential Felix, bethinking him that Winter, his especial patron, meditated an alliance with the Earl's daughter—how such things come to menials' ears is matter of wonder—thought it in his patron's interest,

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that she should not be handed over to the Orangoman. He therefore raised his voice against the prisoner being given up; and being put to it for a pretext, Master Felix chanced to invent the truth. "Some of our chiefs may be taken prisoners. Perhaps Master Winter himself is this moment a captive, as he must be, with great reward out for him, and we not hearing of or from him. And how are we to release him but by exchange?" Such was the tenor of the arguments of Felix; and they were certainly both reasonable

and prudent.

But Orde thought otherwise. He looked upon the Earl's death as a wanton crime, which those who committed, should feel remorse and be ready to make amends for. the present resistance to his proposal, raised by Felix of the Gorbals, served but to increase the indignation of the nominal commander. Orde in consequence persisted. He put on a vigour unusual to him, and resolved to release the unfortunate Lady Hesther, in despite of the opposition of the factious Catholics-for so he designated them. Snelling and the Presbyterians prepared to support Orde in this. somewhat appalled and astounded by the tumult that his proposal had excited, was willing to withdraw it for peace-sake; but his wild comrades would not retract from their demands. and for the sake of gratifying allies of whom they entertained hatred and jealousy. The parties divided, marshalled forth against each other in hostile array, and every thing portended that the allied camp would soon be a field of battle and mutual slaughter.

Ryves was in the midst of this menacing scene. It could not but give him pleasure to see the formidable army of the insurgents thus rendered powerless by divisions, split into two parties, each ready to fall upon the other, and so do the work that the loyalists were too weak to attempt. stood alone where he did, he certainly would have allowed the havor to commence, in order that it might restore peace to the country. His own life, or fears for it, would not have stood between him and the duties of his position; but with the helpless Hesther clinging to him on one side, a raging mob outnumbering far the more humane insurgents that pressed their liberation on the other, the first blow would prove but the signal of a massacre, in which he himself and his now orphan relative would surely fall victims. Orde's generous exertions too excited a feeling of gratitude; and as

4 mode of making him a return, as well as of extricating himself from his unpleasant position—considering at the same time, that so loosely bound as the allied religionists were together, they could never be formidable or effect any thing of consequence as an army—Ryves called together some of the chiefs, acquainted them that Theobald Winter was a prisoner in the camp of the loyalists, and that an immediate exchange, he being delivered up on one side, and Lady Hesther on the other, would prevent unnecessary bloodshed.

This was welcomed by both parties. Both knew and cherished Winter; and all owned him, as he had been the person most instrumental in bringing them together, to be also most likely to preserve the union. Arms in consequence were for the time set aside, and amity again prevailed. Ryves informed them where Winter was to be found, namely, at Captain Kinsela's quarters, and particularized the spot as

beneath the oak which marked them.

"He jokes with us," quoth a Gorbal, on hearing these particulars: "in Orange Dick's hands we know how long a prisoner lives—and under his oak too! But an' it's a joke,

it shall be an ugly one for the maker, any how."

Ryves himself proposed to return in search of Winter, leaving his captive cousin to the care of Orde, but the suspicious Catholics would not hear of this. They sent some of their ewn body, with Ryves' flag, and a missive in Ryves' handwriting. The latter had some misgivings, how a rebel deputation would be received by either the Orange yeomen, or the regular officers of the loyal army. He had not sufficiently weighed that. It was now too late to reconsider it.

It may be supposed with what anxiety the Ordes had heard the circumstance of Winter's captivity. Although they had urged the liberation of Ryves and Lady Hesther without terms, they now rejoiced in their ill success. And, indeed, Snelling and his Presbyterians saw, that had their voice carried it without opposition, a young and spirited partizan would have been idly sacrificed. This contributed much to remove disunion, and promote mutual good feeling. Orde was relieved by the prospect of having a firm adviser or successor in his brother-in-law; and the whole camp assumed an aspect of tranquillity and content.

The news of Winter's captivity filled Felix o' the Gorbals alone with restless anxiety. He mistrusted Orange Dick's

safeguard—he doubted the reception or the success that the deputation might meet with; and gratitude and attachment lay so deep in his peasant breast, that he could not rest. He begged to be allowed to be of the deputation, but he had been too conspicuous and was known; he set forth however at the same time, or before them, in order to learn tidings of his old preserver's fate.

CHAPTER X.

The envoys of the insurgents wended their way towards the positions of the loyalists with no great alacrity. They began to consider, that they might be received as traitors, not as enemies; and that some such commander as Orange Dick, careless of the life of Ryves, or that of his cousin, might despise their safe-conduct, and append them to his oak, perhaps by the very side of Winter. Felix, indeed, had given them this consoling opinion as they departed, and it by no means acted as a spur.

On arriving they had to encounter the same danger that Ryves had done, and they were for some time a tempting object for the Orange marksmen. They were admitted, however, it being taken for granted, that they came to propose their own dispersion or surrender; and they were con-

ducted before the commander.

When Ryves's despatch was delivered and read, it produced at first mighty indignation; that there should be parley, or treaty, or terms with rebels was considered as an indignity, as treason itself. The Orangemen above all others exclaimed against the giving up of the traitors they had caught. The Colonel in command felt, however, for Ryves's situation, and though he blamed the imprudence that had led to it, was inclined, for the sake of so loyal and noble a family, to allow of the interchange of prisoners which was proposed. A lady's safety too was in the case, and the voice of chivalry was not unattended to.

Captain Kinsela was present, and highly indignant at the mildness of the commander; he proposed executing the deputation, and charging the rebels forthwith, to rescue

Ryves by main force. But this his superior was averse to; as in a few hours reinforcements would arrive to enable them to attack the rebels with certainty of success: he therefore ordered Dick to produce his prisoner. But the sullen Orangeman refused to be instrumental to this, saying, that he would not aid in surrendering a leading traitor to become the chief of the rebels. He bade the colonel send his own men upon the errand; " Mine," added he, " would scarcely let such a prisoner escape living from their hands."

"I have reason to think you speak truth in that," observed the commander; and he despatched a sergeant's guard to

bring up Theobald Winter.

After an interval had elapsed, much longer than was necessary for the party to have reached and returned from Kinsela's quarters, the sergeant returned with the intelligence that the young prisoner beneath the oak had been hanged.

"Hanged!" exclaimed the rebel envoys in horror, and

the commander echoed the word in feeling similar.

"I am glad on it," quoth Dick, "but 'twas none of my doing. I was ordered in advance, and left both oak and quarters to the Ancient Britons, who have no doubt put the

poor fellow out of pain."

- "Those sanguinary fencibles are quite capable of it," observed an officer. "And here is a man of rank and importance in jeopardy, owing to your neglect and bloodthirstiness."
- "I regret it for Ryves's sake, who is a staunch fellow," said Dick; "let me remedy it in my way."

" How may that be, Sir ?"

"By attacking these ruffians without delay."

The deputation had retired ere this precipitately, and almost fled, no efforts being made in the general astonishment to retain them, save a few such random shets as they had encountered in arriving.

"I believe you are right, Captain Kinsela, something must be done. There is a reinforcement now within an hour's march, and they will arrive fresh in the field to decide

it. Get your troopers in readiness."

Never was command obeyed with more alacrity. And while the rebels' envoys retreated from their bootless errand towards their camp, with far more speed than they had come. the loyalists advanced in order to turn the rage of the insursupped full of horror, seen the place hood laid in ruin, her aged father a relation in the power of sanguinary of her heart had perished, perished a troubles. The sorrow of Louisa C more loud, but not more deep than

Meantime the rising clamour of was averted and turned in another diof the loyalists to their attack. Ve deferred, pike and musket grasped, a were formed. Large masses pushe enemy far inferior in number, and skithe vale.

Leaving the combat in this incipient Felix o' the Gorbals, who had set out in gof Winter's captivity, at the same before the deputation of his comradea direction from them however, uncertatentions were. These, however, shape pose, as by a secret and circuitous particular and incomplete the loyalists. And incomplete the speed enabled his journey in half the time that the misging the success of their embassy he doubted himself to use all means for the liberate he guessed moreover, would prefer fin the camp on his return, than be exchanged.

cak, for, since the taking and conflagration of Ryves Castle, and the departure of Ryves, every one was anxious to learn something of the fate of the Earl, and of the motions of the rebels. There was little discipline, as may be supposed, among irregular troops, posted as they always were on the wing or outskirts of the army. The prisoner, Winter, handcuffed, and bound likewise with a strong rope to the trunk of the tree, was considered to be securely held, and watched sufficiently by a glance now and then reverted to him. And the glance was reverted but at intervals, as every eye was

prying and straining down and far into the valley.

Along the ridge of the hill, and a few yards behind the oak. ran a little country road, which, like similar ones, had worn its way down into the soil, and was sunk between two embankments. A besieger could not have dug a trench more convenient for approaching a city wall, than this was to Felix. On the embankments of this a sentinel stood to watch the road, and that he did do so, was evident, from the horse of a mounted yeoman being picketed to the road-side, of which it cropped the scanty herbage. The rider, who was also the sentinel, had probably stepped forward to join his comrades with the negligence and indiscipline of his ranks. not fail to take advantage of this, running on all-fours along the sunken road, and up its banks, where the oak overspread and sheltered it; there he found suspended the body of a man, a Croppy no doubt, and a comrade; Felix grasped it, and by its means reached the bough from which it hung, in a twinkling, and from thence the body of the tree itself.

The fettered and dejected Winter was roused from his painful reverie at first by the fall of a rotten bough upon him.

and anon by,-

" Master, dear, is it there you are?"

"Hath honest Felix ventured to my rescue?" and Winter as he spoke, held forth his hands to show they were manacled, and stretched forth his feet to tell they were free.

"There's not a mortal soul of 'em th' other side of us, but all afore, wid their mouths open, devil fill 'em. That neger of a fellow looks back now and agin; but I'll decaive him. If I give you a comrade, Master honey, don't be afeared, but sit upon him, and cover him a bit."

Felix at the moment cut the suspended body that hung at the back of the tree over the road, and watching the moment that those in front had turned from looking, he swung it

round, and placed it beside Winter; Winter's cloak was flung over it by the same hand, his cord cut, and himself at liberty to turn around the oak, and slip into the road. In an instant he was free. Along the sunken road they ran, liberator and liberated, till the woods were gained, into which both dashed and penetrated far, despite of the manacles that still bound Winter's hands. They had to wander far, ere he could be released from these; but as no alarm was given, and no pursuit awakened, a village was in some time reached, where a smith's hammer unlocked the iron bonds of Dick From the course they had taken, Winter and Fe-Kinsela. lix were now much further from their own friends, than the fatal oak itself; however, the circuit could be made in safety. They soon set forward, their march considerably bastened by the increasing reports of musketry, and other distant symptoms of a combat commenced.

The distant noise of war attracted other wanderers. Numbers of the rebel army had strayed to seek provisions, to meet friends, or to enjoy a stroll. These were all hurrying campwards, joined by peasants, who had not yet joined the standard of revolt, and were about to do so. The reports of musketry and of the few cannon in either army recalled them hastily. In their march they fell in with Winter and Felix; hoth, the latter more especially, known as leaders, and they made no difficulty in grouping together, and submitting themselves to Winter's guidance and command.

The youth's spirit rose as he perceived his ranks gradually swelling; his martial ardour had been long kindling within him at every peal and thunder-roll of war. What he had most regretted when in chains, and apparently consigned to death, was, that like his unfortunate comrades he had no opportunity of signalizing himself in the field, of falling there, or, if he fell elsewhere, of perishing with at least some of the laurels of a soldier round his brow; for he felt that to have merely raised civil strife was not enough to hallow or ennoble the patriot's memory.

His prospects rose with his spirit, and with his hopes came the means of fulfilling them. The stragglers soon swelled his band to a respectable size, and, no longer confining his aim to merely joining the ranks of the insurgents, he meditated some blow or diversion, that might prove of advantage, or perhaps, as is often the case in undisciplined and tumult-wous armies, decide the combat. He therefore clambered

an oak, a less fatal tree than that which had that day sheltered him, in order to catch a glimpse of the state of the contending parties, who had now been at least an hour and

a half engaged.

From this height, Winter was enabled to perceive, that in the more distant part of the field the battle languished; that the royalists had been either beaten in that quarter, or at least were not there in force, but that their efforts were on the near side, fronting the ruins of Ryves Castle. Moreover they seemed to be successful—the insurgent force was compressed into its narrowest bounds before them; in fact, the yeomanry and the Ancient Britons were carrying the day. The flank of both parties lay against the wooded declivity which rose from Ryves Castle, and which the reader may remember the old Earl to have climbered in amicable converse with Winter and his daughter. The insurgents had not taken possession of this copse, whence they might have galled the enemy, that now turned them. The loyalists had

not yet had time.

Winter saw in an instant the critical state of affairs. Aung himself, followed by his band, down the wooded ravine. Their progress, as they descended obliquely through the wood, would, in a tranquil moment, have resounded far, but they were now unheard in the general tumult. Five minutes sufficed for the descent; and then a body of some hundred peasants, stout and fresh, headed by Winter, rushed unexpectedly from the wood upon the flank and rear of the loyalists. It was already in the confusion of victory, the stragglers and fugitives rallying and joining it, when this unexpected attack came, and almost cut the mishapen column Thus the impulse from behind, that was insuring the victory, was taken away; the nearer ranks looked back for the cause, those in front faltered, and the sight communicated fresh vigour to the insurgents. Their efforts were of course redoubled. And the ranks, a moment before firm in order and rushing on to victory, were now, as by the turn of an impetuous tide, borne backwards, mingled, confused, panic-struck. They were soon scattered in a rout, and fled in panic-fright. There was no reserve to support them. The loyalists retreated across the vale to their old position, and the insurgents raised clamorously on high the poean of

They had seen themselves almost beaten; and the ques-

tion could not but be asked, "whence came victory?" The loud-mouthed Felix took upon him to answer this question. He pointed out Winter, as the preserver of the army; it was his generalship, late as he had arrived, and small as was the force at his disposal, which had decided the day. His resuscitation too, at a time when all the army regretted him as dead, added to the effect of his appearance, and of his coming as their deliverer. The first thought of all hailed him as their general, even before their loud huzzas uttered the fiat of his election. Orde, indeed, had already resigned; he had exercised no command in the action, though he had been present; and he had retired immediately to the shelter where Ryves and Lady Hesther, accompanied by Louisa Orde, remained awaiting their fate.

"The day is ours," said Orde, as he entered the melancholy shed, without any air of triumph. "The royalists, when not far from victory, were unaccountably taken by a

sudden panic, and retreated."

"The knaves, who can murder with alacrity, but not fight,

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they abandon us," exclaimed Ryves.

"I am glad the good cause has prospered," said Louisa Orde, still preserving her patriotic feelings.

"And I, nor glad, nor sorry," said her husband.

"Victory will render them generous and merciful."

"It has even had a contrary effect upon the savage; we have the worst to expect from their rage," observed Ryves.

"What an evil fate thrust me upon them!" said Orde, "Had Winter lived, and been offered to them, he might have led them to honourable and soldier like feeling, as well as to victory. But all the ardent spirits of the cause have sunk ingloriously under the jailer and the executioner; while the eminence of command, more inglorious in such hands as mine, is left to me."

"Why have accepted it, Sir?"

"Alas! why, indeed? and why rebel? circumstances, and weakness and fortune. Why have forsaken home, and peace, and a station of which none might complain."

"Orde, Orde!" exclaimed his wife, " was there no cause? If there were not, then are we not only foolish enemies to our own quiet, but guilty, guilty of all this blood, this pain, this crime!"

"'Tis true," said Orde, "'tis true." He could agree with

either side of the question.

"That we have lost all, and can have nought to gain, is a proof, Orde, that principle, high principle, and love of country was our motive;—to liberate Ireland from the tyranny of England; to emancipate our fellow-countrymen from the yoke of the Anglo-Irish Creoles, who held all not of their caste in bondage; to uphold the sacred rights of freedom, and of natural independence."

"To establish religious freedom," interrupted Orde.

"And to begin all this by massacre," said Ryves, pointing to the rude coffin that held his venerable uncle's remains.

"Mention not that," cried Mrs. Orde: "our motives were high and noble, but our foresight weak."

"I would be content," said Ryves, "to cast this upon your very motives. And thus were the ravings of wild enthusiasm and personal ambition, tempted to apply to Ireland those principles of revolution, that have succeeded in great countries. But the thunder-storm which is calculated to purify a whole region of air when it is spread throughout, brings but devastation and death when it is concentrated, and made to burst upon a limited space or a confined nook. What is Ireland, that she should be ambitious of the place of an independent nation, in order that she might be the tool of interested allies in war, their dupe in peace? She had wrongs, and she might have made them heard ;-I myself helped to echo them. Legally urged, they would in time have won their remedy; urged with arms, they occasion considerable misery as a means, and tenfold bondage and injustice as their end. Poor Winter! this heat recalls how oft I spoke these reasons to him; but he was deaf: fate urged him on the precipice."

"It has urged you to as fatal a one, I fear," broke in Lady Hesther. "Fate, however, I think, never acts kinder than when she sinks all friends together to the tomb in a common

shipwreck."

Felix o' the Gorbals entered at the instant, and his countenance bespoke him charged with a message of im-

nortance.

"Well, Sir Executioner," exclaimed Ryves, for Felix was he who had before marred their liberation,—"you come to seek your victims. Those shouts that I hear proclaim we are expected."

"Troth, they're not thinking o' you, Master Ryves; more luck yours. 'Tis only Gineral Winter they're proclaiming."

"Winter, my brother! is he safe?" were uttered in so

many exclamations.

"Safe! to be sure he is. Let Felix alone for taking care

o' that."

Louisa Orde was relieved by the intelligence from the weight that preyed on her. Lady Hesther too, and even Ryves were glad.

"I come to see you out of the camp, Mr. Ryves, or Mr.

Earl," quoth Felix.

"Me! I thank your new General's justice. And this lady

accompanies me."

"Not a taste of her, your Honour. You go as you came, alone. It would be too much to venture letting both go." "If that is the only reason."

"Sorrow an other," quoth Felix.

Ryves was at any rate obliged to be contented with it, and Lady Hesther begged of him to seize the opportunity of escape, when it was offered. His life was valuable, and he was an object of vengeance, which she could not be; and the present rebel General, she felt assured, would release her too at the first opportunity. Felix therefore led Ryves, or the Earl of Ryvescastle, as he now was, forth from the camp, ere the victorious rabble had returned to it. Winter indeed had privately despatched Felix to execute this first act of his authority; and it delighted him to make this return for Ryves' former forbearance.

Ryves also made some stipulation respecting his uncle's remains, and Felix was prepared to agree, that they should be borne to the family vault in the church of the neighbouring town, where they would be delivered to those ready to

receive them.

As to Winter himself, he had no sooner descended from the buckler, on which indeed the united array had raised him, than he prepared to act his new part with vigour, to consolidate the union, to take the utmost advantage of the triumph gained, and to retrieve the united cause, which drooped in all other quarters, for want of leaders, prudence, communication, and common humanity. It was a task of pride and pain.

CHAPTER XI.

IF Winter had not the advantage of Orde or of any other commander, whom the insurgents might have chosen, in military skill and experience, he was at least more versed in the state of affairs throughout the kingdom. He had just come from the metropolis, where he had been partially a witness to the general panic both of Government and people. he rightly judged, a blow might best be struck, and with most The city was denuded of troops, important consequences. which were making head against the insurrection in Wexford. His idea was to march Southward without delay, and recruit such of the Dissenters as were sworn United men, in the counties of Armagh and Monaghan, through which he must pass. He would then be in Meath, an extensive and Catholic county, where the insurrection had already broken out, and was in force. To form a junction with this army, and march on the metropolis was Winter's scheme. The royalist forces, just repulsed, could not arrest his progress, and a very inconsiderable portion of them could follow him, as the North, so full of disaffection, would by that means be left unprotected and unarmed. This plan of campaign Winter explained to those whom he might call his officers; they approved of it; and even were they disinclined to do so, they had seen too much of the fatal effects of disunion, irresolution, and the want of authority in command, to act the dissentient. His success had given Winter an ascendancy over the lower ranks also. They were eager to follow him, mere especially when Dublin was offered to their capture. On the next morning the march was to be begun.

Winter tasked his mind sternly to all these considerations and arrangements, and went through with them, ere he permitted himself to indulge in feelings more properly his own. Orde had joined him, congratulated him cordially upon having superseded one so unfit for command as himself, and approved his brother-in-law's plans fully, but with none of the ardour to which even his lukewarm nature had been at home wont to work itself up. Louisa too had come forth to welcome the brother, whom she had so lately despaired of ever

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again beholding, and tears of pride as well as of joy filled her eyes on seeing him in the station of command, for which in her opinion he had been born. All indeed shared her opinion, as the camp began to assume an order and an alacrity, to which it had been before unused.

It had been a busy day with Winter; thick with events, commenced in peril, long threatening disgraceful death, terminating in glory: it would prove an emblem, he hoped, as he reflected upon it, of his cause, and of his life. Councils, orders, arrangements-for he was himself obliged to regulate the getting ready a baggage cart, as much as the march of the army,—occupied him till a late hour. And when then he relaxed his mind from the tension of such activity, he felt at once the weight that falls on him who cares for thousands. His private feelings too, for so many hours kept off, forcibly The good old Earl occursprung up with redoubled force. red to him: he had heard his fate alluded to, cursorily told, and had at the moment comprehended it without allowing himself time to dwell upon it. Now his regrets rose un-The remains had been carchecked. He made inquiries. ried to the church where the family vault was. Lady Hes-These were ther had accompanied them, and had returned. no times for the pomps and delays of funeral ceremonies.

Being near midsummer, there was a dim twilight all through the night, which was warm, just such as that unhoused and untented army would have desired. Winter felt too excited, too full of his new position, and of the events of the day, to sleep. His wish would have been to have visited Orde, his sister, and Lady Hesther; but he could not break upon their slumbers. He walked, however, towards the ruins of Ryves Castle, the hospitable mansion of his gemerous friend. If he had not overthrown it, not murdered its lord, he had helped to place the lever for the one, and at least to gird the sword that was to do the other. "Every step out of the beaten path," thought he, "demands a sacrifice, and though these are of the heaviest, yet they were umforeseen."

Winter's reflections were interrupted by his perceiving that the ruins had attracted other visiters besides himself. He could neither distinctly mark nor hear them, and he was some time listening ere he could discover who they were. He ab length recognised his brother-in-law's voice joined with that of Snelling. "You surprise me," said Orde; "I thought this day's victory would have done away with all heart-burning and causes of difference."

"Another such victory on a larger scale, and our throats

are at the mercy of these Papists, who hate us."

"This should have been foreseen, Snelling. We are too far gone now to recede; we must bear with the inconvenience of the alliance, and derive from it what benefit we can. Heaven knows I am no longer sanguine, and that disgust and horror hourly choke me at what I see. But we have marched chin deep into the stream, and the danger is as great to return as to advance, the disgrace tenfold greater."

"On the contrary, after twofold victory it is the very moment to retreat without disgrace. Differences we foresaw, and incongruities in the alliance; but that we should be such ciphers, so out numbered, un-considered, who could have believed? We rather reckoned that the rational and enlightened portion of the alliance would have exercised its natural supremacy over the rest that was brute and bigot."

"Well, here is Winter at the helm for the present, enlightened, as you would have him, to all the beauty of de-

mocracy, and they obey him."

"For a day, or until they are next tempted by a non-Catholic house or person, to sack the one or murder the other. Besides, we are victorious,—suppose the thing; suppose this army, trebled by the Papist insurgents of Meath, and with the co-operation of the Papists of the South, who come drunk with slaughter—suppose that it doth take the metropolis, does overturn the Government, where lies the majority, where the ruling party to re-establish another? Why, with these Gorbal gentry and their brethren."

"The United Irishmen have leaders, surely."

"Had, you mean; where are they now? Hanged, exiled, or drawing up what information they can give in exchange for life. But, were they at large, and ruling, they would have just as little influence. They have called up the people in the name of religion; it is their only rallying word; and we see that they mean nought by the word religion, but death to heretics."

"To what doth all this prelude, Snelling?" asked Orde,

unable to answer his brother religionist.

"To this;—that I have just received private orders from

the Belfast Committee to draw off from the Catholics, to

separate from them."

"What!" cried Orde, in indignation, "'twas we who roused them, who organized, who excited them. The imprisonment of me, of one of us, was the cause and signal for the poor wretches to rise, and shall we abandon them?"

"They do not fulfil what we expected."

"And who gave you right to expect aught from men, whom oppression has made savages, but to be savage? They are brave, vindictive, grateful, cruel, generous,——'"

"Why, Orde," said Snelling, interrupting him, "where is the disgust you just now spoke of the horror that these men

and their acts excited?"

"Your base proposal has driven all away," cried Orde.

"Well said, soft brother," ejaculated Winter, as he listened; "there is a spark in thee as in the flint, but it requires a hard and a chance stroke to make it leap forth."

"How have you learned all their virtues so suddenly?"

"In the cowardice and treachery of the Committee."

"Nay, but, my friend, they have cause, ample cause. I forgive the generous burst of your enthusiasm. Have you heard of the capture of Wexford, of the dreadful massacre perpetrated there? not a Protestant spared, nor age, nor sex; France brings nothing to equal it."

"I deny it," said Orde, who was thoroughly kindled; "France has equalled and surpassed it. She has precedents of the kind clear and numerous to show; yet you held her out to be admired; she was our model, Snelling; we toasted her freedom, and bowed down to the same goddess."

"You mistake, Sir, altogether," said Snelling peevishly; blood in France was spilled judicially, and was requisite for the consolidation of the Government; and although the excesses of the anarchists—"

"Out upon it! Snelling; for I will argue for once. You eulogise massacres, perpetrated from calculation and in cold blood, yet you shrink from those committed in the heat of strife, with the bitter feelings of vengeance and retaliation stirring. You may picture to me the horrors of a Catholic mob lording it in the metropolis of the country, and the picture is horrible; but it is not so horrible, Snelling, so appalling, as the thought of a Committee of Jacobins ruling, not wreaking their vengeance in a feverish and passing tumult, but sending calmly and coldly their victims to the execu-

holding the axe and the rope in terror over the necks tole population, and establishing a reign of terror upon tion, as 'requisite for the consolidation of the new lic.'"

id, pray, Sir, after this tirade, may I ask what are your les and views? For I would know whom I speak to." we have put all I had out of place and joint. I can y, that for the present, I am even more sick of the terian democrat, than of the Catholic slave."

" Genere you are wrong, Orde," broke in Winter. i beg your pardon, but your discussion is so inte-, and so important, that having been an involuntary , I must join in it " Snelling was somewhat startled, re was no menace or resentment in the tone of Winose policy it was indeed to soften matters, and win vering by gentle persuasion, rather than to outrage by such merited indignation, as Orde displayed. you are wrong, Orde. The Dissenter is no demohe Catholic no servile, but by position. In Scotland Il find the one out-Heroding the loyalist of England's loyalty; and in the very darkest age, you will find, ook back, the Catholic of Italy, the Catholic religion chief, sowing and cherishing the very first seeds of an liberty. And why?-because it was their inte-Predicate what you will of religions in general, or of general, but do not separate them. By nature they the same, intolerant, servile, bigoted, except from the of their interest, or the spirit of contradiction." ling exclaimed against this sweeping assertion, which

o to, both of ye!" continued Winter. "The first takes the first ground. The Catholic comes first, ects its standard on the mound of power;—which of

reeds would not have done the same? But it happens start up second; ye dissent, ye are driven from the or ye retire from it. Where have ye to pitch your but on the ground right opposite. Ye clamour for m, because ye have it not; and for tolerance, because it it. I would not trust one of ye with his neighbour's charitable as ye are."

eave these abstractions, Winter; condescend to comense, and common life, a space, and instead of venting

your paradoxes and irreligious crotchets, with a full sound, and but half a meaning, prove to this gentleman that a dishonourable act cannot be a politic one; and that to desert a dangerous cause, after having inveigled theusands to engage in it, will redound to the disgrace both of himself and of his party." So saying, Orde turned away and departed.

"I am obliged to you for stirring my brother, Snelling."
"So you should. I found him lukewarm to the cause, as

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if he could have whistled it off. Conscience or remorse, or honesty, seemed then to have nothing to do with the question; but I have made him hot enough, and why or by what

process of reasoning, is beyond my conception."

"The thinner the liquid, the more furiously it will boil; and I am heartily glad your experiment has turned so contrary. You see, the most pacific of your party shrinks from your proposal, and prefers to it all the turmoil and horror and chance of war. And who could have expected to find you ratting,—you, the very Alecto, bating your rude garments, of the cause?"

"I have orders, General Winter."

"Nay, don't General me, while you plead orders destructive of my authority,—my hopes of our cause. I thought you a spirit to give, not receive command."

"You are then the only man in the camp who thinks so."

Have I you, thought Winter,—the republican is jealous. "For the present it happens, that you do not, Snelling; but at the head of your sect in arms you are, and that is a station of more rank and more authority than my unsteady preferment. And had your ranks not thinned, melted away from such faint-hearted, feeble fears, as those you have just spoken, you had been an Irish Cromwell—so for faith, as power and victory."

"I am no fish to be caught by flattery, General.—I am much too far north for it. If I am jealous, 'tis but a trifle, and not more than my best zeal would warrant. But the truth is, that the whole body of deputies, chiefs and followers, committee-men and soldiers, are disgusted with the massacres of the South, the failure and imprudence and want of heroism of their allies in the metropolis, and are resolved to back out

of the business."
"Orde has made you the fit answer, Snelling, and I will not repeat it. These murders, you allege, are but retaliation. When the friends of the cause all rally, we will be strong

enough to prevent them. If you desert us, then indeed a massacre may thrive."

"We will not stay to witness, or help to make victims

for it."

"I tell thee, Snelling, the French will have landed within the week;—they are impartial; they will see order kept. Staunch republicans they must be, free from bigotry, and will indulge neither sect nor party in a thirst for blood."

"Suppose they indulge thomselves in it?" cried Orde, of a sudden rejoining the interlocutors after a hurried walk.

"No unlikely supposition," said Snelling.

"Go to bed, Orde, till your thoughts settle," cried Winter. "Your man of party, when he is heated, is the most impertinent thruster in of truths, and is sure to mar every thing, hitting on all sides of him, like a drunkard handling a flail. Snelling, march through these two counties with us. population is chiefly of your friends. Enlist, swell your ranks, be in equal number with us. No person can then resist us, and we shall be so balanced, as to aid each other in good, while we check each other in ill."

"More likely to check each other in good, and aid each

other in ill," observed Orde.

"What the devil would you have?" cried Winter, impa-

tiently turning upon the interrupter.

"I cannot tell, nor think. My wife and bleach-green in peace, I believe; all that has been done, undone—and ye, mercurial spirits, condemned to live contented."

"Amen!" repeated Snelling.
"Amen! in the ——name," added the angry Winter.

CHAPTER XH.

SOUTHWARD, nevertheless, the united army marched on the following morning, despite of the almost avowed purpose of Snelling to desert it. Winter flattered himself that he had won over the dissenting leader by his arguments, and perhaps thought his disaffection to the cause was momentary, produced by the elevation of a younger rival. The loyalist army, then following the march, had been too severely

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punished on the preceding day to interrupt it; and many of the local corps, composed of Protestant farmers and inhabitants, were glad to see their part of the country rid of such troublesome visitants, more especially after an indecisive action. The counties through which the insurgents marched had been comparatively quiet, the population being pretty equally divided between the several sects, which thus kept each other in awe. The Dissenters too were farther from the influence of their Belfast magnates, and consequently had been less excited by them to the brief union that had taken place in regions somewhat more North. And, contrary to Winter's hopes, few or none joined him, except of the Catholics, and none of note even of these.

To retain Lady Hesther Ryves in the insurgent camp a prisoner, could not have been the wish or intention of Winter. As her liberation, however, had been a subject of dispute between the two parties, he did not choose to venture the setting of both Ryves and her free, as the first act of his authority. Afterward, during two days of tumultuary march, he perceived fully what a scene an army, especially an insurgent and undisciplined one, presented at all times, and he became anxious that both his sister and Lady Heather should To the latter he had as yet spoken, since escape from it. the catastrophe of Ryves Castle, but a few words of kindness He would not break upon her grief. and consolation. Louisa Orde acted by her all that companion or friend might do; and it was pleasing to him to see that a friendship, laid in peril and anxiety, grew between the two ladies.

It was as lovely a summer as ever delighted a peaceful As the sun shone forth in its forenoon freshness and splendour, and lit up the scenes through which the insurgents passed, few sights could be more fine or more exhilarating, to those at least who could set aside the moral and political feelings which it necessarily excited. They moved in the direction of Newry, or westward of it, along the banks of Winter had avoided the old episcopal the little river Cusher. city of Armagh, which his followers were anxious to attack and plunder; but the attempt would have caused delay, might not have been successful, and would have completely interfered with the principal aim of the march, and the project They traversed a plain country, the high and of its adviser. rocky mountains landward of Newry before them, those toward Armagh still more lofty and black upon their right.

The army was scattered into many columns, and still more stragglers. But all were active and unweary at that early hour, marching in gayety and song, their huge coats slung behind on the pike or musket supported on the shoulder. Small bodies of loyalists here and there visible reconnoitring, added life and interest to the scene: and the rugged heights and mountain-passes before them, which they were about to enter on, promising some resistance to overcome, kept anxiety and forethought on the stretch.

Winter bethought him how much better it would be for Mrs. Orde and Lady Hesther not to accompany the rebel army through these passes, in defiling through which no one could be altogether protected. Struck by this reflection, he retired from the head of the advancing column, or crowd, as it might more properly be called, whence he had been examining the country in front, and observing if opposition

was meditated, or if impediment lay in the way.

He gained the few vehicles that accompanied the march, one of which bore his sister and Lady Hesther Ryves. He was glad to perceive that they appeared more cheerful than he had yet observed them. The bright day had its effect,

despite of sorrow.

"Theobald, I give you joy," said Louisa, as he approached; "This looks like an army—it has order, and quiet force—all seem to have cast their cares on you. I do not think that even Orde, with his misgivings, could chide you for hoping at this moment."

"We may hope, and have misgivings too: I have both. And I came to propose, that you should accompany Lady

Hesther Ryves, when she quits us."

"Then I am to be liberated, Winter?" said that lady, in-

terrupting Mrs. Orde.

"Doubtless! You could not think that I would retain you captive an hour, after my attaining the power to set you free. We will liberate you when an outpost of your friends is near; and you will in turn, I beg, act safeguard to Louisa here. This army presents horrid and disgusting scenes, not fit for female eyes to witness. You will be better absent, Louisa; and, in good or in bad fortune, you will be more at peace, and more useful in Dublin, than with us."

"You speak in vain to me," said Mrs. Orde; "I will never quit my husband. Besides, are you not marching to

Dublin !"

"We will have to march over some obstacles," replied Winter, "which we will the better overcome without such

objects of solicitude as you would be."

"For my part," said Mrs. Orde, "I am determined to share my husband's fortunes. But for Lady Hesther, I shall rejoice in her obtaining her freedom, though I shall lose a companion, and, I believe, a friend."

"Believe," said Lady Hesther; "receive the assurance of it; and do not leave me to pursue my journey alone. They are brothers engaged in a perilous cause, and, in field or camp, can best aid one another. They will be the more bold—the more at ease, knowing you are safe; and should misfortune or defeat befall them, you will with me be in the best position to exert yourself for their safety."

" I must not permit myself to look towards such a possibility," said Mrs. Orde; "what is to become of hope, if -we are to make provision for despair? I will seek Orde, Theobald, and acquaint him with your plan of separating

us."

"Nay,--'tis his, Louisa!"

"Then it shall be no longer his!" And Mrs. Orde, alighting from the vehicle, went on horseback in search of her husband.

"Can Lady Hesther Ryves forgive Theobald Winter for all she has of late witnessed and endured?" asked the latter personage.

"Do you charge yourself with the guilt of causing it?"

"Not guilty, lady, most assuredly, even were I the sole mover and leader of these bands. I seek a noble end, and must not turn against it, like a child, for all the sorrow or disgust it may cause me."

"At least, Winter, I cannot accuse you-I, who almost shared your enthusiasm at one time; but I share it no longer: I see its crime, and abhor it—its madness;—and I both shudder at it, and pity those whom it involves."

"I cannot blame you; but only hope that time, our success, a long penitence in doing good, and washing out the stains of private wrong by a mass of public benefit, will at length exculpate us in your eyes, and blot from your mind how far we have been instrumental in-

"Mention it not! another way may blot it sooner: your ruin, instead of your success—the fall of this mad enterprise, which is at hand, for, begun in cruelty and blood, it cannot prosper—I foresee it, Winter! These recruits of religious bigotry may be butchers, but never soldiers;—they will fly in the shock of arms, as they have been foremost to slay the selpless,—and you will be the victim."

to I repine not, even though what you say be true,—
not at least for myself. For if this be but an idle dream, on
which my hopes were based, I have no wish but to vanish
with it."

"Have you no wish to survive for your friends', for your

ister's sake ?"

"Alas! of what value was my friendship ever, either as aid in honour? It has proved but of detriment. I have dragged all into peril; and, even in peaceful times, the presence of Winter did but derogate from the dignity of those who honoured him with friendship."

"Winter, you wrong both yourself and friends."

"If such were the case then, what would it be were I a raitor—that is, unsuccessful, ranked with felons, doomed to lisgrace, or spared from pity? Add to all this, the sum of ny disappointment and remorse—and think, if I should wish o survive the failure of this insurrection."

"You have then given up all to ambition,—every feeling

every hope?"

" To Liberty, lady!"

- "A precious idol—like that of Juggernaut, crushing thousands of victims at every revolution of its sanguinary car-wheels!"
- "Blood has been poured to all deities," said Winter; "and such is our hapless nature, that the establishment of every principle demands human sacrifice."

"Does that of instruction, of philanthropy?" replied Lady Hesther, shocked at the jargon of the revolutionist, little as

she comprehended it.

"Ay, truly doth it: the religion of charity and of peace demands it too; for I have heard votaries say, that 'tis necessary at times to 'wade knee-deep in blood' in its behalf."

"Spare me these impious sneers, Winter; I had hoped to hear them from you no longer, at least not at such a time. I expostulate with you from friendship; and you answer me with the bitterness of an unbeliever."

"And pardon me, that it should be so; I have reason to

be sick of creeds, from the effects that I daily see."

"Had you seen a state without any, Winter, the aspect

that it would present might shock you even the more. I have read of modern France, and even the horrors we witness are there outdone. We must load humanity with its own crimes: But humanity is so vain, so pure in its own conceits, that now religion, now tyranny, or powerty, or blindness, or chance, are each in turn made to bear the weight of its misdoings and its absurdities."

"I may have time to disprove that said argument," said Winter; "but it must be at a more peaceful hour: those fellows in front are swarming like bees: can an enemy have stirred them?" Winter hastily took leave of Lady Hesther, and galloped forward to learn the cause of what even in the

distance seemed a tumult.

The army had halted for its mid-day meal, and for repose. Its more advanced body was roused soon, some from their stewing and potato-boiling, the rest from slumber, by the approach of a band, which at first they took to consist of foes. On nearer view, they appeared rather to be maniacs, so wild were their howlings, and writhings, and imprecations. One who had visited the East might have thought them to be dervishes or faquirs, those devout madmen who precede Oriental armies in numbers, and who, by self-inflicted tortures and wild cries, are supposed to call down Heaven's benison upon the expedition. This Hibernian rabble were in tortures too, and martyrs somewhat, though not voluntary ones; the greater part had caps upon their heads, that had been besmeared with pitch, and which, being set fire to, had burned hair and head, ears and neck. Many, no doubt, had died in the torments of this species of punishment, invented by the Orangemen of the day, as an improvement upon hanging. The survivors were still more to be pitied. Most had their eyes burned out, or so scorched, as to render With these were mingled others, who had only them blind. suffered the punishment of the lash, inflicted, however, with the dreadful vehemence of religious hate, and who, garmentless, displayed their sores and sufferings for commiseration.

These were Catholic peasants of the region served in this manner,—not as punishment for being taken in arms, for that would have been visited by the milder one of being shot, but as actual torture, judicial torture, (if one may so use the word judicial,) to extort confession and information. An historian of the Irish Rebellion, Musgrave, very placidly regrets, that the whole North had not been so served; he hav-

ing, no doubt from experiment, discovered the mode to be the only efficacious preventive of insurrection.

These victims, or the surviving victims in the present juncture, had been collected with great exertion and activity by a certain Newry magistrate, the taste that impelled him to it may be imagined, but scarcely can be believed,—and were directed or driven towards the advanced body of the insurgent army. It is to be supposed, that the worthy Orangeman intended that such a flagrant sample of loyal vengeance should fright the Papists from proceeding any farther, and, like a gibbeted traitor, deter them from their crime. Whatever was the mad idea of the contriver, whether it was vengeance, or policy, or tiger-like humour, its effect was what might be expected, to exasperate the armed Catholics under Winter to ungovernable fury. Had a loyalist force been even in view, they would have flown upon it like wolves, not so much to rout and subdue, as to tear in pieces. school-boy purpose of the Orangeman, whom circumstances had unfortunately gifted with power and authority to vex the foes whom he could not at the moment check, was quite fulfilled. Vexed they were, and with a vengeance.

The famished and half-burned wretches were of course fed, tended, and consoled, as might be. They were distributed through the army as excitements and warnings. Winter met some of them soon after he had left Lady Hesther, and heard, with mingled indignation and sorrow, their wretched story. He was shocked, and regretted deeply the occurrence of so terrific a stimulant to the fury of his men. Had they been upon the eve of action, he might have thanked the Orange purveyor, even while he abhorred his cruelty; but at present, with merely a march to execute, he dreaded lest vengeance should be wreaked upon some insignificant individual or place, such as Kinsela or Ryves Castle, while the golden opportunity for striking an important blow was allowed to pass. The vengeance too, as is usual in such cases, would probably be inflicted on the unoffending and peaceable, who are ever the victims of the bigotry of

both parties.

His expectations in this were but too truly verified.

There was a little village in a remote vale, founded scarcely twelve years previously by a foreigner, as they called him in the country, an English or Scotsman, who had laid out his capital in establishing some kind of factory in this

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sequestered valley. It was built on the banks of a little river, that run into the Newry-water, and was surrounded on all sides by the mountains of that region, which, though rocky throughout, and barren towards the summit, have still their interstices of fertility and green. This brother-manufacturer of Orde's was moreover somewhat of a religious enthusiast: at least, he was singular in his tenets and opinions on that point, and, like all men, loved to have those around him who shared his opinions. His workmen, whose habitations he reared, and whose comforts he studied, found it convenient to agree with him on the point most dear; and he had accordingly built a place of worship, and every way exerted himself to make his colony independent of all supplies or communication with the surrounding region.

The village prospered, as order and economy based upon wealth must ever do. The peasant, as he acted shepherd on the hills, and drove along his two goats, or his spanselled cow, stopped to stare down at the abode of happiness. His next impulse was to envy its inhabitants: the feeling might have passed away, and given place perhaps to the worthier one of emulation, if bigotry had not come to hallow the worse sentiment, and grave it deeper. The Catholic priests of the region preached against the manufacturer as an envoy His occupation was declared to be sorcery, of the devil. and the clapper of his mill the very tongue of the enemy of mankind. His grammar-school was held up as a horror, an allurement by all means to be avoided; and the knowledge of letters, even of those of the alphabet, was anathematized with the fury and logic of Shakspeare's Jack Cade. Despite of all this, the wife of the poor peasant would venture to take in spinning from the factory, and send her gossoon by stealth, to make believe he went to gather learning. This was merely to ingratiate herself with the distributer of spinning's work and Saturday night's wages, for the gossoon was strictly charged to bring home with him none of the larnin. The factory influence thus gained upon that of the Priest; workmen followed spinners; children, that had been bred up in the school, worked in the factory, got excommunicated for their industry, and war was declared, though not open war, 'twixt mountains and vale.

It happened that several of the tortured peasantry, that were here driven in upon the insurgents, as samples of the

manner in which they should be treated, belonged to the mountain region, that overlooked the factory, and hated it for communicating wealth, comfort, and new ideas. They suggested the village and factory as fit objects for vengeance to be wreaked upon: and the proposal, like the two former ones of the same kind, was hailed with unanimous assent and joy. A sack and a massacre were the most ambitioned of all things: many new recruits had not vet enjoyed this pleasure, and eagerly seized the opportunity of tasting the pleasures without facing, as they thought, much of the perils of war.

This was suggested and resolved upon by the advanced guard, or body, of the insurgents, without a thought as to the necessity of consulting their leader on the subject. Indeed, aware of his objections and opposition, and of his heretical humanity, they determined to anticipate him, and to achieve the destruction of the obnoxious settlement, before

be could have time to interfere.

Guided by the singed and mutilated Croppies of the region, yet smarting with their wrongs, and who attributed all their sufferings to the cruel spirit of heresy and Anti-Catholicism, the advanced body of the insurgents deserted their posts at the head of the march, and struck up the hills, intending to descend with vengeful fury upon the devoted village. The Gorbals, too, were there; and they bore deeply in mind the sack of their own once flourishing and The retaliation they had visited upon impregnable abode. the petty and deserted mansion of their destroyer, or upon the almost as tenantless castle of the unfortunate Earl of Ryvescastle, did not suffice to satisfy them. Refined in their ideas of vengeance, they were eager to wreak theirsnot upon mere stone walls, or upon one hapless personage, but-upon what they called an Orange population, whose able men, they might slay in action, and whose families, women and children, they might sacrifice, with more than Oriental ruthlessness, in a general ruin and conflagration.

The master and the inhabitants of the peaceful factory soon beheld the hills above them swarm with armed peasants. These, indeed, as they gained the brow of the hill, and looked upon a prospect that would have filled either the philanthropist, or the lover of the picturesque, with delight, and arrested his steps, that he might enjoy it, were struck too with the beauty of the prize which they were about to

mar. The cry they gave, however, was but the yell of the savage upon first catching a glimpse of his prey; and

greedily they straight rushed down to snatch it.

There was a belt or circumvallation of fir-trees planted around the village, and it being of course fenced upon the outside from the depredations of the cattle that pastured on the hill, it might be considered as a stockade, or rude fortification. The head of the village did not, however, betake himself to warlike defence at first. He went forth to meet the insurgents, followed and surrounded by the children of his school, the sight of whom, he hoped, would melt the hearts and turn the purposes of the invaders.

In this he did not altogether reckon amiss. The murderous band were arrested by the sight, in one or two instances, of their own children; at any rate, of the children of the region, clad, and happy, bespeaking the benevolence that tended them. The good man seized the moment to address his visiters, to demand if they came in peace, wanted nourishment, or aid or repose? if any, he was ready to bestow—if they came in hostility, what cause of enmity

had he given them?

"You are an Orangeman," was the retort.

"I do not comprehend the name," said the factor; "but last week an army of yeomen were here, and demanded my arms, swearing we were all united; and I answered, that we were too united to yield them to every stray comer. You will not force me to the same reply."

"Down with his palaver!" cried the priest of the Gorbals; "we'll have no Union, but the Pope for ever, and down with heretics! You say the Orange mass, and that's

enough for us."

"I pray with none who thirst for blood," said the factor.
"Then you pray not with us," quoth the priest, "for we are bidden to exterminate ye, and so will we, please St. Patrick and St. Peter. You have made their children half heretics, and they're damned, I tell ye, from the first minute they set foot in your school!" This argument, unanswerable by the poor factor, was edifying to the ears of the insurgents, who were almost turned from their destructive and vengeful purpose by the common feelings of humanity; but now every guilty passion within them was renewed, and hallowed as pious, by the bigot-preaching of their ecclesiastical leader.

"Death to the Orange nan—the black heretic to hell!" were cries that burst forth on every hand. But still the reverence produced by the mingled courage and meekness of the manufacturer's expostulations, awed the rabble from using immediate violence towards him. It needed the same feeling of reverence to his commands, to restrain his own armed artizans from coming forward to his aid. As it was, his previous boldness allowed him to retire from the menacing insurgents without being molested: the children, whose presence he had used, and had relied on, had retreated before in terror from the black looks of the Gorbal priest.

"My worthy friends," exclaimed the factor, from behind his thorn rampart, which just then ceasing to flower, looked any thing but warlike; "take my advice, have your stomach-fulls of provender, and begone! I have tried the weapons of forbearance and peace; but if you will attempt to slay us, then we will gird us with the weapon of the Lord and of Gideon, and smite ye, hip and thigh, and discomfit ye

too, with a blessing, ay, or I'm no weaver!"

This challenge the insurgents replied to by a discharge of such fire-arms as they bore, and by an onset, pikes advanced. The fire was returned on the part of the artizans with such steadiness and aim, that every foremost rebel bit the dust. The priest of the Gorbals among others, while vociferating, received a bullet in his open mouth, which effectually prevented him from working his wonted miracle of converting hostile bullets into potatoes. "They took him, the villains, afore he had his prayer out, the holy man," was the excuse of his coadjutors, that such a powerful neutralizer of bullets should be slain by one! Never mouth surely was more justly and retributively stopped.

Very unexpectedly to relate, the second volley from behind the hawthorn rampart decided the action. The insurgents were seized with a sudden panic, and fled in all directions, up hill, through furze, over river, into bog, with such utter discomfiture, and from so little cause, that the victor, were he not arrested by pity for the slain and wounded, might have laughed loud at so speedy a rout. But as he had acted Samson in routing the Philistines, he now put on the character of the good Samaritan in tending and assuaging the pain of the sufferers. And thus terminated the attack upon the

sequestered factory.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN Winter reached the post of the advanced body of his men, he found that they had already departed upon their self-ordered expedition. Anger and annoyance were his feelings. He could perceive the course they took, as all had not yet passed out of sight into the recesses of the mountains. He spurred his horse, in order to overtake, to expostulate, and dissuade them from their enterprise, or, failing, abdicate the nominal authority that he possessed. He had not spect a furlong with this purpose, when he perceived in front of him, at some distance, a body of loyalist These had been placed to reconnoitre, and were hidden with that view, when Winter had an hour previously, regarded the country in front. They had perceived the unaccountable movement and departure of the advanced body of the rebels, had given warning of it, of course, to their commanders, who immediately sent a reinforcement to swell their ranks, and an order that they should advance without delay upon the interval left by the rebels, who had disappeared; and this order they were proceeding with alacrity to execute.

Winter had no more than a single follower at the moment. He turned round precipitately, and rode back to endeavour to bring up some resistance to the attack, which threatened to divide and rout the insurgent army. Fortunately, he met with Orde, whom he entreated to ride with all speed to Snelling and his Presbyterian band, which marched and encamped almost independent of the rest of the army, and to beg of them, if they yet valued the cause of Irish liberty, to come instantly to its defence, and to that of the United He himself hurried to the nearest body of the Catholic peasantry, whom he found, indeed, ready for action, the pitched caps of their fellows having roused them from repose to meditate and talk vengeance. Winter came to offer it to them, by stating the approach of the loyalists. Pikes were in an instant seized, and those rude and formidable weapons soon hurtled together in a thick grove, as the

phalanx formed. Those armed with muskets acted as light troops and skirmishers, being stationed in front and on the flanks of the pikemen to whom they were to give place in moment of charge.

In the mean time, accounts of the victims with the pitched caps, and of the tumult which they excited, reached Saelling's division, and they were not long after followed by another, assuring them that a body of their papist allies had set forth to avenge the barbarism of the Orangemen upon the factory of the innocent and peaceful Mr. — . He too was a Dissenter. They sympathized with him; they resolved to suffer no more the bigot fury of the Catholics, and their zeal and courage, exerted always in behalf of their creed, but never in support of the cause of Irish liberty, a noble cause, which they appeared too debased to discern, were now awakened. It was mooted by the Presbyterian United men, whether they should not march to the relief of the factory, and openly oppose these precious allies. likely to take place, when word was brought that the loyalists approached to give battle; and that it would be necessary to cross the path of the King's troops in order to arrive at the marauders.

Here was another grievance. They were exposed to the attack of superior numbers, and left unsupported, merely because the papists had forsaken their posts to wreak their fury upon one of their (the Dissenters') fellow religionists. Snelling's men exclaimed with one voice, they would not fight. "We will take the benefit of the amnesty, and surrender, rather than be linked longer with the Papist bloodhounds!" was the cry that followed; and Snelling followed the wishes of his men, in sending a messenger to make the offer of surrender. He qualified it, however, proposing to surrender after the action or skirmish about to ensue; to remain quiet and neutral during it, only stipulating that from the side he occupied no attack should be made upon the insurgents. By this, Snelling wished to avoid the after-accusation of betraying his alfies, or of deserting them, more than they had deserted him in the moment of danger.

The messenger had been despatched ere Orde arrived. He delivered the commands, the entreaties of Winter. Both were slighted by Theodosius Snelling and his men, who informed Orde of the causes of their disgust, the validity of

which he, above all others, could not deny. He nevertheless used all his powers of persuasion to lead them back to what he considered the path of honour and of duty. They, in turn, made use of their utmost arguments to induce him to side with them; they informed him of the negotiation entered into—the amnesty they had taken advantage of.

"Orde," said Snelling, "it is a tottering cause."

"The very reason, wherefore, I should not desert it,"

"Yet it is time to abandon it, when the event most to be dreaded is its full success. Yes, Orde, victory, with those men, awakes but thoughts of blood; they know no mode of expressing and celebrating triumph but that of massacre—the massacre, too, not of enemies, but of the peaceful and neutral!"

"I would not stand up in their defence," said Orde; "yet do not forget what provocation they have endured; they do endure. The wretched man who sent those tortured victims towards our ranks foresaw, perhaps, the effect, in some acts of blood that would disgust ye. It was meant to produce division among us, more than to raise terror or pity. Will you allow the plans of such insidious and cruel ruffians to meet with success?"

"Would you have us continue the allies of such assassins their guard of honour, while they are engaged in their murderous work?"

"But in all enterprises we must make sacrifices, allow-

"And have we not? Is not this the third act of unprovoked and useless murder? Bear with it truly!—and to what end?"

"To establish Irish liberty and independence."

"Say, to establish that worst of slavery, the rule of a blind mob, led by the influence of a bigot priesthood."

"And do you count yourself and us Tiberal religionists? do you reckon Winter and his friends—all these as nothing?"

"What do we prove ourselves, but nothing? Have we power, or has Winter? But 'tis idle talking; yonder comes the loyalists' advance. Side with us, Orde, or save yourself by joining those bands, who yet deem themselves under the banner of Irish liberty. As for us, we disclaim it, and disbelieve it, as a dream that we have waked from." So saying, Snelling ordered the green flag with its golden motto to be furled and lowered, while a white one, in token of sub-

mission, was made to assume its place. As for Orde, though he could show no indignation at the step which his friends had taken, he nevertheless turned from them, and spurred his horse to rejoin Winter.

That young commander had taken what steps time permitted, to meet and repulse the loyalists. He united the remnant of his army, disposed it in fitting order, and was advancing boldly to attack the attacking foe, who could scarcely face him, he thought, Snelling's troops in that case being in their rear. As they advanced, however, no shock, or tunult, or sound of musketry was heard, to evince resistance on the part of Snelling. Winter's suspicions arose. The loyalists at length came to cover the position of the Presbyterians, separating them totally from the rest of the United Army. Still no rumour came; until, from the height behind his line, Winter could himself perceive the flag of Union suddenly cease to float over the band of Snelling.

"Doubly betrayed!" was Winter's exclamation; "it is what I night have expected, and, at any other moment, but what the fellows around me deserve. We must, nevertheless, check these triumphant yeomen, ere the panic spreads."

Winter dissembled his knowledge of Snelling's defection. but ordered his men boldly to advance, and they did so with the certainty that the loyalists were between two bodies of The charge, and the yell with which it was accompanied, was in proportion to their confidence. The rebel onset at first bore its opponents before it; the loyalists were driven back upon the now disarmed ranks of the Presbyterians, some of whom, at the instant, regretted the haste with which they had abandoned no unpromising cause. The first and slight success of Winter cleared the road southward, which, indeed, was his principal object; and finding it so, he ordered the great body of his men to pursue it, leaving a strong rear-guard to hold the discomfitted yeomen in check, should they attempt to rally. Winter's object was to enable the truant band that had marched off upon the vengeful expedition of the morning, to rejoin him, and also to take possession of the mountain passes that intersected his road toward the County Meath. Had the loyalists directed their attempts towards frustrating these points, in lieu of aiming at the total destruction of the numerous army, their efforts would have met with more success, and been followed by more important consequences.

The loyalists were contented with the advantage gained by the submission of Snelling's men, who were all suffered to return to their homes, except the leader, who found himself not included in the amnesty. They had also taken many prisoners, owing to the precipitancy of the advance or retreat, whichever it might be called, of the insurgents; and in dealing with these, by martial law, and drum-head courtmartial, they had sufficient occupation to keep them from molesting Winter farther. That general gained the mountains, and was there rejoined by the discomfited band that had escaped from the attack of the factory. He was not a little rejoiced at their discomfiture; and to their clamours for vengeance upon their manufacturing victor, he replied by pointing to them his whole army in rout and confusion, deserted by its allies, and diminished in its numbers, owing to their barbarous love of vengeance and contempt of disci-. pline.

Of all the disasters and vexations of the day, that which weighed most upon Winter was the disappearance of his brother-in-law. Orde had never returned from his mission to Snelling, he had not rejoined the insurgent forces, and Winter had no doubt with respect to the cause. For some time past, Orde had made no secret of his dissatisfaction; had not dissimulated that he utterly despaired of the cause. Winter had several times endeavoured to awake his former high thoughts and hopes of Irish liberty within him,-in He endeavoured, at least, to point out the nobleness of bearing up against adversity, the heroism of being the last to despair of a noble cause, the ignominy of deserting it; but Orde, deeply as he felt the last, would not avow or respond to this sentiment, no more than to the others. His answers were expressed in bitterness, in irony, in apathy. His temper was disjointed; and it was evident, that the son of wealth and prosperity, the lover of domestic happiness and ease, was out of his place in the present sanguinary and tumultuary army, and on the present forlorn hope of war. Winter saw this, and pitied Orde. He regretted and cursed his own headlong temper, that had been so instrumental in pushing his brother into a career so unfit for him, and in which he already began to wear the mien, and to feel the presentiments of a victim.

Sincerely and ardently did Winter wish that Orde had never embarked in, nor openly joined this enterprise. Now,

however, that he had joined it, there was no retreat. desert it would endanger himself, as well as utterly dishonour him, hurt the cause, injure Winter's credit as a supporter of it, and as a leader of one of its armies. Orde's falling off, especially at the present moment, was fraught with so many dangers and unpleasantnesses, that but for Orde's previous speech and conduct, Winter could not have suspected him of it. Even then he might have paused, ere he concluded his defection to be voluntary; but Snelling's treacherous act, the bond of creed between him and Orde, the latter, too, being with the Presbyterian chief, at the moment of submission—all these circumstances did not permit him to doubt, even were his confidence in his brother-in-law much stronger. He knew Orde, moreover, to be a weak character, and he did not know how often fortitude in honourable points, and even obstinacy, is to be found in those easy and accommodating tempers, when they happen to be duly excited.

Winter made every inquiry throughout the army, but none had seen Orde subsequently to his riding off to seek Snelling. No account whatever could be given; no tidings arrived. One consideration did, however, shake Winter's belief of his brother's defection—would he have abandoned his wife? would he have left Louisa, unwarned; in the midst of an army too, of the success and safety of which he doubted?

Theobald sought out his sister, and found her a prey to similar, though not the same inquietudes. She had no misgiving, no doubt, of her husband's firmness and honour; and as he no longer joined the army, she concluded him to have been cut off from it, to be a fugitive and escaped, or a prisoner to merciless enemies. He could scarcely have fallen in the field, since no one had seen him, in the only juncture, when a shot was fired, or the struggle of combat took place. She was about to set forth wildly and alone in search of him, when the presence of her brother recalled her to reason, and to the considerations of some more prudent and advised steps for her husband's recovery.

Louisa looked towards her brother for information, for aid in the painful search before her. When, however, he hinted that she had in the first place best direct her course towards the ranks of the enemy, or to those of the traitor Snelling, with the hopes of finding Orde safe, and voluntarily surrendered among them, her offence was great, and the burst of

her indignation beyond all bounds.

"Theobald!" said site, after she somewhat calmed, "you despise Orde's nature because it is not yours, and because you know it not. It is mild and loving, fond of peace and tranquil life; and he sacrificed all this to a principle, to a patriotic hope. He wants, indeed, your ambition; but his ardour is so much the purer, his enthusiasm far less selfish. He is as incapable of deserting us even as yourself, though he should have all to induce him."

"I would not wrong him, Louisa, nor hurt you with my wrongs. But you must seek Orde where he is to be sought: he was with Snelling, when Snelling surrendered; and if he joined Snelling, he had good cause. Theodosius is passing eloquent, at least be was so when he sought to raise rebellion; and is no less so now, I dare say, in attempting to quell it. He has talked Orde over, Louisa; that is the truth; and he has taken advantage of the amnesty. Can

you deny that he was weak?"

"Weak! Theobald, I deny it! The selfish, who cannot love, always call those weak, who can, and who do."

"The failing which I impute to him is amiable: sweet sister, be not angered at it! I would only say, and I say it not in bitterness, Orde is among yonder ranks."

"And I tell thee, Theobald, that if he be, it is as a captive. God! what a thought!—these men have no mercy—'twas you that sent him on this perilous errand."

"Perilous! It has proved, I trust, his rock of safety."

"They will murder him; I see the whole prospect before

me: he is taken'; and there is no hope."

"Should he be taken, Louisa," said Winter, shaken in his belief of Orde's surrender by the strength of his sister's incredulity, "remember, that having struggled our utmost against Fate, we must submit with fortitude if she conquers."

"Spare me your premature consolation; I would be certain of the worst. And should it come as I dread, I shall not need your philosophy, Theobald. I will to yonder ranks

without delay.'

"I will speak to Lady Hesther of it; she will accompany

you, as she has promised."

"Had not I better communicate to her the tidings of her liberty, and my wretchedness? You have more command over these creatures here, and can in the mean while make preparations for our leaving the army. Yet no—I forgot, brother—you had better speak with Lady Hesther."

"I have nought to mention to her, save how she may best exert herself for Orde's safety."

"Ye are old friends about to part, and with the possibility

of not again meeting speedily."

"And if so, Louisa, where are we to meet, who are older friends; have breathed our very life together, drank of the same cup, imbibed the same hopes, and staked our every happiness in this same cause—would I had embarked in it alone!"

"Say not so, Theobald; come what may, I shall never be mean enough to regret aught in it, save the failure of its

noble aim."

"Ah! Louisa, 'tis in vain ye raise your woman's heart to stoicism; even I cannot, who have man's nerve, and more than man's restlessness. Your tears belie the utterance of your mouth, and I almost share your softness."

"You must not! You are in command, high on an eminence, though it be one of peril, in your country's eye, watched by friends and foes. If you falter, that would in-

deed be shame!"

- "Fear not that, my own spirited Louisa, fear not that! If I shrink, it is not with a dastard's feeling. Your words, your reproaches, could alone have moved me! You called me selfish, accused me as the cause of your husband's capture—"
- "No, no, no—Theobald, I did not! I could not: if I did, forgive me. You stirred my temper by doubts of Orde's honour."
- "True; and I was wrong. Let all be forgotten but our old affection. Do you take a woman's path to Orde's safety! I will take that of a friend and of a soldier, and march across all their tyrant bayonets to his rescue."

CHAPTER XIV.

Norwithstanding the hardships that Lady Hesther Ryves may be supposed to have suffered, while drawn along in captivity to a tumultuous and rebel army, still these very hardships and inconveniencies had the unavoidable effect of blunting the edge of pain, of distracting her from idle brooding, and of breaking upon her fits of sorrow. Her strange and adventurous position indeed, so unexpected, so beyond the reach of every probability, led her to moralize as much as mourn; and nought assuages sorrow more, than the making its capricious causes the subject of such speculation. The scene, too, which she was compelled to witness—always stirring, always full of anxiety, too often of horror,-commanded her interest: the spectacle of a wild mob, infuriated with the wrongs, and by the greatest of their wrongs-their ignorance: leaders young, shallow, disunited; one dreaming of abstract liberty; another of his future fame in history, and of his future influence and renown in life; one a fanatic in his creed, another equally so in disbelief of all; and betwixt them a peaceable, amiable, domestic man, inveigled by his ill stars into an adventurous and sanguinary cause, too honourable to forsake it, and too tender-hearted to tolerate it -all these filled Lady Hesther, foreseeing, as she did, the event of the enterprise, with pity for leaders, followers, and almost for mankind itself.

For Winter she could not but entertain her old regard, whatever might be the amount or warmth of that. Hopeless as was the cause in which he was engaged, and barbarous as had been its acts, and dreadful its effects, still she who had almost once shared his enthusiasm with respect to it, could not condemn him for being true to his principles, or for placing himself in the point of peril in their furtherance and behalf. For him and for the Ordes Lady Bertha felt painfully interested: the exertions of Orde and of his wife to save her venerable parent, even at their own risk, could not be forgotten. She admired, moreover, the spirit of Louisa, and loved not less the want of it evinced in the amiable

temper of her husband. But in a few short weeks what was likely to be their fate? The probability of its being dis-

graceful did not deter her sympathy.

The feelings mutually entertained by Winter and Lady Hesther have been before described. With him these were regards warm as he had ever felt for female; they were certainly not feigned, nor false, nor thrown into the shade by any stronger passion, such as Winter's spirit might be considered capable of entertaining, or of having entertained. But ambitious hopes and imaginings had, in fact, turned away his ardour from rushing in love's channel; and thus, however sincerely he did love Lady Hesther, his passion, if it may be called one, was neither enthusiastic nor profound. Still it was, perhaps, of as good "stuff as such dreams are made of," at least in most minds; and situated as Lady Hesther was, it was even more than she might hope to excite.

So as friends, we reason for her; but so she did not reason herself. Her want of attractions, or her consciousness of that which marred them, she would allow as an utter bar to all thoughts of the kind, as somewhat that rendered the hope of mutual minds, the "seps mutui animi," for her absurd. But, this once set aside by vanity or self-delusion, or by the attentions of Winter, she would no longer allow her inferiority to depreciate in part. She would have all or nothing in affection's empire, and had rather remain contented without possessing any power over other hearts than her own, than to have half a one palmed upon her.

With this view of her happiness or of duty, it may be seen that there was before her an alternative of hope and of despair, of despair not extreme or distracting, but still sad and lonely, and requiring fortitude to brave it. While Ryvescastle stood, and its generous and hospitable Earl held forth to Winter the tacit friendship and protection, without the assumption, of a patron, Winter's horage was still invariably paid to the Earl's daughter. Whatever were his own secret misgivings and irresolution, his fits of vanity and unworthiness, they never appeared in his conduct, and they were the more easily concealed, as intervals of absence frequently were occurring. Even Winter's connexion with the United Irishmen, which he fairly avowed, under the seal of secrecy, to Lady Hesther, did not mar or interrupt the mutual attachment of the democrat Winter and the daughter of an aristocratic house. She even came to share his en-

thusiasm, and to look with terror, indeed, but without abhorrence, upon his schemes. This delusion, after events gave her dreadful reason to regret. But still she could not accuse Winter of the consequences, which he could not have foreseen, of the crimes which he could not have prevented.

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Since the destruction of Ryvescastle, and the captivity of Lady Hesther, the ancient familiarity betwixt Winter and her naturally suffered a chill. She was absorbed in grief, he in active and anxious duties. And such was the relative situation of both, that they were obliged to shun those familiar topics that were wont to make the chief part of their con-Winter, too, daily became more sensible to the situation in which he had placed himself. Success would raise him to the summit of greatness, of influence, and of wealth. What might he not expect from his grateful country, from his triumphant soldiers? When thus elate, a union with Lady Hesther Ryves did not seem altogether the fit capital for crowning so noble a column. Her selfishness' led him unworthily astray. Should the cause meet with disaster, and be overthrown, from being almost a prince, he sunk at once into the traitor and the felon, and in that alternative, his pretending, or his having pretended to Lady Hesther's hand, would throw a weight of sorrow and of wretchedness upon her. as well as degrade her in the eyes of the world, in the regard of her kin and of her class. He shrunk from this picture, and generosity was here his motive, as selfishness in another view of the future had just now been. Such, and of such mingled dross and gold is human nature.

The summer's eve was lovely, nor less lovely was the scene which it lit up in golden colours for those, in that half-discomfited army, who had the leisure to admire it. The rebels were encamped upon two lofty hills, and over the space between, the surface of all was similar, consisting of gray rock and intervals of the brightest green sward between. A rivulet, with wide and verdant banks, which in winter were no doubt a swamp, ran in the midst; and here such rude tents, as the army wanted, were pitched, one for the captive Lady Hesther. The camp around was filled with the noise of imprecations; some routed and returned from the factory, others escaped from the charge of the Loyalists; one party accused the other of the general defeat, while the other denied vociferatingly, and vowed vengeance on their old allies, the Presbyterians, who had deserted them, as worse heretics than even

the Protestants of the hated establishment.

Amidst such sounds, the rude bivouac was formed, and the sights were not more agreeable. Here and there promiscuously, men were employed in slaying the jaded cattle, which they had driven with them for provender, while peatfires were soon blazing in preparation, that each rude cook might do his office by what the rude butcher was preparing for him. Contrasted with such disgusting objects was the distant view, and even Ireland afforded none more splendid, which beyond the rugged mountains, immediately around, presented a richly cultivated and inhabited country, smiling with crops, and habitations to the very sea. The vale in which Newry lay, and the river that washed it, were discernible, although the town was not; and the deep and unrivalled bay, resembling that of Spezia in form and appearance, as well as in beauty, was seen terminating the land-view, and joining the blue expanse of ocean beyond, that mingled with the sky.

This far scene served to occupy the regards of Lady Hesther, and to shut out the disgusting sight and sounds of the insurgents' camp, when Winter appeared, and read, or fancied that he read, her passing thought in the expression of

her countenance.

"Your wishes shall be gratified, Lady Hesther," said he; "I come to announce your speedy liberation from this ill-favoured, and I fear, ill-fated army. You shall set forth im-

mediately to rejoin your friends."

- "You lay emphasis on the word *friends*. Misfortune has imbittered you, Winter, else you would have spared me such a taunt on the very eve, as you intimate, of my departure. If there is much to disgust me here, there is also much to interest—those poor, deluded wretches, born but to deal destruction, or to suffer it—the Ordes, your kin, and my preservers."
- "Them you will not leave behind. Louisa accompanies you."

"I am glad of it. How was she won upon?"

"By a turn of fortune. Orde is with the Loyalists!"

" Is 't possible ?—a prisoner?"

"You have heard that Theodosius Snelling, and his dissenting, liberty-preaching band, have deserted us, and in the thick of action!—so much for the political zeal that is based on the religious—but where to find it existing pure and of itself, save in some few stirring bosoms."

"But Orde, what has become of him?"

"I despatched him to Snelling, to urge the Presbyterian chief to bring up his men to our relief. Snelling in lieu of this, surrendered, struck his flag, and took the benefit of the amnesty, as it is called, and leaving poor Papists to fight alone. Orde was with him."

"And has surrendered under the amnesty? I doubt it.

Chiefs are excepted."

"Ha! I knew not that. Thanks, good Providence. Then Snelling shall pay the forfeit of his double treason."

"Can you rejoice at the fate even of an enemy? and Orde, your brother too, sharing it? I had heard that party rendered men demons, but scarcely believed it till now."

"There, too, you are wrong. I would give my life for Orde, or for Louisa's happiness, were it not linked with this great cause. Louisa frowns on me, even as you do. She will not believe Orde to have been false to us, and is convinced that he is a prisoner."

"More probable, and still worse. She will go in quest of him, and I will accompany her, to aid her, should she need it, with all the little influence my name may give me."

"I thank you: 't is the request with which I came; and

also to bid you farewell."

"Farewell, indeed! and you yourself, Winter?"

"My path is chalked before me : you would not have me desert it to embrace dishonour?"

"Yet there may ensue more from continuing it."

"Not to me, Lady Hesther: to friends, indeed, the fate of him who has perished on a scaffold may seem ignominious; and as I brave that chance, I would spare mine, if it were possible, the dishonour of having known me."

"Alas! Winter, this to me? you are unjust and cruel in your bitterness. Have I deserved it? Have I shrunk from you, or intimated that dishonour might flow from having

known you?"

"I should, however, think of it not the less."

"And why now more than long since?"

"Most justly asked: the worst should have occurred to me, with all its consequences, when first I entertained a thought of the enterprise. But hope was then buoyant, and even the possibility of disaster unforeseen. Now the crisis is near, the worst of events before me, and to be blind to it is denied to me,"

"This then alone is the cause of your reserve, your coldness? How little we know each other! I took this your changed demeanour for the important consciousness of command."

"How little indeed we knew each other in that case," was Winter's reply. "Perhaps, too, I respected the daughter weeping for her parent's fate, and shrunk from intruding

upon her my selfish and perilous friendship."

"Yet 'tis not then that friendship is wont to shrink back;
—you are changed, Winter: that I see still more, the more
you would deny or excuse it. Ambition has changed you,
made you sour and proud, and, perhaps, selfish, since you
add such epithet to your friendship. We mistook each
other; that is the truth."

"What mean you, Lady? your speech is an enigma

to me."

"Yours, Winter, is none to me, however it would aim at being such."

"You wrong me, by Heaven you wrong me, Hesther!"

exclaimed Winter.

"It may be so; but is this a time to discuss or enter into the differences of 'selfish friendship?" Orde is a prisoner, and may be proceeded against by martial law; and, as I speak, here comes Louisa Orde to reprove our delay."

Mrs. Orde joined them, in order to hasten her departure. The answer, or attempted exculpation of Winter, was interrupted, a circumstance that he did not himself regret, anxious and troubled as he was, and absorbed in his views, selfish or patriotic, whichever they may more properly be called. He was not in the mood for a scene with women of any kind, whether tender or reproachful, and preferred leaving his sentiments towards Lady Hesther still unexplained and in his power, to explaining them at a time when all before him was doubt and peril.

Mrs. Orde and Lady Hesther Ryves hastened to leave the rebel camp, while yet the sun lingered above the hills. They were escorted by a few of the Gorbals, who were still attached to Orde, and would not credit his defection. "Long life," and "bar accident," were the prayers which they put up for the "Captain Bleacher," as they called him, and "full success to his ladies' search." Their own ill-fortune seemed to weigh but lightly on the Gorbals, who were confident as ever and they thought every disaster recompensed

by the falling off of Snelling and his people, whose heretic presence in the army they did not shrink from announcing, even to Mrs. Orde, as the indubitable cause of all their ill fortunes.

"That, I think," observed Lady Hesther, "may serve as an epitaph for Winter's hopeful scheme of a coalition betwixt the sects."

"An epitaph, truly; may it be but the ill-starred scheme

itself that will need one!" rejoined Mrs. Orde.

It was not long ere they fell in with a patrole of yeomanry, who, when informed that she, whom they beheld, was Lady Hesther Ryves, just escaped from the rebel camp, seemed to consider this as not the least advantage of the day. To liberate the captive daughter of the late Earl of Ryvescastle, had of course been long an object and an order with the loyalists, and her freedom was, therefore, hailed as a triumph, changing escorts, Lady Heether and her companion arrived at Newry.

The town was in complete, though joyous agitation. the morning the inhabitants had suffered the anxiety of an expected attack; while now the rebels had passed on in discomfiture; the stoutest body of them had surrendered, and many more were prisoners, who did not or could not come

in under the proclaimed amnesty.

Mrs. Orde's first inquiries for her husband were unsuccessful, except so far as to prove her unshaken opinion of his honour to be well-founded. She found and questioned some of the surrendered of Snelling's band. They told her, that Orde had been with them indeed, when the surrender had been mooted and resolved on, that he made use of every expostulation with them and with Snelling, and had finally ridden off to rejoin Winter, ere the act of surrender took place.

"He has been taken prisoner, then, with arms in his hands," observed Lady Hesther, "and the consequence

[&]quot;. And those dealers in martial-law are quick to vengeance. I will hurry back to the scene of action, and perhaps in the quarters near it-"

[&]quot;An order from the general officer, commanding that all prisoners be brought to Newry, may be procured, and may rescue some from the hands of the Orange veomen." "Do you then procure it, and I will fly with it thither.

My kind-hearted friend, we give you not time to mourn your own sorrows, till we plunge you into ours."

Lady Hesther was spared the trouble of going in search of the order that Louisa required, as the general himself came to pay his respects, to congratulate her upon her liberation, make the offer of his services, and to learn too, which he was very anxious to do, the state, numbers, and intentions of the rebel army and its chief. The order that Louisa required was soon obtained; and although the night had already commenced, she set forth with it in search of Orde.

To traverse a by-road, cut up with the passage of artillery and troops, and in darkness too, required time and perseverance. It was midnight ere she reached the yeomanry bivouac, and it was with difficulty she gained admittance within its lines. The sentinels had been ordered to allow no person or pass-word whatever to enter or interrupt what was going forward. Captain Kinsela, or, as we have better known him, Orange Dick, was the commander here. He had performed his military duties zealously by day, and with an equal zeal, which want of sleep no more than humanity could relax, he was employing the hours of night in his civil duties, namely, in disposing of the number of prisoners that burdened his camp. The delay till morning might have compelled him to deliver them over to the merciful caprices of other judges, and this was a privation which he could not

In a tent, therefore, sat the vigilant magistrate, attended by the officers of his corps and others, forming a kind of drum-head court-martial, to which the drummer and executioner, being one and the same invaluable person, acted secretary. Orde, whose fate his wife's conjectures had too truly imagined, was just then called before this redoubtable tribunal, and stood before his many sleepy, and one or two waking and sanguinary judges, collected, and seemingly contemptuous alike of the fate that awaited him, and of the men who dealt it.

One side of the tent was open, as if to give the tribunal the appearance of being public; but the summer's night rendered the precaution necessary. About a score of listeners or spectators, some of them ready witnesses against every culprit, stood in this opening, attendant on the proceedings. Louisa Orde, who had not told her name or true purpose

upon gaining admittance, and was allowed to wander where she would, mingled in this crowd, as if from mere idle curiosity. She instantly beheld her husband, and saw at once his position, and how he had been brought there. She had sufficient command over herself to repress every external sign of the emotion that she felt; and she stood, without coming forward, or making herself known, while the drummer-secretary read the hurried impeachment.

Without taking the trouble to call a witness, the president called at once upon Orde for his defence, recommending him to spare them trouble by confessing what every one knew, and which it would be idle to disprove. Orde, of whose courage Louisa had doubts, showed no want of it in this trying moment. He said, that he might have been guilty of treason, but that he ought to be regularly tried for the same, have time, counsel, and all the other aids that the law When expostulated with by Captain Kinsela on allowed. the absurdity, the cowardice of deferring the fate that was merited, and, in the end, inevitable, poor Orde mildly replied, that such delay would at least afford him time to behold a beloved wife, take leave of her, and prepare both in worldly affairs, and in still more important ones, for death.

His wife was the only hearer on which such an appeal She kept herself from sinking, though made impression. Orde then pleaded, that he was not armed with difficulty. when taken, not in any ranks, nor among any hostile body, and therefore, that as a prisoner, he came not under the jurisdiction of such a court-martial. Here a yeoman member of the court started from his slumber with a groan, and to prove that he had not been slumbering, swore that the prisoner spoke law, and had a right to be committed. upon, Captain Kinsela was thrown into a flaming passion, denounced the speaker as a traitor, worthy himself to stand before the loyal court in lieu of sitting in it; and ended by declaring, that he, as president, would set aside the prisoner's plea as invalid; would prove, if it were necessary, that he was armed, since pistols were found in his pockets, and in fine, that the present summary trial should proceed.

"Then to Heaven's mercy do I commit myself," ejaculated the prisoner, "since here there is neither justice nor As to condemnation, with such a judge, it follows of course. I beg only that I may be allowed to see my wife,

ere your sentence be executed."

"We can tarry little in these matters for leaves-taking," said Dick; "the lady might have been here ere this."

"If she be not, she is near for certain," rejoined Orde. "To wait till morning light is little grace, yet 'tis all I ask

of ye."

More by —— than will be granted. The morning's light may bring some mandate from general or secretary, and then all this work will have to be done over again, as if in mockery of our being unable to finish the task we have begun. Come, gentlemen, let us finish this cause, and proceed to the next."

"It is late, Captain Kinsela," observed a juryman; "satigue will not permit us to do our duty here. Give us, at

least, grace till to-morrow."

"Ha! ha! that's good," cried the Orange Captain, to whom any joke was welcome; "but ye shall not so escape.

You have had your nap, and cannot be spared."

"I will save you any further trouble, gentlemen," said Mrs. Orde, coming forward; "here is the General's order, that all the prisoners, more especially Mr. Orde, should be despatched to Newry."

"And confound me," quoth captain Kinsela, "if I did not foresee that the dame would come charged with such a billet. 'Tis ever the upshot. I wish the judges would take their turn at fighting, and when they had suffered a little from these rebels, they would know better how to pronounce judgment. For my part, I've done with it. Suspicion is

always the reward of zeal."

While the Captain-judge thus vented his disappointment, Mrs. Orde was in the arms of her husband. For that instant she had rescued him, but as the cruel Kinsela said, it was but a deferring of fate. Still it was some consolation,—a melancholy one,—without place for a single particle of joy. The reluctant Kinsela in the mean time broke up his courtmartial, and the necessary orders were issued for the conveyance of the rest of the prisoners to Newry.

CHAPTER XV.

THE panic of the metropolis of Ireland, upon learning the first Terror was in every outburst of rebellion, may be conceived. countenance, anxiety in every breast. Those who feared not for themselves, were uncertain of the fate of many relatives and friends, scattered throughout the kingdom. Daily and thick-coming events worked up this state of trouble to the highest pitch. Leading men were arrested, executed; arms, or other circumstances of the conspiracy, discovered. The city was fortified, as far as wooden barricades on the several bridges of the two canals which surround it could Guards and garrisons were doubled, patroles secure it. Houses were ordered to be lighted, the inhabitfrequent. ants of each registered on each door. Men of all ranks and professions formed themselves into corps, and drilling became the universal business of the day. The city was converted into a kind of half-camp, half-jail, soldiers in every street, and a victim hanging to every lamp-post, while to these were added the terrors of a female population swelled by fugitives from all parts of the island.

In a little time, however, a great portion of the panic evaporated. The most timid became re-assured; while the youthful and manly part of the population, which had been called to the exercise and habits of arms from mere idleness or sedentary professions, soon began to enjoy their new life. The excitement of it fully compensated for its privations. Conviviality of all kinds, never slack in the Green Isle, was doubly indulged in, when occasion allowed; and if a middle-aged gentleman of the present day, who had then arrived at about the age of manhood, be now questioned as to the most joyously passed months of existence, he would almost infallibly reply—Those of the rebellion, despite its anxieties and its

horrors.

I am afraid that this happiness and joviality, as associated with rebellion, does not extend far beyond the precincts of Dublin and its population. In the country parts events were of too serious and imminent a cast; nor could their tragic be

mingled with a single grain of the comic. 'Twas only in the metropolis, where there was a sufficient sense of peril to keep up excitement, and not enough to exorcise all mirth, that the sad scenes and reflections naturally given rise to in a civil and religious war, were counterbalanced by the antidote we speak of.

The male and loyal population of Dublin marshalled itself into corps—lawyers, merchants, collegians, each flocked to a kind of professional banner, threw away for a season briefs, legers, and logic, and betook themselves to the camp and the drill. While in voluntarily exposing themselves to the pains of a military life, they took care at the same time to recompense themselves by many of the jovial and gay plea-

sures, which may be said to belong to it.

Among the best appointed of these suddenly raised troops, was certainly the lawyers' corps, consisting of horse and foot. As to its military prowess and talents, the short duration of the rebellion did not allow time for the development of such; but certainly as men, as intellectual or convivial companions, no body ever rivalled them in or out of the empire. The bar of Ireland, at that period, might be said to monopolize all the ambition and talent of the country. It had during the preceding twenty years thrown out from its mass a perfect host of genius, that still blazed before the public eye; some only then bursting forth, others that had long reached the proudest beights, and shone there like unrivalled stars; others decaying in age, drooping but honoured, still shed their mild effulgence, and marked their downward path with Ireland had then an independent existence—a legislature, the reward as well as the materials of ambition. Eloquence was even more than "habits of business;" fame and wealth were to be attained by the same eagle path. Neither solemnity nor drudgery were then necessary to reputation; and a man was not the worse lawyer for quoting verse, or indulging in a trope. No power of the mind, however light, was necessarily sacrificed to the grim genius of either politics or law. Wit, fancy, imagination, were cultivated as sound parliamentary or forensic logic; and the "Humani nihil," the "nought of human, being strange or forbidden to him." was the motto of the man of the world; as his view, unconfined to his profession, took in also the wide field both of literature and life.

While the bar of Ireland was thus intellectually pre-emi-Vol. II.—16 nent, it pleased her capricious majesty, Fortune, so to arrange matters, that these men of study, yet of wit and eloquence, were converted into soldiers. Their bodies stripped of the free gowns, were buttoned up in uniforms—their limbs, shaking off their sable nether garments, were themselves shaken into white buck-skin—their wigs were whipped away from their sconces, and lo! a casque around each instead—bags full of briefs were shaken from their hands, and a sabre in lieu thrust into each palm. Worse than all this, instead of the gentle 'over-ruling' of a judge, the legal recruits found themselves under the imperative authority of an English drill-sergeant, who perspired, poor man, divers parts of his tight red coat black (I beg to be not understood) in the hopeless endeavour to make such mercurial spirits "keep line."

There was one fat son of Nisi Prius, Leland by name, if my memory serve me aright, who baffled all the poor sergeant's powers of drill. Oft the rattan would warn him from behind to advance; and oft would it be poked in his stomach from before, that he might recede. But no,—Leland was too deep for the sergeant. "Back, Sir! more back! backerer! more backerer!" cried the man of four V's, exhausting his degrees of comparison. In vain, Leland's stomach was in line in the front rank, while his back was in perfect range with those of the second. Enough of this, but what a world of anecdotes has this period given birth to! The civil wars of Ireland demand at once a Sallust and a Joe Miller to record the doings and the sayings to which they gave rise.

Hitherto the counties immediately to the north of Dublin had been kept in a state of comparative tranquillity. The peasants indeed, as elsewhere throughout the island, were disaffected, and prepared to rebel. But they wanted that barbarous susceptibility of excitement, which wound up the ferocity of the people of Wexford to such a pitch; and igno-, sant as they were, their ignorance and bigotry were left unstirred by the revolutionizing principles of the Dissenters and United Irishmen. There are few counties in Ireland, where want is more felt than in Meath, or where misery more prevails; owing chiefly to the lack of bogs and fuel, which supply at least one necessary of life to almost all the rest of the kingdom. Yet for all this, the peasants of Meath did not rise in insurrection until towards the termination of the war. The magistrates and yeomanry, many Catholic magistrates especially, were most active in their exertions,

and the Government found little cause of dread in that quarter.

Winter's plan and march, however, alarmed them, as his intentions became evident: and they had reason; for at the prospect of such support, the hitherto peaceable inhabitants rose in numbers, congregated, and proceeded to acts of violence and warfare. A town was sacked on the confines of the county Dublin, and similar feats, performed throughout the extent of Meath, proclaimed it in full and successful insurrection. Government, engaged with quelling the rebellion in Wexford, had no forces to spare for this new quarter of attack. Its hope lay in the yeomanry of the county, and in a few fencible regiments. Detachments of the Dublin corps were ordered to march in that direction, and among others the lawyers were ordered forth upon this pressing occasion.

It was in their ranks that Winter should have been, had he consulted loyalty and prudence; but many other members of that legal corps were also absent from its muster, and some had already expiated on a scaffold their rash love of liberty. The equanimity of the corps was not ruffled by these accidents: they advanced towards the County Meath with other soldiers of the government, resolved to do their duty, and not show their backs; but at the same time feeling none of the military ardour for dealing and receiving slaughter, which was felt by the yeomanry and other corps. They arrived, after a day's march, at a village which the rebels had evacuated, and mustering in an extensive barn, the faithful suttlers of the corps brought forth its supplies of provender, and the men of law and war prepared to pass the eve, and perhaps the night, jovially.

Want both of comfort and ceremony often gives zest to a banquet. So at least the campaigners felt; and convivial happiness inspired a mutual confidence and freedom of speech, that, during times of treason and rebellion, is seldom enjoyed or indulged in. The Captain, an amiable, absent man, a lover of literature and ease, came in and communi-

cated his news.

"To-morrow, gentlemen, is to be a day of action with us, our first, and, I trust, our last. The rebels have taken up their station upon Tara Hill, and there, it seems, General Winter is resolved to make a stand against us."

"Pleasant news; we are to advance, while the fellows

outnumber us like locusts."

"Nay, we muster passing strong; we have a detachment of the ancient Britons, one or two of militia, the Rea fenci-

bles, and the Navan troop of horse."

"A motley body of loyalty we make—like all Falstaff's army, gathered from under all the winds of heaven; his in every thing save the rags. If we had but a Papist commander to lead us true Protestants on, the mixture would be complete; but there can be no fear of that under Orange rule."

"By Jupiter! Master Ned," replied Spencer, "there is not only fear of it, but truth in it. Officers of rank, here are none; and of the yeomanry captains, the oldest must command; and those are incontrovertibly Lord Fingall, or Cap-

tain Preston, the future Lord Tara."

"Papists both—red-hot Papists! We are betrayed into the hands of the Philistines. The fortunes of the state, the very existence of the Church establishment; are committed to the keeping of two Papist captains. Oh, ye Grandmasters of Orange lodges! what say ye? what will ye say to this?"

"Why, if we are beaten, they will say that the Papists betrayed us, and that we deserved it for trusting them; and if we be victorious, they will take care to forget the creed of those whose fortunes it was to lead us on."

"As if to render the contradiction complete, Winter, our

old comrade, the leader of the Papists, is a Protestant."
"Winter worships no Deity, save ambition," was observed.

"Call it patriotism; we may allow generous motives to an enemy."

" Patriotism!" ejaculated the other, contemptuously.

"Ay, brother, who so embittered a hater of England as yourself? who is such a railer against its influence?"

"Are we not all so? are we not all true Irishmen?"

"We all are so indeed; and what is Winter but a man of the same opinions? who follows up their consequences manfully and consistently, as we do not. I honour Winter, though I pity his position: but I contemn the half-patriot, whose every sentiment and every word is hate of England, but whose every act is subserviency to her; or arming for her—whose worst anathema is reserved for her open enemies, and all whose complacency is expended upon her merely wordy and passive ones."

Here ensued a tumult: cries of order! demands of expla-

nation, loud and good-humoured jokes, intended to extinguish the sparks of strife, poured and mingled from all quarters;

but the speaker's voice was heard above all.

"Ay, clamour, clamour! what I say is true. We all share Winter's views, and Winter's hatred of England. Half an hour's quiet conversation with any one unpensioned Irishman is sufficient to make him evince it. But we dread the Papists, we dread anarchy, we dislike the chance of hanging; and must not Winter himself share our fears and abhorrence, though he overlooks all, as we dare not do, for the great end? Gentlemen, here is Theobald Winter's health!"

This termination fortunately seemed to wear the air of a joke, and to bear witness that the sincerity of the utterer proceeded from his libations as much as from his heart. Frowns and fear therefore gave place to smiles on the countenances of those who heard. They gaily accepted the toast, and the health of the arch rebel was drank in solemn silence

by the loyal and legal corps.

The glasses had not all descended from the lips to the board, when the door of the barn, their hall of feasting, was flung open by a wild Irish figure, who entered, or rather

bounded in, exclaiming:—

"Success, my hearties! think o' me being so near you, and not know it! By the Holy port, myself was making along the walls, as if I trod on eggs, for fear of Orange Dick, when I heard you drink the health of the Gineril. Arra! long life to him! give me a glass to the same tune to raise the heart o' me."

During the utterance of this, the intruder, who was no other than Felix of the Gorbals, danced into the middle of the assemblage, practising a well-known Irish quadrille-step, called heel and toe, twirling his shillelah, and showing every sign of self-congratulation at finding himself among friends again, without taking the trouble of examining, if veritable friends they were. Great was the astonishment of all the corps, and mighty the fear of many, at having a witness of their almost treasonable toast, and that witness too, a downright croppy—his physiognomy would have hanged him, if brought before any Orange captain in the kingdom. The glass he demanded, was handed to him nevertheless, and the small, though spirited draught seemed to restore the poor man to his power of observation.

The captain in the meantime, with one or two others, had

gone to reprove the remissness of their sentinel. They found lawyer B-, the said sentinel, fast asleep, with the bones of a demolished turkey, and the fragments of a bottle near him, while his forsaken musket lay by his side. They seized the delinquent sentinel, brought him in, shook him from his somnolence, while the martinets reminded both him and their commander, that death was the reward of the sentinel found aslesp on his post. This furnished an infinity of expostulation, mirth, and argument, during which the "spaking man of the Gorbals" became alive to a full sense of his situation.

"Who are you, and where did you come from?" was an-

grily asked of poor Felix.

"And who are yerselves, bad luck to you! that sarve ould Nick, and drink long life to the saints, to decaive honest

This expostulation with the lawyers militant, as servants of old Nick, amused them not a little; but mirth could not solve the dilemma, nor teach how to get rid of the intruder.

"And so you are a follower of General Winter, my good

fellow?"

"May be I am, and may be I am not," quoth Felix, look-

ing round him.

"Don't be afraid of us, we are only a parcel of lawyers. whom the Orangemen have thrust into these blue and red coats, by way of purgatory, I believe, for our sins."

"Then, if a Pater a piece'll take you out o' purgatory.

myself 'ull say them, an' let me go."

" First tell us where you come from, and on what errand? We must know, if you be not a spy."

"Is it Felix o' the Gorbals, you'd be after taking for a

"Speak at once, or we'll send for Orange Dick to deal

with you."

"Then, if you will have it, I'm just come from giving a message to Mistress Orde, the Gineril's sister. An' it's poorly she is, the cratur, and they threat'nin' to hang her husband. Troth, I'd be hanged in his place, for the love of her, if that 'ud do-for sure, I 'm thinkin', it 's what we 're all born to in this part o' the world."

"Let him out, and escort him beyond the outposts," exclaimed the captain; "that sentiment shall save him."

"Long life to your honour! and you 've done the wisest thing after all; for I was just thinking of making my way out with my shillelah, and it is n't one skull that it 's continted with cracking, when it sets about it."

"Lead him out; and hark ye; sirrah! see you forget what has happened."

"By my sowl, an' that I won't. Ye toast the Gineril."

"Not a word of that."

"And you help Felix o' the Gorbals to escape."
"Keep your tongue tighter, or we'll cut it out."

"In troth, while it wags, it'll pray for you. Give me the parting glass at any rate, till I drink long life to the lawyers."

Before sunrise the loyalist army, composed of yeomanry and fencibles, mustered and marched to the rencontre of the rebels. It was commanded, as had been observed; and commented on, by two Roman Catholic gentlemen, Lord Fingall and Captain Preston, since Lord Tara. The rebels were led on by Winter, who had succeeded in his project of reaching the County Meath, and of rallying its insurgents. Thus, as if in anticipated disproof of the party historians, who represent the rebellion as a war between hostile religions, the safety of the Protestant cause was made to depend upon Catholic firmness and generalship. Of both of these qualities, the loyalist commanders had ample need. The rebel forces far outnumbered theirs; they were said to be advantageously posted upon Tara Hill, and so large an army of insurgents had not yet been so near to the metropolis. victorious, a day's march would bring them to its barriers, and the regular forces were too seriously engaged in the South to admit of their co-operation or aid. Had those Roman Catholic gentlemen, who were leaders of the loyalists, been timeserving, or lukewarm in the cause; had they joined the Royal standard from timidity, or in order to give a pledge of their faith, still to have stood on their defence would have been the utmost that Government could have required of them. But the contrary of all this was the fact; their zeal outran all the limits of calculation, or of prudence, even supposing them sincere. Many leaders expostulated, and did their utmost to prevent the bold advance upon the rebels; but the Catholic chiefs were peremptory, and zealous to quench rebellion as early as possible, for the State's and for the insurgents' sake. And this zeal and audacity of theirs saved the kingdom many more horrors, than those which it did endure, and the Protestant cause itself a peril,

for its delivery from which it has since shown but scanty

gratitude.

Tara Hill, a name famous in Irish story, and in the annals of ancient Irish magnificence, attracted the rebels by its name to take possession of it, as well as by the more useful remnants of its splendour. There were several Danish forts on its tops, which formed a kind of irregular fortification. A church and churchyard too; had been established in later days upon the venerable summit, and all soldiers know how useful such edifices are, as points of defence. There were ramparts moreover and a fosse; and these signs of military art gave confidence even to the undisciplined troops, that knew scarcely how to make use of them. Here then, Winter's army encamped after their tumultuary fashion. had, even in the North, enjoyed very little of the salutary authority of his station; but here he possessed still less. The bands raised in the North had dwindled away during his march, and the wild insurgents of Meath, who outnumbered them, were determined to make war after nature's fashion, and fight and repose in the station that each pre-Winter's chief hopes, then, lay in the equal want of discipline of the forces now about to resist him. he did not conceive that any thing like an army could be brought against him, and he meditated forcing his way through insignificant and detached bodies of yeomanry to the capital, when his emissary, Felix, arrived, and acquainted him with the existence of an army at Dunshaughlin, which was at no great distance. What other private tidings were brought by Felix, respecting Orde's probable fate, and his sister's sorrow, Winter firmly set aside, and refused to contemplate in a moment, when attack threatened, and when the crisis, both of his own, and of his country's fate approached.

The sun had risen a couple of hours ere Winter learned the intentions of the layalists. He instantly communicated them to his troops, who received the tidings with shouts of savage joy. This betokened alacrity. But when he sought to act the general, to marshal his men, to detach numbers of them to the plain and to divers positions, each and all objected. Tara was sacred ground. They could not be defeated on Tara Hill. "Death there was martyrdom. How could they abandon so enviable a post?" Not a single man could be got to stir from its circuit. Winter raged

mprecated: it was in vain. All he could do, was to e in the crowd, and die bravely in the ranks, since comwas a thing impracticable.

ch was the state of things: the insurgents thronged her upon the Hill of Tara, some within the forts and summit, the greater number without, and occupying clivity of the hill in a mingled mass, armed indeed, ithout discipline or order, when the little army of the its made its appearance, marching on towards Tara. Is surgents evinced their eagerness by cries, but nothing induce them to leave their sacred hill, and they accordallowed their enemies to approach and manœuvre it molestation, and to form in quiet every preparation ack.

iter could have wept with rage and disappointment. vas the bright morn that he had for years been expectat he had for years been foreseeing and providing for. d and his own immortal fame were both to be decided saled together. He had longed for it, anticipated, d it, and in promise he himself had been the efficient , the hero, whose dispositions were to secure the vicand whose valour was to crown it. Insubordination tht indeed have reckoned upon, but at such a time he ted, it must have given way to a sense of the necessity wing one to provide for the conduct of all. He was He could scarcely hope for victory, easy as ointed. ned of attainment, and so overpowering as were the ers of the insurgents. But these flocked more like The possession of the hill was unforthan soldiers. to them, since on level ground they would have been elled to form ranks and fronts, and to have observed discipline. But from the steep declivity on which they each could present his musquet over the shoulder of in before him, and even he who could stretch forth t but a pike from the rear of this thick phalanx, deemed f in a fit and fair position for resisting or slaying his

battle of Tara is briefly told. It consisted of a sinset, at most of a few charges made by the yeomanry and foot, under Lord Fingall and Captain Preston, the tumultuous body that occupied the hill. The rebel lled a few rebels, but scarcely a single man of the loyalists; and when these rushed to the charge, the rebels shrunk on all sides from the cavalry, wherever they penetrated. Like all mobs in action, they ran away, lest their toes should be crushed by the horses' hoofs. In half an hour the sides of the hill were completely free of the armed rabble, that had so lately covered it like a crop of corn; and the few defenders of the ruined Danish forts were soon after driven from the entrenchments by the victorious yeomen, and slaughtered, bravely defending their rude ramparts to the last. Here perished the rest of the unfortunate Gorbals; and here perished the hopes of Winter and the United Irish, for what they called the independence and liberty of their country.

CHAPTER XVI.

Orde, seasonably rescued from the fangs of Captain Kinsela, was, as we have seen, conveyed to Newry, and thence, the county of Armagh still remaining in an unsettled state, to the metropolis. He was there to abide the regular judgment and award of law, which, though it promised as little chance of acquittal as the tribunal of Orange Dick himself, still afforded those delays, which friendly influence might take advantage of in his behalf, or which he himself might similarly employ in effecting a kind of compromise with the Government.

All the interest that the sympathizing Lady Hesther possessed was strenuously exerted for this purpose; and Orde himself, though not prepared to stoop to dishonour, was yet by no means of that Stoick cast of either principle or temper, which would lead him to sacrifice life and family to a name. The ruling powers, however, were determined to be rigid in his case. In important disclosures to the Government respecting the views and organization of the United Irishmen, Orde had been anticipated by more distinguished members; and now that rebellion was almost quenched, information of any kind was of less value. It was desirable too to make an example of a dissenting leader of insurrection; and though Orde's humanity, and exertions at Ryvescastle told in his

favour, yet as Snelling had been pardoned, and Winter was not in their power, all the leaders of insurrection in the north could not be allowed to escape. One at least should suffer for justice sake, as well as for that of wholesome terror and example. Hence the petition and proffers of Orde and his friends were not listened to at the Castle.

It was in this hour of horror and suspense that the spirit of Louisa Orde displayed all its worth, acutely feeling every pang, yet bearing up resolutely against all. Orde himself, indeed, was incapable of the exertion requisite. He was like a child, now sanguine and elate, now cast down and de-Even when he leaned upon hope, it was upon the spairing. blind hope of the fatalist, not upon the calculations of either probability or prudence. He caught at every straw, like a drowning man, and, as it sunk with him, he stretched out to grasp another. His wife, had she not vowed her love, might have despised him; but incapable of such a feeling towards him, her deep affection and sympathy were fearfully increased by the consciousness of how instrumental she herself had been in working up her husband's naturally peaceful temper to entertain the warmth and the views of the patriot, and to expose himself to the troubles and the perils of such a character.

Lady Hesther Ryves fully shared all their suffering and anxiety. Since her restoration to her friends, and return to the capital, she did not allow a day to pass in which her exertions and supplications were not employed for the preservation of Orde; and the perilous position of Winter, called forth in her equal sympathy. Her feeble frame was not equal to this exertion and pain, joined with all that she had so lately witnessed and undergone. It was to her cousin Ryves, the present Earl of Ryvescastle, that she of course chiefly addressed herself in behalf of Orde. He could give neither aid nor hope; but on the contrary, expostulated with her upon the disproportionate sympathy which she evinced in the fate of traitors.

"I owe to them my life, would you have me be ungrate-

ful?" was her reply.

"You may use the utmost endeavours for their preservation. You have done so, they are in vain! but why this needless, bootless sympathy, that injures your very health?"

"Winter was my father's friend: was yours, Ryves."
And he had ere this ceased to be my uncle's friend, had

the followers of this his friend spared his gray hairs. You should repudiate the memory of this unfortunate man from your heart; for if he should come into his brother-in-law's position, the same fate awaits him more inevitably, if that were possible."

"You have learned political duties, have acquired political feelings; I have none. My father's friend is imprudent and unfortunate. Feel for him and his. I must."

unfortunate. Feel for him and his, I must."
"Your father's friend and mine! You still repeat the plea, and we merit the disgrace of his having been so, when we took to us and cherished a plebeian."

"For shame, good cousin! You were then the friend of freedom, and the sworn foe of prejudice. When has aristo-

cratic bigotry returned upon you?"

"Since I have seen the effects of having cast off the reverence for established things and established opinions. All the massacre and misery that we behold has been caused by it, generally and individually. Half the nation comes to admire democracy, and to seek it in rebellion and blood. The noble's daughter, taught to regard the plebeian as her equal, and to honour him with affection, finds him unworthy, and her heart is wrung."

and her heart is wrung."

"Lord Ryvescastle," said Hesther, "though you have no right to taunt me, yet I will console your wounded pride of family, by assuring you, that I have no affection for either high or low-born; the consequences of which will ever cause you an uneasy feeling. I am precluded from the pain and pleasure of such sentiments: I was not born to them, and will never make myself ridiculous by pretending to

them."

"Nay, Hesther, that was not my meaning. I have as little doubt of your prudence, as I have a right to tax it. I spoke at random, resenting the pain and trouble that this man has caused us all."

"Blame him not: and now, since chance has led me to speak so much, let me speak all, in justice to poor Winter, who soon may be in peril, and, in justice to myself. You dread that I entertain an affection for Winter; you fear the possibility that he should hope, or, I admit, the possibility of a union betwixt us."

"I fear no such event; the law, or previous fate, will deal with him. I only shrink at the thought, that such was ever in contemplation."

"My father in his fondness contemplated it," said Hesther; "that be his excuse, if he need one, or mine. Now that his fate has degraded him in yours and other loyal eyes, the remembrance works against him. You had friendship for him, yet you will not stir a step to save him or his. Dear Robert, hear me, by my father's memory,—and he was thine also almost—save the Ordes and Winter; for old friendship's sake, for my happiness, for our future comfort, and I will promise, that word more I never will exchange

Let him banish himself and live." with him.

The Earl was some time silent, while he observed the tears flow fast from the eyes of his cousin. Her agitation evinced that she made a sacrifice in giving this promise, and no trifling or unpainful sacrifice. She had then felt love for him, had cherished hopes, and now suffered the blight of disappointed affection. Lord, Ryvescastle had scarcely believed what he now perceived; and he shrunk in still greater dread from his cousin's union with a traitor, the mere allusion to which had previously hurt him. In office, he had acquired a full perception of all the contamination of treason; and probable as it appeared, that the law would deal finally and decisively with his ancient friend, still he was anxious to grasp at his cousin's promise, to avoid the possibility of future disgrace. The weakness of woman he proverbially knew, and overrated; he therefore said,

"Gladly would I hold you to your promise, Heather; but how can I fulfil what you demand? Winter is still free-be cannot be victorious indeed, but he may escape. All I can promise is, that I will use every exertion, strain every nerve to save them: though to save both, were both prisoners,

would, I fear, be beyond even my influence."

"It is enough, your utmost influence is all I ask, since bitherto, I perceive, you have not used it to the utmost."

"Be assured that I will. There is no use of solemn compact between us. We are Ryveses, and understand each other."

"Fully and confidently," was Lady Hesther's reply, and

thereupon the relatives separated.

If Lord Ryvescastle was not mistaken in perceiving the struggle with which his poor cousin wrung from her heart the unworthy or unfortunate Winter, he was at least so in supposing that the determination was taken or the sacrifice

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made at that moment. During her forced sojourn in the rebel camp, she had opportunities, unenjoyed before, of fathoming and estimating his character. He was then absorbed in ambition, or affected to be so; he shunned to console his prisoner, or to seek her confidence, lest, as it appeared, he should commit himself. He was no longer. what he had been, when the favoured inmate of Ryvescastle; the gayety and address, that had then covered over his selfish views, were gone; and the enthusiasm with which he had . been wont to exaggerate and swell feelings but naturally lukewarm, he had not latterly the leisure or the will to call The place of eminence, of at once brilliant promise and impending ruin, showed him as he was; and Lady Hesther saw how slightly Winter's affections were capable of being engaged to aught, save his ambitious schemes. A union with her he had perhaps contemplated in the light of one of these. This suspicion, oft rejected before, and removed by many a flattering unction, here proffered itself strongly, and its truth became more and more apparent. Lady Hesther saw her error, her illusion, and blushed at thinking herself the object of a calculated passion. unfortunate disqualifications too for exciting any feeling tenderer than friendship in the breast of others, came painfully before her. She straight awoke from her idle dream, and resolved to forget it: but remembrance of its sweetness would at times return to start the tear, that shame would brush indignantly away.

While Lady Hesther made this sacrifice to honest pride, and not, as she might have made it, to prudence, or to such horror of treason and its abettors, as that which filled the present Earl, it was complete consolation to her to be able to turn it to the advantage of Winter, or of Orde. She had ensured the exertions of the Earl's utmost interest in their behalf, and his endeavours could not be altogether fruitless,

slight as were the hopes that he held out.

Meantime Orde's trial took place: all that the most powerful eloquence could urge, was pleaded in his behalf,—in vain. The proofs of treason were too manifest. Condemnation passed; and the unfortunate Orde was, as he had indeed from the first esteemed himself, at the mercy of the Government. At this juncture took place the decisive action of Tara, called a battle deservedly from its consequences, though scarcely meriting it as a combat. T

hopes of the rebels in that quarter were put an end to, and Government relieved of that anxiety, which inclined its leaders to be rigid. It was then that Lord Ryvescastle endeavoured to fulfil the promise that he had made to his cousin, and strenuously did he exert himself to save the life of Orde. The utmost, however, that he could wring from the heads of the Government, was just what he himself had foreseen. They were determined that one of the Northern leaders should suffer, or Winter or Orde. The former was the more guilty rebel, and had he been captured, his punishment inight be sufficient for vengeance and example: but he had escaped from Tara and no traces of him could be discovered; and this impunity of his was considered to seal the doom of his brother-in-law. Such were the best tidings that Lord Ryvescastle could report to his anxious cousin. We left Theobald Winter on the hill of Tara, after having in vain endeavoured to exercise the office of commander, and having failed in inducing his troops to make the most common arrangements that prudence required. Vehemently did he curse the infatuated fools, in the bitterness of anguish and disappointment. That he should have built a scheme, or a hope, upon such materials, convicted him at once of folly. All the crimes, and blood, and misery, caused, now rose to his mind, when every good end or consequence that could be supposed to flow from them, or redeem them, vanished. Unmingled remorse would have been the feeling of Orde in such a moment, and even in his prison he was not without it; but Winter's conscience was seared and hard, not from guilt indeed, but from reasoning. In a moral point of view, he looked on all events, certainly upon any mingled combination of them, as consequences, imputable at least not to man; and, however he might shrink from the doctrine of fatality as a logically deduced system, the apathy that can be founded on it alone, was his, though the foundation was kept out of view. He resigned himself thus at once to the utter overthrow of every hope, selfish or patriotic, if that could be called resignation, which was a bitter, misanthropio recklessness. He foresaw the immediate route of the barbarians congregated around him, who scorned to listen to his counsel, and it gave him some pleasure to think that he would be avenged in their discomfiture and slaughter. thought upon a more deadly curse than he could utter, as he looked back, and thought of friends, brother, sister, self, all

sscriftced to a blind mob, that threw away its every advantage. In this unenviable mood, with folded arms, and a countenance, in which despair struggled with vexation, Theobald Winter watched the forming columns and steady advance of his foes.

At the same sight, the frieze-coated insurgents round him, in lieu of marshalling, or standing firm, compressing resolution in silence, or giving way to ardour by a general advance, fell to leaping and dancing each in his place, uttering loud yells at the same time, and winding pike and musket round, as if they were shillelahs, thus knocking each other's heads, and producing a thousand little mutual quarrels at the very moment of the enemy's attack. Winter could have covered his face, like an old Roman, that he, like the ancient, might die with dignity, nor be recognised as making one of such an untutored rabble.

The royalists made their onset. Its success and consequences have been before recounted. The rebels were routed and fled, while a few still held the ruined forts on the summit of the hill, and offered a desperate resistance. Among these was Winter; and by his side stood Felix o' the Gorbals, armed with a long rifle, while his disappointed general grasped but a sword. Some of the yeomanry attacks had been repelled from the forts, but its defenders diminished gradually. A great and loud attack being made on the side farthest from Winter, these around him rushed thither to bring aid, not heeding a column of loyalists that advanced, towards where Winter stood, with unflinching courage indeed, but not with the briskest pace. The acclivity was rude, and the attacking corps was not composed of light troops, many being passing corpulent, and forced to take to all fours in order to make progress in ascent.

"My blessins' on you, but you're a pretty mark!" ejaculated Felix, presenting his rifle at a fat son of Mars, who, weapon in hand, was still obliged to pause an instant for breath, during which he dashed the dew-drops from a pair of ponderous brows.

"Hold, Felix!" cried Winter; "that fat follow's an old comrade of mine; shoot his tall thin neighbour." Felix changed his aim, but was again checked, "Spare him too, its Mahaffy of steeple memory."

tis Mahaffy, of steeple memory."

"An' if I shoot none of 'em, will they pike and hang none of us?" was the expostulation of Felix, "An' maybe

they wouldn't," continued he, "for them's the very chiels I had the luck to get among last night. It's drinkin' the very health o' you, they war, Gineril honey: it 'ud be wicked to shoot the likes of 'em."

"The lawyers' corps, my old chums and brothers!" ejaculated Winter; "save yourself, Felix, I will fight no longer."
"Sorrow a bit of Felix, but 'll stay wid you to the last. If you won't fight, no more will I;" and he flung down the

This cessation of resistance was perceived by the advan-

eing corps, and they came up with undiminished alacrity. Winter again, and warmly, urged Felix to leave him. He did not abandon his sword, but had taken it by the point, as if, preparing for the formal act of surrender. Felix reasoned, that Winter was rejoiced at being taken by old friends, who might perhaps save him, rather than by strangers and inveterate Orangemen; but on the contrary, it seemed to him the bitterest aggravation of his fate, that those who had been the companions of his early years, and the objects of his friendly rivalry, should be not only the witnesses of his capture, but the captors themselves. This was to him an enhancement of misfortune, a refinement of disgrace, sorely wounding his pride, when an idea occurred of turning their presence to the very advantage of that pride.

As the first rank drew near, it recognised Winter, and called to him to surrender. He replied to the summons in the heroic words of Leonidas, "Come and take them!" but at the same time in a jocular tone; and then, putting the sword's hilt to the ground, just as they surmounted the

tude rampart, Winter flung himself upon the point.

He was instantly surrounded, and raised by his old companions, who were shocked at witnessing the classic act of suicide. But the horror, as well as the sublimity of the deed evaporated, when it was found that the weapon had not made any mortal wound, nor penetrated so as to make even a serious one. However Roman poor Winter's resolve and emulation had been, his weapon was not of Roman form. It was not the massy, short sword, on which the ancient hero sought death and fame, but merely a modern rapier, polished indeed, and fine-tempered, and elastic as the times, but incapable of doing the classic service of self-immolation.

Thus doubly captive to life and to the enemy, and feeling astrong sense of shame as well as of disappointment, Winter

remained in the thrall of his ancient comrades. These wessadly perplexed, and knew not well what to do. To let him escape was dangerous, and might implicate them seriously, and to do so now was impossible, for the victorious and atraggling yeomanry were in every direction, pursuing or returning from pursuit. To deliver their captive up to justice was an act of duty; but most of them shrunk from it, loyal as many might be. The circumstance caused much debate and doubt. But humanity at length decided, and it was resolved to keep the captive secret; to clothe Winter in the uniform of the corps, guard him at the same time strictly, and, after conveying him to the metropolis, procure him the means of escape from the kingdom.

Winter himself was scarcely consulted on this occasion. His feelings were too much excited to feel aught but regret at having failed in putting an end to his life and his disappointments together. He was for the time a perfect manisc, disgusted with the past, and reckless of the future, with little reason, and, more melancholy still, without a solitary ray of religion, to dispel the darkness of his gloom. The only consolation, if such can be called so, was that the agitation of his mind, the greatness of his disappointment, and certainty not all alive to suffering and to an active sense of his condition.

CHAPTER XVII.

That portion of the victorious army, which, like the corps of lawyers, belonged to the metropolis, spent some days in its return. It was a march of triumph, full of gratulation and gayety; by this time, the militant advocates had had sufficient of war's alarms, and for divers pressing reasons, were glad at the prospect of all dissensions ceasing, save those legal ones that brought them occupation and gain. The quips and cranks; the good sayings and good doings that took place in this short march of triumph were long to tell, nor would they harmonize with my present mood. Jovial as they were, they did not exclude commiseration for their

suffering countrymen; and conviviality itself, far from impeding, was always made to contribute to the cause of humanity and benevolence.

Winter gradually awoke from his terpor: the last few eventful months of his life, with all its anxieties, its hopes, and struggles, appeared a dream. But it was a dream, that in its short duration had absorbed, as it were, and concentrated the feelings and objects of a life. Beyond it, all seemed drear and foreign to him—nothing left in it worth existing for; nothing, at least, so far as concerned himself. There were others, however, to whom he owed a debt—the debt of its utmost exertions for their happiness, which very happiness he had perhaps sacrificed to his schemes of ambition and patriotism. This thought of duty roused Water. He was not all selfish, or he scorned to be so, when no prouder or nobler interest was blended with it.

"True," soliloquized he, in answer to his own suggestions; "there is my sister—she lives at least, and needs a comforter; and if my life or death could alleviate her sor-

rows, should I not be prompt to endure either?"

The stoical reflection pleased him, in all its exaggeration; he found an object to live for, an object which, if looking only to his own individual happiness, he would not in that moment have allowed. His friendly captors promised to provide for his escape. There was the New World open, a retreat for him and for Louisa from the odium, and the turmoil, and the corruption of the Old hemisphere. When the mind has dwelt for an unusual space on all the turns of sorrow, and run unceasingly through all their sad variety, there needs but the slightest touch of a string of cheerfulness, to fill it with the soothing melody of hope. So Winter expe-Three days after he had seen the hopes of a life blasted, and after he had attempted himself to perish with them, he began to fancy bowers in the wilds of America, where in solitude himself and Louisa might taste the pleasures of each other's society, and the fellowship of mutual sorrow.

This picture, however, he permitted himself to contemplate but as the consequence of a stern duty. It came nevertheless to shine more brightly each time it was imagined; while its sanction faded indistinctly away. He took Orde's fate to be accomplished; he thought him to be no more. So the corps informed him; and having learned from his own

emissary his brother-in-law's previous condemnation, he had no reason to disbelieve the law's having taken its course. What then were his feelings as he entered Dublin, concealed in his loyal uniform, and placed to avoid detection in the inmost rank of the corps! It marched along the quays of the rives by the fatal bridges, to every lamp-post of which hung either the body of some unfortunate rebel, or the recent marks of a similar execution. These places were chosen for the purpose, for the convenience of making the river subservient to carrying away the number of dead; a mode which gave rise to many awful sights, and fearful superstitions. Bloody Bridge received its too veracious name from the occasion.

Winter's neighbour pointed out to him the spot where, not long previous, Beresford was compelled to guard the execution of his friend, Mac Nevin; one of the revolting duties or coincidences that civil wars produce. Winter raised his eyes with a shudder; he feared that his glance might hight on the form of Orde in the attitude of ignominy and death. A similar fate, as possibly reserved for himself, could not but also occur to him, and he smiled; internally observing, that he would preserve himself from the ignominy at least.

The quarters of the corps, or at least their stables, were at Leinster House: and thither was Winter conveyed. Though several hundreds must have known of his disguise and concealment, none betrayed it. His preservers lost no time in seeking out the means of conveying him to America; and in the mean time, he lay hidden in the hay-lofts of the ducal mansion, which have been since, if I mistake not, converted into painting and sculpture-rooms for the young Hibernian votaries of the arts.

Winter's chief desire was to see his sister, and he made incessant entreaties of his preservers to conduct her to him. But as they had learned that Orde was not yet executed, they thought it better to leave Winter in the false persuasion of his death, as, on his learning the truth, he might make some imprudent effort for his brother-in-law's safety, which could only tend to involve both in the same fate. For four-and-twenty hours Winter hore this patiently, but he could endure it no longer, and he resolved at all risks to communicate with his disconsolate sister. But where to find her? On her first arrival, she had been with Lady Heather Ryves.

and from that lady alone, could he hope to procure knowledge of his sister's situation or abode. This was no objection, scarcely an increase of risk. Her too he wished to see once more, at least to bid her adieu. Perhaps she still loved him, still—and a thought occurred, which as comprehending views of his own individual happiness, he repelled as an unworthiness, as a crime. He nevertheless determined to seek Lady Hesther without delay.

At night-fall therefore, disguising himself as best he might, he ventured forth. The mansion of the Earl of Ryvescastle. Well he knew its once friendly portal, was not far distant. so oft approached with feelings far different. The old porter, he knew, he could rely on, as his life had been before in his hands. He sought admittance, and was obliged to make himself known to the old man, ere he obtained it. The latter threw up his hand on recognising Winter, and trembling, closed the door. The Earl was fortunately from home. Lady Hesther was apprised, that a stranger begged to speak The name of Winter might as well have been with her. announced, for she soon conjectured it to be no other. They met again once more, and sad and solemn was the greeting.

"Rash man, why have you ventured hither? why lose the

precious moments of escape?"

"I came to seek my poor sister, to learn something of her, te bear her with me. Nor was I sorry that this search allowed, indeed obliged me to see the daughter of Lord Ryvescastle once more.

"Your sister? then you have not heard?-

"All, all, speak it not. Poor Orde, 'twas I who dealt thy death-blow, and for what end, alas! But where is Louisa, that I may fly to comfort her?"

"To distract her rather with double suffering: would your

participating in Orde's fate lessen her affliction?"

"Nay, but I must see her. My preservers promised me full escape, and I have consented to it—have consented to exile myself to the new world; not for the sake of a life, in which nothing is left but to brood over disappointed hopes, but for my sister's sake. I would be the consoler of Louisa. I would at least have one drop of good, amidst the ocean of ill, that I have caused."

Lady Hesther could not answer, her feelings were too

strong, and fast-flowing tears marked her sorrow and compassion.

"And 'tis not only to kindred that I have been fatal; my

friendship, my love, has proved an equal blight."

"Think not of me, Winter. My sorrow has been but sympathy for the most part; and if it has been a bitter, it may be a useful lesson. We both of us built hopes on frail foundations. What is the crumbling of mine, or the petty disappointments consequent, compared with yours?"

"More, a hundred fold; and if life could still afford me such a sentiment of happiness, it would be in making amends

to you, as well as to Louisa."

"We are about to part here, Winter, and for ever; tidings of your welfare may reach us, and shall not fail to be a source of delight."

"It is well," said Winter, drawing back, and checking his incipient ardour: "your resolve has anticipated mine, and has driven the unworthy Winter from your heart."

and has driven the unworthy Winter from your heart."
"This is no time to speak of hearts. I wonder how so selfish a thought or word could come from you at such a moment. Winter, Winter, your feelings have been ever unseasonable."

"Wanting ardour in the hour of happiness, and finding it in that of sorrow. Your silence owns that I have rightly

interpreted your thought."

"All this is past, irrevocably past; why recall it? Do you banish the recollection as I have done, and moreover, promised to do."

"Ha! is it even so? My friendship is contamination: how needless to abjure it with oaths, when the object is

worthless."

"Winter, again let me say, how selfish are these expostulations, these regrets, at such a time! You can see Louisa to-morrow, if it be safe for you to tarry so long."

" And why not now, to-night?"

"She is at or near the prison, where you cannot venture. And to-night, what consolation could she listen to, or what plans of future life? Oh! these are fearful times and barrowing thoughts."

"Surely I must want feeling," thought Winter; "and

yet 'tis inexplicable."

Ere he could speak, a noise from below told that some

one, the master of the mansion probably, had entered; and his steps were subsequently heard ascending the stair.

"Winter," exclaimed Lady Hesther, "the Earl must not find you here; it would be fatal to you, and to me unpleasant.

You must retire, but not in that direction."

The outlaw, for so Winter might be called, had scarcely made his retreat into an adjoining room, when the Earl of Ryvescastle entered. . He was met by his cousin anxiously,

who questioned him with a breathless "Well?"

"It is in vain, my dear Hesther; I have made the last effort, done every thing, more than I thought I was capable Nothing of; went almost on my knees to Lord Cornwallis. could move him. Orde's fate is irrevocably fixed. If Winter had been taken, they repeat they would have spared the less guilty Orde; but as it is, his execution is ordered peremptorily for twelve to-morrow."

" Poor Louisa!" was all that Lady Hesther could utter.

"I pity her from my soul," was the Earl's rejoinder. "Winter has saved himself, and sacrificed a brother and a sister."

A groan was here uttered in the adjoining room, but a half exclamation, half sob from Lady Hesther, at the same time, prevented it from being heard by the Earl, or at least from exciting his attention or suspicions. He immediately retired Winter after having communicated his melancholy tidings.

came forth agitated to the extreme.

"I had thought," said he, "that Orde's doom was long since sealed; that he was dead, and that the bitterest pang for Louisa was over. Selfish I were else, as you reproached And now, farewell! I must to my lurking-place. I have overheard, have seen what exertions you have made, and how your heart is wrung for all our sufferings. I was not worthy of your love-pardon me if I use the word for the last time—but I will prove myself so."

"What mean you, Winter?" cried Lady Hesther; but he No step was heard to mark his departure, and was gone. the awful silence that ensued, seemed to her like that of the

tomb descending upon all whom she held dear.

Meantime the fugitive was enabled to learn from the porter, whom he had trusted, the spot where he might find his This intelligence procured, he obtained the materials of writing, and penned a letter, traced in the firm hand of With this he set forth, and rapidly traversed the

He found the house in which his sister dwelt. metropelis. Careless of risk, he demanded to see her, was admitted, and flung off his disguise before her. Almost frantic with grief, Louisa still repressed the shriek that was ready to burst from her on beholding her brother. They fell into each other's arms in a brief and agonized embrace. Words could scarcely come from either; at length, Theobald drew forth the letter he had prepared, and gave it to his sister. It was addressed to the Lord-Lieutenant.

"Fly with that, Louisa," said he; "a powerful friend has given me this written intercession for Orde. Your distract. ed zeal will win admittance to the Governor's presence, and your entreaties may aid and render effectual its prayor.

From the depth of despair poor Mrs. Orde rose eagerly to grasp at hope. She flung some covering round her, and was about to set forth eagerly, when a thought checked her.

"Whom is this from, Theobald?"

"What need of your knowing; it is—fly—time presses."
"But may I not read its contents?"

"'Tis sealed."

Louisa looked at the superscription.

"It is your hand, brother—ah! why did you deceive me?" She fell back and leaned upon a chair. "I know the contents."

"It is an idle suspicion, whatever it be. Your husband's

"Let's see," cried Louisa, and she tore open the letter. It was a recapitulation of the promise made by the government, that Orde should be spared, if Winter were taken. The latter in his own name offered to surrender, stating where he was to be found, and demanded the pardon of

"Fool that I was," said Winter, "not to have chosen another messenger; but where am I to find one? And if I fall into the hands of an emissary of the police, I shall sacrifice myself, withou preserving Orde. Louisa, fold that sheet and proceed with it. If you shrink, you refuse to save your husband, and me you will not preserve. From the midst of this capital I cannot escape, even if I would, and determined I am to surrender. You, of the boasted Roman soul, where now is your courage?"

Louisa stood up at this adjuration, holding the letter which

she knew would save her husband, and destroy her brother; for the promise of the Government was not unknown to her. What a dreadful struggle took place within her! Through all his career of intrigue and ambition, Winter had never done a more cruel deed than this, nor caused more pain. His very benevolence was fatal. He felt so, as he saw the form of his sister stiffen, her features fix, her eye lose its expression of intelligence, and then sink into the oblivious swoon, that alone prevented such an internal conflict from separating soul and body.

He stood an instant over her, until he saw signs of returning animation; he then pressed once more the unconscious form of his sister, kissed her marble forehead, and left the

house.

His next attempt was at the Castle. He feared not to present himself at its gates, but admittance was denied to his entreaties; even a letter, a petition;—no, though life and death depended on it,—they refused to present to his Excellency till the morrow. They had orders to that effect. Winter left a letter, however, which would reach the Lord Lieutenant on the morrow, stating that he would surrender during the night, on the promise of pardon to Orde, which his Excellency and the Government had made to the Earl of Ryvescastle.

How to keep this promise, was his next consideration. Whom should he surrender to? Lord Ryvescastle, like his sister, might shrink from substituting one life for another, and Winter himself felt averse to surrender to his ancient No time, however, was to be lost. Orde's execufriend. tion was to take place on the morrow, perhaps early. had failed in gaining admittance to the Lord Lieutenant; and no magistrate was accessible at that hour, or was so alive to public business, as to rouse himself at his call, except To one of the salaried and active chiefs of the police. those he therefore determined to surrender, taking the additional precaution, at the same time, of notifying, by a scribbled line, to the Earl of Ryvescastle, that he was about to yield himself to Major ----, and claiming the benefit of his Lordship's exertions in favour of his condemned brother.

Previous to fulfilling this resolve, Winter thought to make conditions even with the arch-myrmidon. He therefore sought a college friend, disclosed himself, and entreated him

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to proceed to Major -____, and make an offer of his (Winter's) surrender, on condition that the magistrate would promise to take all measures in his power for the reprieve of Orde.

The acquaintance of Winter, however, shrunk from acting envoy for such a purpose. He absolutely refused, and even endeavoured to retain and o'er persuade Theobald to abandon his resolve. The latter's frenzy and determination could abide neither violence nor persuasion. He once more issued forth. Again he traversed the metropolis, and himself sought admission to Major ----, at the quarters occupied by that magistrate militant in the great barracks, which give name to the street they occupy.

Entrance to the abode of this Orange chief, the fit brother of Mr. Kinsela, was, like the descent to Avernus, easy; sed revocare gradum, to retire from it again was the difficulty. A strange figure peremptorily demanding to see Major immediately, was looked on as nothing extraordinary, and the stranger was soon ushered into the redoubtable presence

of the Dublin magistrate.

"I come from the rebel leader, Theobald Winter."

"Ila! what of him?" asked the Major, shaking off every particle of slumber and apathy. "Is he at straits like the hunted fox, and likely to starve in his earth?"

"He proposes to surrender."
"We are obliged to him. Though, I think, that ere twenty-four hours had passed, we had saved him the trouble of doing so voluntarily.

"You have so much to say, Mr. Magistrate, that I had better speak no more, but return to bear him your words."

"You shall not get out of this so fast, I promise you." "Retain me but one quarter of an hour, and Theobald

Winter is for ever beyond your power."

" And who are you, Sir?" asked the Major.

"Perhaps I am fool enough to be he," replied Winter boldly; though in that case, I can't see what could bring me here.''

The rising suspicions of Major --, were set at rest almost by this cool and plausible reply.

"Well, Sir!" said he, "you come to make conditions for

him: What may they be?"

"The Lord Lieutenant has promised to spare Orde, if Winter were forthcoming. The latter proposes to surrender, if this he ensured to him." if this be ensured to him.

"Pretty bargaining on the part of his Excellency! But we, underlings, must submit. Why, then, does not Mr. Winter trust his Excellency's promise, and surrender forthwith? What can I do?"

"You can render it void or valid, by keeping his surrender a secret, or by not communicating it at the Castle, in time to arrest the execution of to-morrow. You may even deny the

fact of the surrender, if questioned."

"Me, Sir! I have a whole mind to stick your head upon the spikes of you gate in answer to the insult." Here a pause ensued, which allowed the magistrate time to reflect,

and he then continued :-

- "You may tell General Winter, that we know he is in the Metropolis, without his confession, and that escape he cannot. Terms, I can grant none, not even the little he demands. The traitor Orde will be saved by his surrender, and then he himself, having come in unarmed, will be taken from our hands, and may in time be saved by the hocus pocus of law, or the absurd lenience of our Chief Governor. Thus two notorious rebels may escape to be an encouragement for future rebellions. I will have neither word nor hand in it."
 - "What would you seek of man more than his life?"

"Let him be taken unarmed."

"Allow me to depart to communicate with him."

"Not so fast. I hold him or you."

"Call in your brethren then, and myrmidons: repent your promise, give orders that the Castle may be informed of the event, and I will point where the rebel is to be found."

The Major hastened to execute this pact. The guard was summoned, and every servant of his police majesty, that could be found. To these the Major explained his promise, and even named one to proceed forthwith to the Castle with the tidings, that Theobald Winter had proposed to surrender. Winter himself could not but smile on beholding the sinister countenances of the police gang, and on recollecting how much more frequently and fatally perjury was wont to serve them as an arm, than either sword or staff. But now there was no room left for cavilling. He had done his utmost for his brother's preservation, and was ready to seal his exertions with his life.

"These men attend your orders, Sir," said the Major to his informant; "they wait to proceed upon their errand." "Their journeying shall not weary them: I who speak to you, am Theobald Winter."

The very police drew back in surprise and admiration at the firmness and greatness of the sacrifice.

"I guessed as much," said the Major.

"You will remember your pact?"

"Have you remembered your part of it?"

"Ay, surely; will not these afford matter for oaths to these gentlemen?" he drew forth, as he spoke, a pair of ponderous pistols:—"and, if I slay one or two of them, there can be wanting no evidence of my resistance, or requisition for your court-martial's jurisdiction." So saying, Winter discharged one of them, so as to lodge the contents of it in the opposite wall of the chamber. "There is a circumstance, to verify whatever your invention may suggest," added he, as he delivered the remaining pistol to the Magistrate of Police.

CONCLUSION.

THE last morning that Orde thought he should ever welcome, had long penetrated into his dungeon. It found him resigned, as it is called, armed with a sort of passive courage; and those acute feelings, which one might suppose to be all alive to agony at such a moment, were, on the contrary, benumbed, as if by the dull approach of death. Religious hope alone glimmered through this state of mental and bodily torpor, like the flame bickering even in the dull and suffocating darkness of subterranean air. The bitterness of death was past: he had parted with Louisa. The rest was a sad pageant or funereal procession, in which he was the statue or the lifeless corpse. He articulated indeed, and his features wore upon them the extreme of haggard anxiety; but his spirit was more than half insensible. It had already sunk below the zero of existence.

How different from Winter at that very hour. He too stood upon the brink of the same gulf, looked steadily in, nor feared to plunge. His fate is told in a few words. A messenger awived, from the Castle, in Barrack-street to speak with

Major ——, He was denied admittance. After this fruit-less message, an aid-de-camp was despatched. He too could not enter. He did not know the password: some such pretext was made use of to exclude him. The Earl of Ryvescastle was at length obliged to come himself, to force admittance to the barracks, and to the presence of the inaccessible Major. The latter even then did not very well know, he said, if Theobald Winter had surrendered, or had not surrendered. There were prisoners, and he had a confused dream of of one having been brought in, in the night. The Earl, however, was not to be duped or deceived. He saw Winter. It was enough for the Earl, who lost no time in returning to the Castile.

It was enough also for Winter, that Lord Ryvescastle had seen him. There was no doubt in that case of the safety of Orde, which was evidently the purpose of the visit; and henceforth the bosom of Winter was freed of all anxiety, but for himself. It was then that he looked upon eternity; and such had been the melancholy error of his education, and even of his maturer reasonings—the consequence also no doubt of apathy and selfish habits, acquired in the pursuits of ambition and intrigue—that he saw nought in eternity to make him shrink. He was a stoic, without however a stoic's gravity. What the ancients had gathered from sublime and profound reasoning, and had chosen as the most noble of their existing creeds, Winter had learned from vanity and He had not even gone through the reasonings, idle whim. or fathomed the learning on which it was based. done so, he would have seen the baselessness of worldly creeds, and, at the same time, the sublimity and truth of that ionly true one, which he had rejected, as many are led to reject or depreciate it, from political views. He had learned to look upon religion as incompatible with freedom, as an enemy to civilization, at least to the perfection of those great principles; and classing it therefore with all baneful superstitions, he had abjured it for himself and for his republic.

Such was Winter. I will not pause for the easy task of arraigning his folly, or of exposing the futility of his views. A penknife, plunged into his throat with his own hand, put a period to his existence; and suicide, from which he had been once saved, came again to close the career of the unfortunate youth.

About the same time, Orde clearly heard steps approach-

ing his dungeon. He deemed them to be those of his executioners; but the door, as it rolled back on its grating hinges, disclosed once more to him the form of his beloved wife.

She bore to him the rescript of pardon. The word too was on her lips. She fell upon his arms, and fainted, while the jailers unfettered Orde.

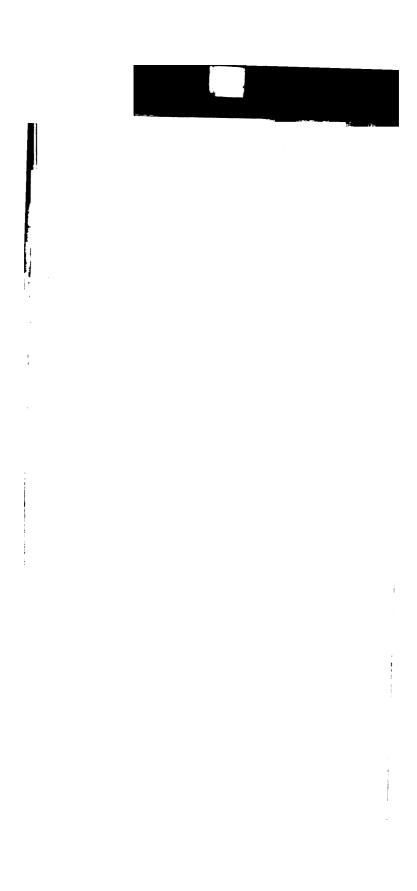
"This is but the panic convulsion of joy," said Orde.

But Louisa did not wake to joy. "You are saved, my husband," cried she; "but Theobald, my brother, the brother of my cradle, is no more! He has sacrificed himself for you, for us."

THE END.

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